



REMINISCENCES  
OF  
EARLY METHODISM  
IN  
INDIANA.

INCLUDING SKETCHES OF VARIOUS PROMINENT  
MINISTERS, TOGETHER WITH NARRATIVES  
OF WOMEN EMINENT FOR PIETY,  
POETRY AND SONG.

ALSO,

*DESCRIPTIONS OF REMARKABLE CAMP MEETINGS,  
REVIVALS, INCIDENTS AND OTHER  
MISCELLANY.*

WITH AN

APPENDIX

CONTAINING ESSAYS ON VARIOUS THEOLOGICAL  
SUBJECTS OF PRACTICAL INTEREST.

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By REV J. C. SMITH,  
OF THE INDIANA CONFERENCE, M. E. CHURCH.

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TO THE MEMORY

Of the Fathers, whose heroic deeds  
Of patient and oft unrequited toil laid the foundations

On which

We are now building, and  
Whose feet are now planted together on

THE MOUNT OF GOD,

And to the noble men and women,

Successors of these valiant sires,

Who, by faith and prayer, are laboring together with them,

In spirit, to bring forth

The topmost stone of the building

With shoutings of grace, grace unto it,

THIS VOLUME,

Conceived and elaborated

From the silent and unwritten archives of memory,

With the sole intent of

Perpetuating the grand achievements of our

heroic age, is

*RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED*

BY THE AUTHOR.





## INTRODUCTION.

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THE heroic age of the Methodist Episcopal Church is not ended. The fire still glows on her altars; zeal still flames in her heart. The men who traveled the primeval forests of the West by blazed trees, forded or swam, as occasion required, the numerous and unbridged streams, who often slept under the friendly woods, faring hard and working harder—these heroes of a rough time were the fathers of noble sons. If the sires were heroic, their children are not cowardly. If the fathers laid the foundations, their sons rear the superstructure. The sublime purpose which inaugurated the Methodistic movement still pushes the conquering march of her sacramental host. Her theology maintains its integrity; her worship retains its simplicity; her methods are more direct and efficient than those of any other church; her book of discipline makes no concession to popular sin. She stands as unshaken and unaltered among the opinions and customs of these changeful times as Gibraltar in the midst of the changeful waters. She pushes her work in the centers of the cities and on the farthest fron-

tiers. Her missionary stations girdle the globe, and though her missionary contributions are very large, her zeal is so fiery that more missionaries than can be employed offer their services every year. It is not true that all the religious heroes are dead, and that all we can know of pious daring, of patient, self-denying toil and of willing suffering, is in books of history and in epitaphs cut on monuments. Something of the old pathos quivers through this age, and some gleams of the old glory illumine it. To think otherwise would be to despair.

But times are changed. The forests have disappeared. The Indian trail has widened into a turnpike. The solitary horseman no longer picks his cautious way over logs and bogs. The Indian war-whoop has yielded to the more shrill scream of the locomotive. Civilized agriculture has spoiled the old hunting grounds. The painted farm-house has supplanted the log cabin. Towns and cities are more numerous now than wigwams were once. For the ox team we have the palace car, and for what was then almost universal want we now have almost universal supply. Therefore the forms of heroism have changed. It would be a meager compliment to the work of the fathers if it had been so far unsuccessful that the itinerant must still sleep in the woods, and cook his own meals by the bivouac fire. It is not so. The pioneer itinerant did his work so bravely and well, and so heartily shared the deprivations of the early population, that his children have friends. The itinerant of to-day has a tight roof above him and a soft bed un-

der him, and when he sits at the table it is spread with abundance. He does not swim the streams any more, for the very good reason that he can cross them on bridges. He does not carry saddle-bags, because, as he now goes much by rail, a grip-sack is better. There is little chance for the old deprivations. On the remote frontiers, where they are still inevitable, they are welcomed with the old cordiality and endured with the old heroism ; but for the most part the itinerant now has little opportunity to get fame by suffering.

The heroism of these times must be displayed in other ways. When an age drifts toward luxury and effeminacy there is heroism in energy and self-denial. In a time of vacillating opinions and weakening faith it is a very great and brave thing to cling to the old doctrines and stand boldly for the defense of them. It is heroic to maintain a simple worship in an era of ritualistic formalism and show, to be thoroughly devout when other men are only sentimental, to be plain and humble in an age of vanity, and to plead for eternal righteousness while other men are pleading for expedients. These are the heroisms for these times, and they are as real and as great as any which the fathers displayed in swimming swollen rivers and sleeping under the open stars. It is quite as brave a thing to stand before the needle-gun and bayonet of modern war as it was to face the arrow and tomahawk of the Indian. Modern philosophy and scientific thought, so called, are quite as perilous as were the old deprivations. It takes as much courage in the modern itinerant to resist the transcendental and materialistic phi-

losophies as it did in the old itinerant to fight a bear. The form of the courage is different but it is no less real.

While all this may be said, and said truly, of the heroism of these times, it does not detract at all from the thrilling interest which pervades these annals of the past. The fathers measured up to their opportunities. Theirs was a rougher age than ours, but they were equal to it. They learned much when schools were few, and did much when work was exhausting. They laid the foundations, and did it with enthusiasm, when they certainly knew that death would seal their eyes before the glory of the superstructure could possibly be seen. It was David preparing the way for Solomon to build the temple. It was the faithful mother rocking the cradle of the child whose future glory she was destined not to see. Their names should be recorded, and their pictures should be hung against the wall. There is stimulus in these old heroisms, and this age can not afford to let these memories perish.

But there is more in it than this, for there are false notions abroad as to the intellectual ability, the learning and the oratorical power of the men who are gone. It is often said that they would not be as mighty men now if they were among us as they were in their own generation. It is a kind of flattery with which these times amuse themselves at the expense of dead giants. But it is by no means certain that this estimate of them or of ourselves is correct. John Strange went through this country like a flame of fire. Men who heard him

fifty years ago can still repeat his texts, describe all the scene, recall the gleam of his flashing eyes and rekindle the fire that glowed in them while he spoke. Such facts show that the man was mighty. He was a genius. He seems to have been almost seraphic, and there can be no question that he would make a profound impression upon any people who could appreciate what is excellent in character and eloquent in speech. And many of his coadjutors were men of kindred power with the people. It is well to have these errors corrected, and to learn that to be worthy of such sires the men of this generation must be both courageous and great.

Mr. Smith has, therefore, done a good work in recording the names of the men and women, now gone, to whom this generation owe a debt of gratitude, and from whom it may catch some inspiration. Those of whom he writes were his personal friends, and therefore he writes with full knowledge of them. That his personal friendship has not warped his judgment and given too much color to his descriptions, is proved by the testimony of others, still living, who were so fortunate as to know personally the subjects of these reminiscences.

It is also well that he has written of some who are still alive; worthy children of honored sires. The names which he gives are proofs that the heroic, self-sacrificing spirit which made the past illustrious in our denominational history has not utterly departed from us.

That this book will be read by multitudes can not

be doubted, and that it will prove a benediction to those who read it is equally certain.

J. H. BAYLISS.

*Indianapolis, September 10, 1879.*

## PROLOGUE BY THE AUTHOR.

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WE offer no apology for adding this book to the already long catalogue that seeks public attention. We are conscious of no desire for fame in producing it, nor were we influenced by the hope of gain. We wrote first to gratify our own pleasure in calling up the memories of the dead who have been useful to the church in Indiana and elsewhere—men and women of sterling worth, illustrious for piety and good works. The memory of these and many others ought not to perish from the earth. They represent a heroic age in the church, and their writings, their preaching and examples are of immense value to this age. We have written from personal knowledge of the subjects described, and know whereof we affirm. They wrought and we have entered into their labors. It behooves us to study their words, their works and characters, and bless their memories. We wrote, secondly, in obedience to what seemed to us a reasonable, if not a providential call.

More than a year ago we were asked by a resolution of the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of this city to prepare an article on early Methodism in this State.



Accordingly we prepared and read before that body the first and second chapters in this volume. This was well received, and we were asked by resolution to prepare another paper on the same general subject. This led to the production of the third and fourth chapters. Then others were called forth in like manner. In the same way most of the theological subjects contained in the Appendix, especially the first, second, third and fourth chapters, were brought out, also the article on the Christian Sabbath.

Up to that time we had not entertained a distant thought of putting these papers into book form, till a resolution was introduced before the Preachers' Meeting unanimously asking us to publish them, with such others as we might desire to write, in such permanent form. We still hesitated, till official request was strengthened with numerous very flattering testimonials from various parts of the State. A call like this we could not well resist. It seemed almost providential; and so our first reluctance gave way to a sense of probable duty.

The work has cost us much labor and "weariness to the flesh," but we do not regret it if our humble effort shall be found useful, and if the memory and virtues of our venerable fathers shall be honorably perpetuated thereby.

Our own experience in the composition of the *Reminiscences* is valuable to us. It has taught us the wonderful power of *memory* and something of the laws governing it. When we began these papers, some of which run back fifty years ago, while we were

a youth, we feared, as we had not a single written record of any event narrated, we might not be able to recall from the dreamy past facts enough to make the subject interesting. But when we began to write in earnest we found the dusty pages of memory almost perfect. One fact would suggest another (to use the favorite term of Professor Browne, the metaphysician, in his book on mental philosophy), and this a third, and so on, till the whole life of the subject under consideration seemed to be before us as if written on canvas. Here a question in psychology presents itself. Will any fact, or thought, ever committed to the faithful records of memory, perish therefrom? We think not. But it is not proper to argue that question here.

Some may ask, why the necessity of writing another book on Indiana Methodism? We answer, because its history is most ample and instructive and inexhaustible. Many of the biographies and sketches of camp-meetings, revivals and other remarkable events here noted, have never been written and published before, and the theological discussions in the Appendix are treated mostly in a new line of argument and style of presentation.

Solomon says: "Of making many books there is no end." Whether he says this prophetically or retrospectively we do not know. If prophetically, we hope the prophecy may prove true. No greater calamity could befall us than an end of book-making. It would throw us ten centuries back, into the middle of the dark ages. It would be the forerunner of a

barbarism worse than that of Tartary or Morocco. It would argue that the age of civilization has ceased; that thought and reason and science and commerce and liberty are at an end, and that stolid ignorance and brutal passion and despotism have usurped their places. That this may not be, let the work of book-making go on; let the spirit increase till the "world shall not be able to contain the books that shall be written." Better too many than too few. Science has just begun her grand march. The missionary spirit and enterprise are just now beginning to awake from the slumbers of the ages. History, too, is in her childhood. Every new scientific discovery requires a new book. Every war for civil and religious liberty, every great temperance movement, every civil reform, requires a new *book*. Every great advancement of the cause of woman against prejudice and illiberalism, requires a book. Every hero and heroine, falling in the cause of Christ and of human salvation, requires a book. So of making many books let there "be no end."

THE AUTHOR.

INDIANAPOLIS,

September 22, 1879.

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# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV J. C. SMITH.

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BY REV. VIRGIL W. TEVIS.

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IT matters little when or where a man was born except to notice the surroundings through which he came to man's estate, and by them determine the praise or censure due him for the cultivation or neglect of his opportunities. From the most unfavorable surroundings have come the brightest mental and spiritual lights of the age, while occasionally the genealogy of ordinary men may be traced to a most respectable and talented parentage, and advantageous and fortunate surroundings. A man's life demonstrates beyond a peradventure his industry in the accumulation of the germs sown in his golden opportunities, and the fruits of his labor are evidence of his qualification for his appointed work. Of the opportunities of his earlier life, and his appreciation and cultivation of them, this sketch of the life of Rev. J. C. Smith will demonstrate. The reader is

left to his own conclusions of the praise or censure due Mr. Smith, after he has conned these pages, which purpose briefly to sum up his life's work from his birth to the golden sunset in which he now sits waiting for the final summons.

Rev. J. C. Smith was born in Madison county, Kentucky, April 17, 1809. Here he remained for eleven years, during which time his life was uneventful, being only the budding of childhood into youth, fostered and nurtured by loving hearts and hands. In 1820 he removed with his father's family to Indiana, and settled near Madison in Jefferson county.

In this early day the country was comparatively new, and incident to regions newly cleared of timber diseases of a malarial type, such as chills and fever, were of common occurrence, few being exempt from this plague; but under such known remedies as calomel and jalap, Peruvian bark and snake-root, they readily yielded. Young Smith in his early life was kept early and late at the plow, hoe and sickle, and to this early physical training he owes much of the strength which has kept him a well-preserved and active man through three-score and ten years.

True, like the average youth of his age, he occasionally hurried through his tasks and spent his few leisure moments hunting and fishing, but these were not moments lost, either from a financial or mental point of view, for his traps yielded a bountiful supply of game, and his communion with nature moulded his mind into that channel which to-day characterizes his life as one of deep piety and fervent devotion to

the cause of Christ. His mind by nature was fitted for study, and this in time became his sole delight. His first school experience was under a man by the name of John M. Foster, an ex-lawyer, who, having become too intemperate to follow that profession, took up the occupation of a common-school teacher. Foster was scholarly in his attainments, and delighted in instructing the youth under his care in the principles of morality and religion, though himself given to frequent spells of intoxication.

In 1827 Mr. Smith gained admission to Beaumont Parks' academy in the city of Madison, which was then a school of some local interest and general note. Here he devoted his time principally to the study of Latin and Greek, mathematics, and mental and moral philosophy, delighting in the digging for the roots of words in the one, and reveling amid the grandeur and sublimity of the other.

In the fall of 1834, when Mr. Smith was stationed at Bloomington, Indiana, as pastor of the M. E. Church, Mr. Parks held the professorship of Latin and Greek languages in the State University there, and kindly invited his friend and former student to resume his studies in his department, which service he offered to bestow gratis. This offer Mr. Smith gratefully accepted. To his former studies he also added the usual studies of the Senior year, and was offered the privilege of an honorary graduation at the ensuing Commencement of the University, in the fall of 1835, which, however, he declined.

While at the academy in Madison Mr. Smith be-

came acquainted with Rev. Edwin Ray, of sainted memory, between whom a holy friendship sprang up which was severed only by the death of the latter a few years afterwards. Through the influence of Rev Edwin Ray, Mr. Smith was led to embrace religion and unite with the church. Shortly after his conversion, Mr. Ray informed young Smith that he had a presentiment that God had called him to the office of a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, and exhorted him to be his representative in that work when he was gone. Said he, "Though I am young, I am admonished that my ministry will soon terminate." Prophetic words! In less than four years Mr. Ray had laid down the cross for the crown, and the sword of conflict with sin, which he had so nobly and grandly wielded, for the harp of the righteous in "the summer-land of song."

It has always been a source of gratitude to Mr. Smith, that while stationed in Greencastle in 1847 it was his privilege to receive into the fellowship of the church a son of his friend in the person of Col. John W Ray, as the father had received him to the same fellowship twenty years before.

In the fall of 1830, then being a resident of Jefferson county, Mr. Smith was licensed to preach the gospel. He felt at the time his weakness, yet determined in the strength of the Lord of hosts to be an instrument in the hands of God in the salvation of souls.

After filling several appointments successfully, he was stationed at Indianapolis, at Wesley Chapel (now Meridian Street), in the fall of 1835, in the fifth year

of his ministry. In this charge his labors were blessed with a gracious outpouring of the Spirit, and many substantial additions were made to the church during the year.

At the session of the state legislature, which convened that winter in the new State Capitol for the first time, Mr. Smith was called upon to open the session with a dedicatory prayer, thus setting apart the new capitol for legislative purposes; and one of the members of that legislature afterwards confessed that under the prayer he was converted from infidelity to a firm belief of the truth and excellency of Christianity, afterwards becoming a worthy and active member of the Presbyterian Church.

At the close of his first year in Indianapolis Mr. Smith was elected the first general agent for the Indiana Asbury University, which was organized that year, Rev., now Dr., Aaron Wood being his associate in the agency

Through their joint labors the University was placed on a permanent footing. At the close of 1837, at the conference which was held that year in the city of New Albany, Mr. Smith was returned to Indianapolis, at the earnest request of the church he had previously served, and during the following year occurred that great revival of religion described in one of his reminiscences published in this volume. This great revival, which is vivid to-day in the minds of some of the older settlers in Indiana, did more towards placing Methodism on a high and permanent basis in the capital than any one agency ever operated



here. Some revivals have but little fruit in the years that follow ; true, there is no demonstration of divine power without some good being done, and some soul advanced in the divine life, yet occasionally there is found a wonderful work of grace, which not only lifts the church from lukewarmness to life, but keeps it there, and stamps succeeding years with its sacred and holy influence. Of such a character was this revival, and the lives of some of the lights in the church to-day will evidence the fact.

At the close of his second year at Indianapolis, Mr. Smith was appointed to the pastorate of Wesley Chapel in New Albany, then the only Methodist charge in that city. During his first years in this charge he enjoyed another great revival of religion, by which two hundred and sixty-five souls were added to the church, and more than that number were converted in one month. Of these converts, Rev. W. W. Snyder, long a prominent member of the Southeast Indiana Conference, was the last man converted and added to the church. This glorious revival led to the building of Centenary Church of that city, the subscription for which, and the labor of bringing the house to completion, were mostly accomplished by his personal labor and oversight.

Near the close of this year the annual session of Conference was held in Lawrenceburg. From this session of Conference Mr. Smith was returned to New Albany, with Wesley Chapel and Centenary under his charge, Rev. Wm. Knowles assistant. During that session of Conference delegates to the General

Conference were chosen. Mr. Smith, though a young member, in the ninth year of his ministry, was strongly urged by his many friends for one of the delegates. On the first ballot he lacked only three votes of election, Rev. E. R. Ames, afterwards Bishop, leading him only one vote. After several ballots, running in about the same proportion, Mr. Ames was elected, and Mr. Smith, failing by only two votes, was chosen the first alternate. Four years afterwards, at the session of Conference held in Crawfordsville, he was again urged strongly by his friends for one of the delegates, against such formidable men as Allen Wiley, C. W. Ruter, Augustus Eddy, James Havens, Aaron Wood and others. In this contest Mr. Smith failed of an election only three votes, and was again chosen first alternate. The next time the Conference elected delegates to the General Conference, which was four years afterward, at the session of the North Indiana Conference, held at Indianapolis, Mr. Smith was elected a delegate on the first ballot, together with S. C. Cooper, Richard Hargrave, W. H. Goode, and Samuel Brenton, all being chosen on the first ballot.

The General Conference was held the following May, 1848, in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Smith was appointed on the committee on Itinerancy, and was chosen its secretary, and by him the report of the committee was written, and subsequently adopted by the Conference with great unanimity.

In the fall of 1838, then in the eighth year of his ministry, he was chosen principal secretary of the Conference, succeeding Rev. C. W. Ruter, who had

successfully filled that office for many years, and who was justly one of the popular leaders of the Conference. At various times Mr. Smith was Conference secretary, missionary secretary, visitor and trustee of Asbury University, and once a visitor to Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., filling all these offices with great acceptability.

In the fall of 1846 he was stationed at Greencastle, Rev. Dr. Simpson, now Bishop, then being President of the University located there. Here he enjoyed also a great revival in the church, which extended to the pupils both of the University and of Mrs. Larrabee's Female College. About one hundred of the former were converted and added to the church, with about thirty or forty of the latter class. Among the students who were converted and added to the church were Daniel W Voorhees, now a Senator in Congress; Col. John W Ray, now of Indianapolis, of whom mention was made at the beginning of this chapter; Mr. Frounfelter, of Lafayette, Ind., a most promising young man, the favorite and pride of the whole college, Mr. Thos. Lowry, of Knightstown, who was converted while on his knees at the communion table, in the act of receiving the sacred emblems, and many others of equal note and worth.

Mr. Smith traveled three several districts, as Presiding Elder, while in the active ministry, *i. e.* Crawfordsville, Centerville and Evansville Districts, attaching to himself greatly the preachers under his administration, by his universal kindness and interest in them and their work.

At the close of his first year on the Evansville District, his health being greatly impaired, and at the earnest request of the people of Centenary Church, New Albany, Bishop Ames, during the session of Conference at Evansville, in the fall of 1853, transferred him from the district, and stationed him at Centenary. While in this heavy charge, during the hot summer of 1854, his health was completely broken, and he chose a superannuated relation. At the close of 1854 he removed permanently to Indianapolis (where he now resides), but continued sometimes in a supernumerary relation, and sometimes effective, to fill various duties as pastor of North Street charge for two years (since Trinity Church, now Central Avenue charge), also for several years agent for the Western Seaman's Friend Society, during which time he traveled through the state in its interest, making many new friends and renewing old acquaintances.

Thus, in mere outline, we have sketched some of the more prominent features of the life of the author of this volume. How small seems the life-work of a man when briefly summed up. A few strokes of the pen, and the prominent features of his life are mapped out and spread before the public gaze; and yet, small as the compass appears, the incidents of joy and sorrow, of light and shadow, which are woven in the woof of his life, would make volumes, while the moral influence is as wide-spread as his acquaintance, and the result of his life-work can never be fathomed till Eternity gives us light to count the stars in his crown.

Of his political and civil opinions, Mr. Smith him-

self says: "In politics I am a staunch Republican, regularly descended from the old Whig party. I look with confidence and pride on the Republican cause, and while I admit that corrupt men have sometimes crept into it, as they have into the church and into every good cause on earth, still I glory in the grand record of my party, from its very organization to the present time. Its usefulness history will justify. It has always been the party of popular freedom, and civil progress and reform. It has broken the chains of more than four millions of slaves, and put into their hands the elective franchise as citizens of this American nation of free men. From my boyhood I have been an unflinching abolitionist. I saw this great wrong of slavery, 'the sum of all villainies,' and preached against it and wrote against it when it cost something to do so. I believe that God was in the late war, controlling it as his own method of wiping out this great moral and political curse of the nation. During its darkest periods I saw the land of promise and the triumph of truth. I heard the shouts of God's invisible agents amidst the roar of cannon and the dread tramp of millions of armed men going to battle, and now, in my old age, I rejoice in a free country, a free church, and the rapid spread of righteousness and humanity over all nations."

Of Mr. Smith's style of preaching we need not speak, except to say that all his subjects are prepared with care and handled in a masterly manner. His logic is at all times good. Being well posted in scripture, and an acknowledged able theologian, his

sermons can not but be of themselves able. Mr. Smith always has preached with a great degree of earnestness, which fastened the truth as it fell from his lips in the hearts of his hearers. Of the success of his earnestness and piety let his success as a revivalist speak. No preacher was ever yet able to command the masses and lead them to Christ who did not impress the people with the idea that his mind was following the desires of his heart. Of his style of writing the reader is by this time aware, and of his method of handling scriptural themes, you are referred to his articles on "Depravity," "The English Translations of the Bible," "The Connecting Chain of Evidence between the Apostolic Age and that of the Christian Fathers of the Second, Third and Fourth Centuries," and other articles published in the appendix to this volume, and as the reader will see, his pen still travels as rapidly as ever with the march of his thoughts.

Mr. Smith is at the present time a brilliant example of a well preserved and active old man. Age has not dimmed his mental vigor, nor has the flight of time been able to cause his footsteps to falter. Always charitable and Christian-like, the coming generation, of whom the writer is one, respects him for his ability, and loves him for his kindness. In his old age he can with pride point to a life of usefulness, at the same time with humility acknowledging himself but an instrument in the hands of God. He sits to-day near the earthly boundary of the deep sea of the invisible, whose waves roll out in crys-

talline purity and murmur of heaven and God. The golden light of a rapidly sinking sun gilds them with, to him, a bright promise of future reward. Already he hears the splash of oars in the distance; the boatman may soon appear, the sun may soon set; but we trust it will find him ready, clinging to the cross, trusting in God, to launch out, away from earth forever, where a better land will receive him, hundreds will greet him, Christ will welcome him, and heaven will be won forever.

Mr. Smith has been twice married. His first wife was Mary Eliza Dunn, daughter of Judge Isaac and Frances Dunn, of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and sister of the late Mrs. Hannah Ann Tousey, Mrs. Sarah Layton and Jacob P. Dunn, Esq., of this city. This excellent Christian wife and mother died in the city of New Albany, in the year 1840, in Christian hope, and left two children, both in early childhood. The eldest of these is now Mrs. Frances E. Webber, wife of H. B. Webber, Esq., of Atwater, Ohio; the youngest is A. Clarke Smith, Esq., now resident in Louisville, Ky., both successfully engaged in mercantile affairs.

His second wife, Mrs. Margaret H. Smith, is still living, cheerful in the faith of a better life which awaits all God's people in the "Sweet by and by." She is the daughter of the late Arthur Hill, Esq., and Mary Hill, of this city, and sister of Rev. James Hill, long an eloquent and successful minister of Indiana Conference, and now of Ohio Conference. Mrs. Smith is of the Baltimore type of Methodists, having

been born, reared and converted in that city, and brought into the church under the ministry and watch care of such sterling pastors as Rev. Henry Slicer, T. B. Sargent, John A. Collins, John Summerfield, and others of precious memory. Mr. Smith, by this wife, has two sons living—George T. and Arthur H. Smith. Two daughters and one son have preceded them to the better land. George now resides at Ravenna, Ohio, and is engaged in merchandise, and Arthur is traveling in Europe, where for two years past he has been revelling amidst the grand archeological ruins and living palaces, churches, monuments, museums and other wonders of the old world. The father lives in the sunshine of respect and dutiful affection of these children.





REMINISCENCES  
OF  
EARLY METHODISM IN INDIANA.

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CHAPTER I.

THE FIELD OF ACTION.

“And chiefly thou, O, Spirit, that dost prefer,  
Before all temples th’ upright heart, and pure,  
Instruct me, for thou know’st; thou from the first  
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
Dove-like sat’st brooding on the vast abyss  
And mad’st it pregnant: What in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support:

\* \* \* \* \* That

I may assert eternal providence  
And justify the ways of God to men.”

—*Paradise Lost, Book I.*

CHURCHES, like nations and individual men, have their periods of life, known as the period, first of childhood, the formative period, involving weakness, innocence and purity, with unquestioning faith. Then comes mature manhood, characterized by strength,

enterprise, heroism and conquest. Then comes old age, which comes to every living thing inevitably. At this period relaxation begins, enterprise ceases, and conquests are no more achieved. Even desire fails, the "grasshopper is a burden," and the strong men fail. That period in the life of Indiana Methodism, of which this paper proposes to speak, we shall term the period of its manhood. This period, we shall premise, began some time between the years 1830 and 1840. Its life of childhood had then passed, if indeed it had any childhood. Like some precocious children, Methodism in Indiana seems scarcely to have had a period of adolescence. Like the fabled Minerva, it seems to have launched at once, full fledged, with gospel mail from the head of its divine Author, into the very midst of the field of fight, and began while yet a child in years, by vigorous action, to lay those broad foundations which in these later years have developed into such magnificent proportions such an army of traveling and local ministers, having at their command tens of thousands of faithful workers in the Sunday-schools, and a hundred thousand in the membership, doing service for the Divine Master.

We do not propose in this paper, and others which shall follow, we hope, of a similar character, to give a detailed history of all the glorious men, and their glorious deeds, of that period. All are worthy of mention, but only a few can find a place in these reminiscences. Their *record* is on high, and their reward is sure.

Before we introduce upon the field of action the name of a single actor it may be proper to describe briefly the field they had to occupy.

Indiana was, in 1820, a great wilderness, from the Ohio river on the south to Lake Michigan on the north, and from the Ohio state line on the east to the Wabash and Illinois on the west. There were, of course, many settlements, and villages, and towns through every portion of the state, and especially in eastern, southern and middle counties. "Lo," the poor Indian, had been driven by the advance of the white population to the north and north-western portions of the state. There was not a railroad begun or even thought of in the entire state, as far back as 1830, except the old Madison and Indianapolis line, which was begun about 1828, but not finished even through the "*deep diggings*" at Madison Hill till four or five years afterwards, and not complete to Indianapolis till about the year 1840. There were no turnpike or plank roads throughout the vast field, as a means for easy and rapid travel; but of mud roads, long as the moral law, and nearly as deep as they were long, there was no end. In place of the more elegant and costly turnpike we had the rustic and heaven-provoking corduroy, which, however, was an excellent antidote to dyspepsia and habits of "softness and needless self-indulgence," and were moreover great promoters of appetite and sound sleep. Those who traveled over them needed the apostolic advice, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus

Christ.” In many places there were no roads at all, except cow-paths and deer-trails; very often blazed or notched trees were the only indications of the course the adventurous “circuit-rider” wished to pursue from one appointment to another. Many of these blazed pathways are remembered to this day by your humble chronicler, and how eagerly he watched at each point for the next tree in course, lest he might miss his dubious way, and how his eagerness became more intense as the evening shades began to fall more densely on the forest, and the hoot of the night-owl, and the weird notes of the whip-poor-will stimulated him to increase his speed.

These experiences he often had while on his first circuit, Rushville, in this state, which then embraced the counties, in whole or in part, of Decatur, Shelby, Hancock, Henry, Rush, and a small part of Fayette. To this circuit he was sent in the fall of 1830 by the Illinois Conference, then connected with the state of Indiana, as one Conference, having one jurisdiction. The circuit then embraced thirty-two preaching appointments, being one appointment for every day in the month, and two for each Sabbath; not a single rest-day during the whole year, unless it was gained by crowding, as was sometimes done, three appointments into certain days. This arrangement gave us a little rest occasionally on “blue Monday.” Sometimes, not as a matter of choice, we gained a little rest by fits of ague, affording the pleasant amusement of lying upon our back and pursuing our regular studies in course in Watson’s Theological Institutes, Blair’s

Rhetoric, Hedge's Logic, Locke's Mental Philosophy, interspersed with chapters in Milton's Paradise Lost. Not unfrequently, to fill up the time and cool off the fever, lessons were taken in Virgil's Æneid and the Greek Testament. "Ager," then, as it was called in common parlance, was not deemed an unmitigated curse, affording, as it did, varieties in heat and cold, and fine opportunities for rest and study.

In the bounds of Rushville Circuit, as constituted in 1830, are now several Presiding Elders' districts, several circuits, a number of strong and flourishing stations, and many flourishing towns. But what, you inquire, of the salary that year? You must not jump to the hasty conclusion that a circuit so large in territory, with so many preaching places and agricultural resources, afforded a fat salary. It was, however, fat enough, for it kept soul and body together with quietness and health, knowing that the Good Shepherd always tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Our Presiding Elder, Rev. Allen Wiley, a man of varied learning, deep in theology, strong in faith and full of the Holy Ghost, received that year as his portion of the sum total \$20. My colleague, Rev. Amos Sparks, a most unique man, full of good common sense, of marked eloquence and power in the pulpit, and popular with the people, received for his portion, being a married man with several children, \$175, a part of which was paid in *dicker*. What that was I will not stop here to explain. It was a fiscal term well understood by Methodist preachers in those days. We (that is to say your present narrator) received for

our portion of quarterage for the year about \$75, being three-fourths of the claim of an unmarried preacher, as we then were. This digression to personal matters is intended to show you a fair specimen of the field of labor in the beginning of the manhood of Methodism in Indiana.

In some portions of the state the circuits and districts were larger than the one named, and the pay was less. In other portions the circuits were smaller, the labor lighter and the pay more liberal. As a general rule, the heavier the work the lighter the pay, and the lighter the work the heavier the pay. This is often the case even now; but in any case it was true that he who "gathered much had nothing over, and he who gathered but little had no lack." I never felt more independent in my life, more like an English Baron, than when I loaned money at six per cent. out of my salary of \$100 per year.

The sumptuary accommodations of those days were not of the most elegant and ample order, but such as they were they were ministered with such hearty good will, with such easy and uncomplaining hospitality to the brethren, that sweetened everything and made discomfort a real pleasure, so that the itinerant was compelled to feel at home and know assuredly the truth of the proverb that a "Dish of herbs is better, where love is, than a stalled ox where there is hatred and strife." The sleeping accommodations, too, were often of a rude and primitive character, the whole family, consisting of father and mother, sisters and brothers, with perchance a pet lamb or a favorite dog,

occupying the same room, which served also as a preaching chapel, a kitchen, a dining hall and parlor, the preacher, by way of prominence, occupying the best bed in the corner.

The almost universal and only means of locomotion for the itinerant was on horseback, or the more nomadic style of footing it from place to place. The former mode was generally preferred. Occasionally the luxury of a horse and buggy or Dearborn wagon was enjoyed by the more favored. Sometimes the lumbering stage coach might be heard along the more frequented highways; but few if any could afford the luxury of traveling in this aristocratic way, and indeed there was but little pleasure in being compelled to walk half the way and carry a rail on one's back to pry out of deep mudholes every few miles. So then the horseback and saddle-bags were the surest reliance for travel; but even to this mode there were many hindrances, of which we may only name swollen streams and want of bridges. In such case the perplexed preacher must choose between alternatives, either to turn back or to swim over the stream. The latter was generally chosen; but there was a method even in this. For the benefit of some of you young men who by chance may some day be put to the test, I will show you what that method was. The preacher, coming to the stream, would dismount, take off his pants, tie them about his neck, then lift his saddlebags from their usual seat and put them on the highest point of his horse's withers, then remount and kneel down on the saddlebags and give free rein to



his faithful animal, which scarcely ever failed to bring him in safety to the opposite shore. Having tried this plan frequently, I can recommend it to you.

Having now given you a brief view of the field of action, with its hardships and possibilities, I shall proceed to introduce a few of the actors.

## CHAPTER II.

REV JOHN STRANGE.

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Foot-prints on the sands of time.  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing shall take heart again.  
Let us now be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.  
—*Longfellow.*

IN this chapter we introduce, first of all, the name of one who was greatest of all, because he was servant of all. We shall introduce him with but little ceremony, without the formality of titles. He had none. He despised them as he despised the vanities of men. He often sang with seraphic sweetness,

“I trample on their whole delight,  
I seek a city out of sight,  
A city in the skies.”

To have called him doctor or professor would have

excited his ridicule or alarmed him, and he would have said, like Job, "God forbid that I should receive flattering titles, for then God would soon take me away" He was above titles; they were toys to amuse smaller men; before him they vanished like vapor before the brilliant sun.

We shall introduce him, then, simply in scripture style, as *John Strange*. I need not ask you to rise and do him reverence. A moment's reflection will convince you that you are in the presence of no ordinary man; that a master in Israel is before you.

Rev. John Strange was born in Virginia, the home of Washington, Patrick Henry, Wm. Wirt, and a galaxy of other distinguished men, whose memories are enshrined in the hearts of the American people. He first saw the light on the 15th of November, 1789. Of his early education and surroundings we know nothing. He emigrated with his father's family to Ohio when he was quite young. While yet a lad he was converted and joined the M. E. Church after his removal to Ohio. In 1811, then in the twenty-second year of his age, he was received into the Ohio Annual Conference, where he labored with great zeal and usefulness for thirteen years. Here his fame as an orator of great power and popularity began to be national; but yielding to his disposition to hunt out the lost sheep in forest wilds, he emigrated to Indiana in 1824, and was placed in charge of a work in the south-eastern part of the state, embracing Rising Sun, Lawrenceburg, Brookville, and other portions of the adjacent country. While on this work, Indians

still roamed those forests, and committed many thefts and robberies, and sometimes even murders, among the defenseless settlers in the sparse neighborhoods.

Ten years afterwards, when I was on Lawrenceburg circuit, I used to hear many remarkable traditions of Mr. Strange by the prominent Methodists, who seemed never to weary in telling of his eloquence and faith and self-sacrifices for the church. On one occasion he lost a fine saddle-horse that died suddenly of disease. His friends were sympathizing with him over his loss, which they had no means, in their poverty, of replacing with another. He coolly replied, "Why, brethren, should you be disturbed about this matter; I am not. I know that my Father 'owns the cattle on a thousand hills,' and in his own good time and way he will give me a horse, or a dozen of them if need be, to prosecute his work. In the meantime he has given me the power of speedy and easy locomotion, which I shall use without interruption to my work;" so, packing up his knapsack and shouldering his rifle, as a kind of terror to thieving and murderous Indians and wild beasts, he pursued his way around his circuit of three hundred miles, often without a guide, without roads, or even paths, and often without shelter at nights, save the canopy of the blue heavens or floating clouds above him.

Mr. Strange's father before him was a minister, who, like his son, was of a cosmopolitan spirit, despising the luxury and vanity of cities, and of wealth. He often sought the solitudes of the forest, where he might preach the gospel to red men and to lost sheep

scattered into the wilderness places. In one of these solitary excursions he lost his life, no one knowing to this day the spot where he fell or the means by which he lost his life, whether by the hands of savages, by wild beasts, or by starvation.

The introduction of John Strange to Indiana Methodism was as sudden and mythical, almost, as the introduction of Elijah the great prophet to the tribes of Israel in the reign of Ahab. Elijah came unheralded, and the first grand swoop he made on the kingdom of Idolatry was in the presence of the king himself, to whom he said, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall be no dew or rain these years but according to my word." If a thunder-bolt from a clear sky had struck the guilty king, it could not have surprised him more. So John Strange came upon us in Indiana like a bright flash, and his first sermon was a new era in pulpit eloquence. I was then a boy, thoughtless and irreligious. I had heard of his fame, and learning that he was to be at a camp-meeting some four miles from my father's residence in Jefferson county, this state, I went there, with many others, more to see and hear the famed minister than for any other purpose. At the close of the service on Saturday evening, just before the benediction, there stepped suddenly upon the platform a man in neat but plain attire, tall, straight, and remarkably graceful in person and manner, with a round and well-formed head, dark, piercing eyes, yet exceedingly kind and benevolent in expression. In a moment every eye was fixed upon him. As if an

angel had stood there, the hush and silence could not have been more complete. Surveying the crowd for a moment, he broke the almost oppressive silence by saying, "Brethren and fellow-citizens, I am a stranger to you all. I have come here from a distance to enjoy in this quiet grove the precious privileges of social intercourse and Christian fellowship and worship. I have learned to-day that there are persons on this ground who have threatened the peace of this encampment to-night and to-morrow. Permit me, brethren and fellow-citizens, to say, I do not share with you in these fears; I have too much confidence in the good sense, patriotism and love of order of this community, and can safely confide to you, as fathers, as husbands and sons, the safe keeping and order of this meeting. You all have a deep interest in the good name of this community, and you will preserve it with sleepless vigilance. Such is my confidence in you all that I am ready to be your surety that you will, every one, be a keeper of the peace. If any offend, set it to my account, I will pay the forfeit." Saying this, he lifted his hands and said, "Let us pray." And *such* a prayer, for calm dignity, simplicity, faith, and power with God, I have never heard since. Though fifty years have passed, its impression is still upon my memory and soul. That man was John Strange. The audience was spell-bound. The peace and harmony of the meeting were secured, and every man there was ready to die for John Strange.

To show his deadness to the world and his faith in

God, I will here relate a fact well known to early Methodists about Madison. While he traveled the Madison district, about 1828, he resided in Madison. The people of that city knowing his poverty as to this world's goods, and appreciating the dependence of his family, offered to secure to him in fee simple a parcel of land in the bounds of the city, with a house upon it, for a dwelling. This he persistently, though thankfully, declined accepting, always offering Scripture reasons for so doing. Among other reasons he said, "I would not deprive myself the privilege, for all the land in Indiana, of singing those grand words, 'No foot of land do I possess, no cottage in the wilderness; a poor wayfaring man.'" This was no mere hasty sentimentalism with him; it was his master passion, governing him to the close of life.

I will here recite an anecdote of him which I heard while he was yet living, though I did not witness the scene described. I believe it, however, to be authentic, having been related by credible witnesses who were on the ground. It took place at a camp-meeting held somewhere in the Scioto valley in Ohio, before he came to Indiana. The country was then new, and many rough and savage men inhabited the neighborhood where the meeting was held. One of them was a terror to all civilized people, and gloried because he had broken up many assemblies of religious worshipers that came in his way. At the camp-meeting alluded to Bro. Strange was preaching at the noon hour on the Sabbath. The congregation was large, and deeply affected by his eloquence and the

power of God. The bully referred to was in the outskirts of the encampment, plotting mischief, no doubt, but being attracted by the shrill notes and wonderful eloquence of the preacher, he was seen to fix his attention and draw nearer and nearer, till he reached the foot of the main aisle leading from the pulpit to the rear of the audience. There he stopped for a few moments, gazing with fixed attention on the speaker as he poured forth his burning appeals to the hearts of sinners.

The man then with cautious steps, as if reconnoitering the stronghold of an enemy, ventured a little and a little further, till he reached a large tree which stood in the midst of the aisle about thirty feet from the stand. Here he anchored, and first from one side of the tree and then from the other, as if watching the movements of some dreaded foe, he gazed on the minister as though he was fascinated; his watery eyes, distorted face and trembling limbs all showing that he was under deep mental excitement which he had no power to control. The minister saw the condition of the man, and saw his own opportunity, for his keen eye saw everything, and he determined upon his surrender, then and there, to the cross; so he concentrated his whole power on the quivering form of his victim, and with one mighty swoop of his eloquence—a *coup de main* as it were—shivered to atoms the last prop that was under him. The victory was complete. In a moment the man's distended nostrils gushed out with blood, and he fell to the ground a conquered man. The eloquent Strange



at that moment lifted his eyes to heaven and said, "All hail, conquering Son of God, that smiteth the nations with the sharp, two-edged sword; ride forth and conquer." At this all order was broken. The wicked, who could, fled for safety, and the sons of God shouted together for joy. The man was cared for, was converted, and became as valliant for the truth as he had been bold in the cause of sin. This case illustrates, more than a volume of theorizing, the eccentricity of Strange's character and the resistless power of his eloquence.

I heard him preach a sermon in the fall of 1829, at a camp meeting near Madison in this State, of great power and effect. His text I remember distinctly, though it was fifty years ago; I was then a boy. When John saw and heard the angel speaking to him in the Isle of Patmos, he fell at his feet to worship him, and the angel said to him, "See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow servant, and of the prophets. Worship God." This was his subject. Of course I can not now pretend to give his language and describe his grand imagery in elucidating the subject; but his manner and appearance I can never forget. It stirred the audience like Uriel's wand. I have often heard a minister who was then present tell its effect on him. He said, during the delivery of the sermon, such was the wrapt attention of his soul that for a few moments, he knew not how long, he lost all consciousness of a bodily presence and felt himself floating in space, covered, as it were, with a brilliant cloud. You may call this, if you please, fanaticism,

or spiritualism, or magnetism, or what you may ; the effect was the mastery of mind over mind. The minister was not only enthused himself with his subject, but he was apotheosized, and others of similar faith and condition must, on the principles of psychology, partake of his transfiguration.

## CHAPTER III.

### FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF REV JOHN STRANGE.

TO GAIN a perfect knowledge of a man's character he should be viewed in all the relations of life, public and private, in prosperity and adversity ; no partial view is sufficient. A perfect landscape is made up of lights and shades, of hills, mountains and vales. A perfect painting clearly defines all the parts of the picture, and the lights and shades are so skillfully blended that it requires a practiced eye to discern where the one ends and the other begins.

We had several opportunities in boyhood of witnessing Mr. Strange's character and true inward life, in his private as well as public relations to society, and though always amiable, he was not always what he seemed to be to the public eye. To the public gaze he was always grand ; in the private circle he was always simple and unostentatious as a child. We had a fine opportunity of contemplating him in both relations in the spring of 1829, at a quarterly meeting which he held at the house of Judge Prather, then residing near Vernon, the county-seat of Jennings county, in this state. The meeting was held in the

family residence, as there was no church building at the time in the neighborhood. His text on the Sabbath was from the Epistle of James, i: 23-25: "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty," etc. Having described the gospel as a law of liberty, and illustrated it by many beautiful and striking comparisons, he spoke of it as a mirror, in which all manner of persons behold themselves, and the various results. One class look into it honestly and prayerfully, desiring to learn the truth with regard to themselves, and they are not long in discovering the truth that they are indeed "born in sin and shapen in iniquity," and need a Savior from sin; that the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint, full of wounds, bruises and putrifying sores. This, said he, is an honest mirror, hiding nothing, extenuating nothing. It reveals every blot and stain of sin, and shows to men exactly what they are and what they need. Those looking into this gospel mirror in this spirit soon gain such knowledge of themselves as to shrink away from themselves.

"I loathe myself when Christ I see,  
And into nothing fall."

They repent, believe, obey, and are justified. These are *blessed* in their deed. Another class who look into this mirror, said Mr. Strange, are those who straightway go away and forget what manner of persons they were, like the man beholding his natural face in a glass?

They see this dark spot of sin on the soul, this

plague-spot of leprosy on the heart, this feeling of envy, lust, hate, covetousness and pride gurgling up from the deep fountains of their moral nature; but they go away and quickly forget what manner of persons they were, seeing imaginary beauty where were only deformity and sin.

While describing these several characters with great vividness and power, as none but a master can do, he turned square around and looked into a mirror which hung behind him on the wall, and, suiting his actions to the words and sentiments expressed, he showed off in dramatic style, with great effect, the characters described. In these fine delineations there was no impropriety in language or action, no lowering of the dignity of the pulpit or the solemnities of his message.

Having portrayed these characters, he next introduced the fashionable *beau* and *belle* before the gospel mirror, and represented them as gazing long and admiringly at themselves, now turning this side, then that, to the mirror, now contemplating the beauty of the features and then of the form, applying vigorously the comb or brush to beautify the hair, and cosmetics to adorn and beautify the skin. He then suddenly cried out, "Oh ye silly ones! your disease is not on the skin; it lies deep within.

"No running brook or flood or sea  
Can take these dismal stains away."

"Come," said he, "to the fountain of Christ's blood, which alone can wash and make you white as snow."

The effect of that sermon you may judge of from its effect on me. Though fifty years have passed away since its delivery, and these have swept away nearly two generations of men, yet the language, the drapery, the sarcasm, the magical effect of that glowing eloquence, have not faded from my memory. The flash of his eye, the intonations of his voice, unequaled in melody and power, his fine dramatic action, his winning smiles, his reverend form and face, can never be forgotten.

Such was Mr. Strange as a public man, clad in robes of ministerial dignity and power. Now, let us place in juxtaposition with this scene another which exhibits his character in private life.

It was my good fortune to be a guest with him at the house of Judge Prather, on the occasion of the quarterly meeting above named, though I was then a boy of some eighteen or nineteen years of age. Here an incident occurred which gives you a view of the true inwardness of the man in his private friendships, in which the minister was lost in the private citizen, when the public functionary put off the robes of office and dignity for the habiliments of the untitled man.

The labors of the meeting being over, he at once, by easy and graceful steps, came down to the plane of common humanity and was one of us. I remember well that on Monday morning, before taking leave of the family and other guests, an incident occurred at the breakfast table in which he was the principal actor and which created much merriment. It hap-

pened that they had for breakfast a plate of large fried fish, which the boys had taken from the waters of the Muscukutuck, which ran close by. It happened also that there sat at table a young local preacher by the name of *Fish*. After blessing was asked, Brother Strange suddenly seized the plate of fish, and looking at the young preacher with a curious look of merriment, said, in the hearing of all at table: "Brother Fish, permit me to introduce to your acquaintance a dish of your fried *relatives*, descended by direct line from the Placoids and Ganoids of the Silurian and Devonian age of geology. They are your seniors by many thousands of years, but you will love them none the less. In all ages fish have been known to eat fish, a kind of cannibal race in this respect. In your case," said he, "I presume the old maxim will be reversed, for instead of the big fish devouring the small ones, the little fish will devour the large ones."

Bro. Fish, you will note, was a small man. There was something in the spirit and manner of this play on words so peculiar and mirth-provoking that the whole company, including Brother Fish and Elder Strange, broke forth in uproarious laughter. Brother Fish, however, took, with blushing modesty, one of his "fried" brethren, and devoured it all except the vertebra, the pectoral, the dorsal and caudal fins. Pointing to these, at the close, Brother Strange said: "Let these fragments be gathered, that nothing be lost."

Mr. Strange was always very neat, though plain, in

dress and address. He hated everything like affectation in the spirit and manners of others.

He was once invited to dinner by a wealthy and fashionable sister in the church, who was noted for her rich dinners and at the same time her fondness of being complimented over them. He accepted the invitation, and when he was ushered into the dining-room, where a rich repast awaited him, that might have tempted the appetite of a king, the good sister said, in her usual strategic way, simply fishing for a compliment: "Brother Strange, you will excuse my poor dinner to-day, my regular cook being sick; I feel that we have scarcely anything worthy of you, but we'll try to do better next time." Stopping short and surveying the table, he said: "Now, Sister W., I suppose you are candid in these apologies, and I must regret, both for your sake and for mine, that I accepted your invitation to-day. Sister Jones invited me, just before leaving the church, to take dinner with her at her humble cabin, saying she had prepared a bowl of nice mush and milk for me, of which I am very fond. I am sure it would have been worthy of my acceptance. If, therefore, dear sister, you will excuse me, I will run over to Sister Jones's and partake of her kind and most relishable hospitality." "Oh no," said Mrs. W., "I can not allow that." "Well," said Brother Strange, "I will compromise the matter on this condition: that you never offer any more apologies, especially when God has loaded your table with his manifold blessings." This



was a word in season, and Sister W , from that day, was cured of empty apologies.

Mr. Strange was not a classical scholar, though his language and style of conversation and oratory were of the most classical order. I have rarely ever heard any man who could command richer, chaster language, or in a more copious degree. It often rose to a height of sublimity which overwhelmed his audiences. He would often descend from these lofty heights of Parnassus to thrust a dart at vicious men of low degree. His language then was not always the most classic and chosen, but it was such as they could feel and comprehend. Take this specimen. I once heard him say, as he closed a terrible phillipic against scoffers at Christianity: "I would rather be a long-eared hound, and die barking at the moon, than to be a brainless, heartless infidel, braying like an ass at the divine revelation of Jesus Christ."

He often alluded to his *Alma Mater*, which he called "Brush College, more ancient, though less pretentious, than Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton. Here I graduated," said he, "and I love her memory still. Her academic groves are the boundless forests and prairies of these western wilds; her Pierian springs are the gushing fountains from rocks and mountain fastnesses; her Arcadian groves and Orphic songs are the wild woods, and the birds of every color and every song, relieved now and then with the bass hootings of the night owl and the weird treble of the whip-poor-will; her curriculum is the philosophy of nature and the mysteries of redemption; her

library is the word of God ; the discipline and hymn book, supplemented with trees and brooks and stones, all of which are full of wisdom and sermons and speeches ; and her parchments of literary honors are the horse and saddle-bags."

Preachers of the present day have but little idea of the value set on a good horse and a well-arranged pair of saddle-bags by preachers of the olden time. Had you offered them a doctorate, or a good pair of saddle-bags, they probably would have chosen the latter. One would have cost about as much as the other, and the last would have been far the most useful.

The question is frequently asked by those who had no personal acquaintance with Brother Strange, in what did his power over man consist ? The answer is, that nearly all the elements that constitute human greatness entered into his composition. His was a well-balanced mind, quick perceptive faculties, sound judgment, strong memory and will-power, and a brilliant imagination, combined with wonderful power of eloquence and song. His moral faculties were even stronger than the intellectual. He took no lessons in elocution from the schools ; he was greater than the schools. He was nature's orator, drawing his inspirations from nature and from nature's God. His invocations, like those of Elijah on Carmel, were for answers by fire, and fire always came upon him and upon all about him, quenching the water, and wood, and stone, and all gross and material sacrifices, leaving only the residuum of the spiritual and divine.

His pure, ornate and copious language not only glowed but burned ; it not only illumined and elevated, but it warmed and transfigured the soul. He loved the sublime in nature, the solemn forests, the lofty mountains, the expansive ocean, the rolling thunders, the starry heavens and the blooming spring, and from these he ascended by easy gradations to the awful and sublime in redemption, the garden of Gethsemane, the passion and bloody sweat, the crucifixion and resurrection and ascension of the Son of God. Amidst these awful scenes he loved to gaze and wonder, like Moses on Sinai, amidst thunderings and lightnings and terror, and like Elijah at the rock of Horeb, when God passed before him in the whirlwind and earthquake. And, gazing upon these scenes, he was often "changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord."

I have seen him under these inspirations, when his form and features, naturally serene and beautiful, seemed to lose the type of the earthy and assume the type of the heavenly ; something like Stephen in martyrdom, when he looked up and said : " I see the heavens opened and Jesus standing at the right hand of God, and all who beheld him saw his face as the face of an angel." This is no fancy sketch.

These gracious revelations of power were not vouchsafed to this holy man as an extra partial dealing of God. If, like John the Divine, on Patmos, he was permitted to walk amidst the golden candlesticks, and see and hear the myriad harpers before the throne, it was because he, like John, had forsaken

all to follow Christ ; hence the appropriateness of that beautiful song he often sang with such sweetness and power :

“ No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in the wilderness,  
A poor wayfaring man ;  
I dwell awhile in tents below,  
And gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain.”

I have often seen him step from the pulpit with a countenance radiant with light divine, and sing these lines with a pathos and power and sweetness that moved the hearts of thousands as the forest trees are moved with a mighty wind. Take him all-in-all, as a man of deep convictions, of holy and simple trust in God, of unreserved consecration to Christ, of eloquence and power in the pulpit, and of purity and simplicity of life, we shall probably not soon look upon his like again.

## CHAPTER IV

REV JOHN STRANGE—CONTINUED.

MR. STRANGE'S long rides, hard labors and many exposures early developed in his slender constitution the seeds of pulmonary consumption, and it was seen in the summer of 1831, that his ministry was drawing rapidly to a close among us. But his life and preaching became more heavenly as he approached the golden shore.

We will here try, as far as feeble pen and words can do it, to describe a sermon we heard from him at a camp-meeting, near Columbus, Indiana, in the summer of 1831, perhaps the last public effort he ever made, except to preach the funeral sermon of Rev. Edwin Ray and James Benkson, that fall before the session of the Conference, which convened in the city of Indianapolis. They had died only a short time before Conference. The sermon at Columbus was the most extraordinary effort of his life. Pale and emaciated and heavenly in appearance, he took the stand at eleven o'clock A. M. on Sabbath. The stand was full of weeping ministers, and a strange stillness

brooded over the place. He read, in deep emotion, the opening hymn :

“Come, let us join our friends above,  
Who have to glory gone,” etc.;

then offered a prayer of great sweetness and power, by which all hearts were subdued. He then read his text: “These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Rev. VII:14.

Everything conspired to the solemnity of that occasion; the still grove, the somber clouds, the hymn, the text, and, above all, the dying minister. The ground on which we stood was holy. Never saw I a congregation so solemn, so awe-struck, as the minister passed through the sermon, sketching, as John Strange alone could do it, the white-robed multitude before the throne of God, and the tribulations out of which they came, and their happiness now in the presence of the Lamb, leading them to the fountains of living waters.

Just then, when every heart was full and every eye and face was bathed in tears, he drew himself up to one of his loftiest attitudes and stood in solemn silence for a moment, then said, in a voice and manner that can never be forgotten: “Farewell, world, I leave you in the hand of the Redeemer. Farewell, beloved ministers. Farewell, brethren all; I shall soon be with the blood-washed on that shining shore. Very soon I shall lift these feet, *all dripping*, from the waters of Jordan and set them on the golden streets. Soon I shall be with Paul and John, with

Pollycarp and Wesley, and Whitefield, and all the martyrs and sufferers for the testimony of Jesus. But who are *these*? There stands one in the midst of the throne, brighter than all. It is the Lamb in his glory; he becks and bids me come." Then stepping forward a little and waving his hand, he said: "Get out of my light, ye crowding multitudes; I must see Jesus, I must take him in my arms." These words were prophetic, and with them he sank back in the arms of one of the ministers, Bro. James Havens, I believe. What followed this beggars description. The ministers in the stand were bathed in tears and most of them had fallen flat on the floor. Multitudes in the audience lay as dead men, overpowered with intense emotion. Some stood in silence, awe-struck; some shouted for joy, and all wept.

The following year that great man, that sweet singer in Israel, that golden-tongued Chrysostom of Methodism, closed his life and ministry together.

During the entire year previous to his death his physical energies rapidly failed, but his inward man was renewed day by day. His mental faculties became more vigorous and clear, if possible, as the body of mortality was being removed.

At the session of Conference that year he was placed on the retired list, among the superannuates. While his judgment approved this measure, his heart rebelled against it. It had often been the expressed wish of his soul to die with the gospel harness on, and if God willed it, to go directly from the pulpit to the tomb. The few months of his superannuation

were not idly or uselessly spent. He preached loudly in the sick room and illustrated beautifully the virtues of patience, resignation and calm reliance on God, and proved the power of that faith which had grandly sustained him through so many trials and privations of the ministry. He often repeated, with a prolonged *trill* of the voice and with singular effect, the words with which he often entranced whole audiences during his public ministry,

“ *Hail, all hail!* the power of Jesus’ name.”

He spent much of his remaining days in meditations and annotations on the past, in receiving also messages of cheer and affection from ministers and faithful laymen all over the land, and in returning answers and blessings to them. His ruling passion to die a poor wayfaring man, dispossessed of earthly goods, was strong in death.

A committee of brethren from the Shiloh settlement, some ten miles west of the city, where he had often resorted for a little quiet rest and unostentatious sociability, waited on him one day, about two months before his death, to inform him that the house they had been preparing for himself and family in that vicinity was now finished all ready for his occupancy, and praying him to accept and be removed into it. He was lying on his dying couch when they entered his room and made their message known. Without the least agitation, he looked up and said in a calm voice: “Brethren, I need no further lands or houses here. *Yonder*,” pointing heavenward, “I have a house not



made with hands, eternal in the heavens ; I am about removing into that." Then thanking these good men, he bade them each a final adieu. They returned home, sorrowing most that they should see his face no more.

So lived and so died John Strange. His closing triumph was a fitting logical sequence to his glorious life and ministry. The generation in which he lived has mostly passed away, but fresh will be the memories about his tomb so long as one remains who knew and loved him here ; and in future history his name will still be repeated with veneration, as one of rare eloquence, fervent piety, and self-sacrifice to the interests of mankind.

It is to be regretted that a full biography was not published at or near the time of his decease ; then data might have been obtained for a full and interesting history of him. It is now about forty-five years since his death, and most of his cotemporaries have passed, like him, from the stage of action, so that what is written now must be gathered mainly from the pages of memory of a few.

The marks he made while living were on the hearts of men with words of fire. Though respectable in literary attainments, he had not time to write. He wrote no sermons ; a written sermon, or even a skeleton, would have fettered his genius and restrained the fire of his burning eloquence. A written sermon in his hands would have been like the armor of Saul on the youthful David, and he would have said, like that young champion in the fight of faith, "Take

these things away." He met the enemies of Israel in his day with more puissant elements of warfare than written theses and lectures, coldly read from pen, ink and paper. His weapons of warfare were the Sword of the Spirit, and burning words of eloquence poured forth from the heart, filled with the love of God, and with love for the souls of men, and these were his trophies everywhere.

We have before alluded to his sermon before the session of Conference in this city, in the fall of 1831, in reference to the death of two young ministers who had died late that year. We refer to Rev. Edwin Ray and James Bankson, both men of great worth and distinction in the Conference. The former of these, for many reasons, was loved and cherished by Mr. Strange with an affection rarely equaled among men. Though he was very feeble, not being able to be in the Conference room but a small portion of the time, yet it was deemed very desirable that he should preach the funeral discourse of these two beloved ministers, if possible, and the Conference passed a formal resolution asking him to do so, fixing the hour for this solemn service on the Sabbath at three o'clock in the afternoon. To this Mr. Strange gave his consent, for the sake of those two beloved brethren, though he felt wholly inadequate to the duty in point of physical strength; and moreover, he felt, as he said in the beginning of the service, that he regarded *that*, probably, as the last effort he should ever make before a public audience, as it proved to be. When the hour came for the funeral service, the church was

excessively crowded. The whole body of ministers was there, and as many of the citizens as could find standing room. All were anxious to hear of the beloved Ray, especially, who only three or four years previously had been the faithful and beloved pastor of the church in which they were then assembled, and all were equally anxious to hear the beloved and dying Strange, probably for the last time. Pale and trembling in weakness, he arose amidst the breathless throng, and announced his opening hymn :

“Who are these arrayed in white,  
Brighter than the noonday sun;  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the Eternal throne?” etc.

During the reading of the hymn, in the minister's inimitable way, many persons in the assembly were bathed in tears. There stood the dying Strange, weeping over our dead comrades in the ministry, the beautiful, the courteous, the pious and devoted Ray, and the learned, eloquent and promising Bankson. The hymn being sung, and a solemn prayer offered by one of the ministers present, Mr. Strange arose and announced his text: “They that be wise shall shine, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.” (See Daniel, xii:3.) There was the same form, the same eye, that never ceased to beam with intelligence and love, and the same voice that for years had thrilled vast audiences all over the West with its seraphic notes of sweetness and song; but oh! how changed now. They were putting on the last type of mortality, ready for the

marriage supper of the Lamb. He spoke feebly of the wisdom of those who serve God, contrasting it with the foolishness of this world. He spoke of the luster that shall adorn the character of every faithful Christian, and especially of every faithful minister, who like Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, having respect to the recompense of the reward. (See Heb. xi : 24, 25, 26.) He spoke of the moral beauty of those who stand on Zion's Hill,

“Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal.”

Having drawn a beautiful picture of the faithful minister who turns many to righteousness, of his wisdom, his prudence, his purity and zeal, he applied it to the beloved ministers above named.

While delivering the discourse he was often compelled to lean for support upon the pulpit. Sometimes the fires within his soul would break forth with their accustomed brightness and fervency, then again would die away like a lamp nearly exhausted. As he spoke of Edwin Ray, of his beauty, innocence, and charming eloquence ; of the friendship that had existed between them, like that which bound David and Jonathan together, and of his lamented early death, he became deeply affected, and covering his face with his hands for a moment, he ceased to speak and wept profusely. Then gaining a little strength

he uttered aloud, "Oh Edwin, my son Edwin, would that I had died for thee. But be hushed my murmuring, and be dried my tears. Soon shall I hail thee, Edwin, before the Throne. Having walked together along this mortal vale, soon shall we walk together along the banks of the River of Life, and drink forever of the Stream of Life, that maketh glad the city of our God." With this apostrophe, such was the baptism of power that came upon the holy Strange and upon the whole assembly, that further utterance was impossible, and he sank in the arms of one of the ministers behind him, and the service closed.

This, I think, was his last public effort. On the second day of December of the following year his words were verified, and he joined the assembly of the first-born in Heaven, and walked with his beloved Edwin along the River of Life, where they thirst no more.

The remains of this distinguished minister now rest in the old cemetery, in the south-west of this city, near its western border. The branches of a tall pine tree spread over the consecrated spot, which is marked only by an humble slab of stone, on which are inscribed the following words :

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. JOHN STRANGE,  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
ON THE 2d DAY OF DECEMBER, 1832,  
IN THE 44th YEAR OF HIS AGE,  
AND THE 22d YEAR OF HIS  
ITINERANT MINISTRY.

They that be wise shall shine, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.—*Daniel, xii : 3.*

To this spot we often resort, as to a sacred Mecca,  
for meditation and for a renewal of our vows.

## CHAPTER V

ALFRED W. ARRINGTON.

“ With nature’s self  
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest  
At will with all her glorious majesty.  
He laid his hand upon the ocean’s mane,  
And play’d familiar with his hoary locks ;  
Stood on the Alps, stood the Appenines,  
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend ;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Then turned, and with the grasshopper who sang  
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.  
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,  
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness.”

—*Pollok’s Course of Time, Book 4.*

WE shall now introduce to the reader a very different character from the foregoing—different in all the idiosyncracies of his moral, mental and physical nature. He was a young man at the time of which we shall speak, about twenty-four years of age, an intellectual prodigy, rarely excelled in any age or among any people. Where he was born, or educated, or converted, we never learned, or have forgotten. He was sent by the bishop from the state of Illinois to this state in the fall of 1830, while the states were

united in one Conference, then called the Illinois Conference, and was appointed to the Lawrenceburg circuit, John W McReynolds being his senior in charge of the circuit.

The name of this young man was Alfred W Arrington. He at once took high rank among the ministers and people of that section as a young man of no ordinary attainments in knowledge and in powers of eloquence ; but no one dreamed till towards the middle of the year of the hidden powers that lurked within him. They dreamed not that there were hidden fires within his soul that, like *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, were soon to burst forth and shake the earth, carrying light and heat, and also, in the end, desolation in their way.

At a protracted meeting in a village near Lawrenceburg his powers as a revivalist began to develop themselves, and by his wonderful eloquence and zeal for the conversion of the people, he swept the entire neighborhood, embracing a class of men who were generally supposed to be absolutely beyond the power of the gospel. These he swayed with the ease of a giant playing with a child. This was the beginning of his fame.

We next hear of him at a camp-meeting held near Harrison, on the White Water. Here thousands gathered from all the region round about in expectancy of hearing him, and awaited the coming of the Sabbath, when he was to preach at the popular hour. As the hour approached, hundreds upon hundreds of eager men and women were seen pressing close about



the stand, till the whole encampment was full. At length the young orator arose amidst the breathless silence of thousands. For two hours he held the silent throng spell-bound while he descanted on the kingdom of God, like a little stone cut from the mountains without hands, rolling on till it filled the whole earth. That effort lifted him at once to a niche in the temple of fame which no man in that day occupied, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. No reporter could give even a synopsis of the sermon, so full of lofty and rapid thought, so deep in historic and theological learning, so surcharged with fervid and overpowering eloquence.

The fame of the young man from that day was secured. His name, which seemed to carry eloquence in its very orthography, was repeated everywhere by thousands, and invitations began to pour in upon him from every quarter to preach in their cities and towns. Among others Rev. Allen Wiley, the Presiding Elder on the Greensburg work, where I was stationed that year, invited him to visit our camp-meeting to be held in the vicinity of the town of Greensburg. This invitation he accepted, as it was directly on his way to Conference, held that year in Indianapolis. He arrived at the encampment late on Saturday evening, and consequently did not appear in the pulpit till Sabbath at the noon hour, when he had been announced to preach. Of course his fame had preceded him. Everybody awaited impatiently the coming of the hour. At length it arrived. The horn blew, and thousands were fixed in their seats, eager to catch

the first glimpse of his person and hear the first notes of his voice. Just then a young man, tall and magisterial in appearance, with broad shoulders, large head, massive forehead, large gray eyes, dull and inexpressive when at rest, but rolling like balls in liquid fire when excited in public harrangue, with light hair bordering on the blonde, carelessly though rather genteelly dressed, calm, sober, and decorous in behavior—such an one stepped upon the stand filled with ministers, old and young. For a moment he casually surveyed the throng before him. That young man, I need not tell you, was Alfred W Arrington. The hush and silence of the audience, even at this point, were almost oppressive. After a moment's pause he rose and read the opening hymn, beginning, "Father, how wide thy glories shine, how high thy wonders rise," etc. If the expectation was high before, it was greatly increased after the reading of the hymn, which was done in easy, graceful style, every word and sentence properly emphasized, and the true poetic meaning and force brought out. His prayer was in keeping with the hymn, solemn, reverent, comprehensive; no rant, no false adulations of the Deity, no semblance of a devotion he did not feel, no affectation of learning, or attempt to inform God of things he knew not of before. It was *prayer*, confession, contrition, and earnest petition. The prayer ended he soon announced his text. It related to the wisdom and power of God in creation, and his goodness in redemption. And now we confess to you we have no language to describe accurately the language, style and effect of that

sermon. It was a close, profound, masterly argument *a priori* and *a posteriori*, to prove the existence, the power, the omnipresence and omniscience of God, and his goodness in redemption. The whole empire of learning and thought seemed to lie at his feet. At will he gathered resources from the kingdom of matter and mind, from the ocean, from the clouds, from the firmament above and the earth beneath. He seemed as familiar with the whole planetary world as you are with your flower-garden. He strayed with ease along the milky way as a familiar path often trod, and seemed at home in the remotest regions of space, where even angels stand abashed.

If any one supposes his style was bombastic or his argument pedantic, they have simply mistaken the man. Never, it seems to me, was language more chaste, classic and elegant, or argument more logical and conclusive, than those employed in that sermon; it was a pleasing, generous, unctuous style of delivery. But what of the effect on the audience? That was the proper exponent of the merit of the sermon and the orator. The effect was his highest eulogium. During the delivery of the discourse there was no loud shouting, no boisterous applause, no sleeping, no walking about or whispering one with another, every eye fixed on the speaker, and every ear and every thought was chained in rapt and mute attention. The sermon occupied one hour and three-quarters, and at its close most of the audience were standing upon their feet leaning forward, eagerly gasping for more. Rev. James Havens was on the stand with eyes often suf-

fused in tears, and I remember he said to me, soon as the young minister left the stand, "Such is the extreme *tension* of my nerves, by intense thought and feeling under that grand discourse, that should you strike my arm it would break like brittle glass." The young orator retired directly from the stand to the preachers' tent, and, as if utterly indifferent to praise or censure, fell into a profound sleep. I remember seeing Hon. Tom Dowling, then a resident in Greensburg, standing in mute silence shortly after the sermon, and I asked him his opinion of the effort. His prompt reply was, "I never heard any effort from any man comparable to it for beauty and power; but," said he, "Mr. Smith, you have made a mistake in calling that young man to this meeting."

"How is that?" said I.

"He has broken up the camp-meeting," was the reply.

"How?"

"Why," said Mr. Dowling, "no minister will be fool-hardy enough to attempt another sermon from that stand during this meeting, and no one will have patience to listen to any other sermon."

It was even so; exhortations and songs and prayers closed the labors of that Sabbath.

Next morning the meeting closed, and Mr. Arrington, Elder Wiley, Havens and myself, started for Indianapolis to meet the Conference which was to convene in this city Wednesday morning ensuing. On the way we found young Arrington a very genial companion; a good sleeper, a good talker, a

most intelligent and agreeable young minister. His fame had reached the Conference, and he was eyed with no little interest by all the members. Yielding to a universal desire, he was appointed to preach at an early period in the session. The whole Conference was present to hear him, Bishop, Presiding Elders and all. The house was intensely crowded. His subject was the providence of God, from a text in Job, xxxvii : 16, "Dost thou know the ballancings of the clouds," etc. I need only say that the effort was fully up to his best, and he captured the whole Conference.

From that Conference he was sent to Vevay circuit, one of the best in the State at that time, and continued till about the middle of the year to preach with his usual eloquence and usefulness. But here the curtain must be dropped suddenly. The next scene in the drama is so dark, so appalling, that it must not be written ; it may be spoken in words that may soon vanish, and then let it perish forever.

We shall only add that Mr. Arrington afterwards studied the law and became an eminent practitioner at the bar, first in the state of Arkansas and afterwards at Chicago, Illinois. At the forum he was no less eloquent and powerful than in the pulpit. Had he remained in the ministry of the M. E. Church he might have attained to its highest official distinctions and left a fame and a name attained by but few. He died at Chicago in 1867, and was buried according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. His life, character and official papers were published in extenso at the time. *Lapsus Naturæ.*

## CHAPTER VI.

REV. JAMES HAVENS.

“Servant of God, well done;  
Thy glorious warfare’s past;  
The battle’s fought, the race is won  
And thou art crowned at last.”

WE closed our last chapter with a brief sketch of the brilliant ministry of Rev. Alfred W Arrington, when the curtain suddenly dropped, hiding from our view all the sad sequel of that remarkable young man’s private and public career as a minister.

We shall now introduce to your notice another distinguished actor in the early history of Methodism in Indiana ; one of sterner mould, one whose indomitable will, courage, zeal and common sense, combined with distinguished ability in the pulpit and on the platform, and whose practical good sense, in the social walks of life, did more to plant Methodism in this state, especially in the eastern and middle portions thereof, than any other actor in those early labors. To that man’s influence in a great measure can be traced even now, after the lapse of half a century, much of the rugged and aggressive character of the

Methodism of to-day in this state. What Peter Cartwright was to the church in Illinois, James Havens was to the Methodism of Indiana. They were both remarkable men, well suited, and almost essential to the times in which they lived and acted a conspicuous part. If we mistake not, both were natives of Kentucky; similar in their physical build, similar in many of their traits of character, especially in moral and physical courage, in simplicity of manners and modes of living, thought and action. Both were architects of their own fortune.

We shall introduce to you Rev. James Havens, our hero, as an untitled man. If there be honor in titles, no man ever deserved them more; no man ever regarded them less. They would have fitted him about as much as Saul's armor set on the youthful and princely David—a snare and hindrance to the freedom and independence that were born in him. He met the giants of his day with more fatal and effective weapons of warfare, even the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God. The only titles he wore which were of human invention were the sobriquet of “Old Sorrel,” from the profane. By the outer circles of his friends he was called “Uncle Jimmy,” and by the legion of his friends in the nearer circles, both men, women and children, he was called “Father Havens.” These loved and revered him as a chief pastor and apostle of Jesus Christ.

The term “Old Sorrel” originated in the color of his hair in his younger days. In more mature age,

when it changed (and all earthly things must change), it became a grizzled tissue of yellow, white and red mingled together, which led his enemies sometimes to call him the "Grizzly Bear."

I have often heard him make merry over the sobriquet of "Old Sorrel." Said he, "If they called General Jackson 'Old Hickory,' and Henry Clay 'Old Kentucky,' and Senator Benton, of Missouri, 'Old Bullion,' and General Harrison 'Old Tippecanoe,' honoring these distinguished men by these typical allusions, why may I not take to myself some honor in being called 'Old Sorrel,' a real patronymic, for I inherited my sorrel from my parents?" But while speaking of his hair, especially in his old age, I may remark that it seemed utterly to defy the discipline of the toilet. The brush and comb could not subdue it. Sometimes it would stand like fretted porcupine quills on end, some portions pointing this way and other portions that way. Like the unconquerable will of him who wore it, it would not succumb to arbitrary discipline. Like Banquo's ghost, it would not "down" at his bidding. It frequently looked like a cluster of grape-vines just after the vintage.

This paper aims at no literary review of the character and ministry of Rev. Mr. Havens. It is intended rather to be a plain, truthful pen-picture, a sort of gleaning of some features of the man not heretofore written by any one.

The personal appearance of James Havens, though not elegant in form and features, would at once im-



press every intelligent beholder that he was no ordinary man; that he was a master, born to command and lead, not by any *hauteur* in his manners, for, indeed, he had much of the *suaviter in modo*; not by supercilious airs put on, or by any show of brief authority assumed, but by the native dignity and excellence that were stamped by his Creator on the inner, rather than the outer man. He inherited from his parents a strong physical constitution, a large head, broad shoulders, well formed chest, short, compact limbs, especially the lower limbs, and a stern vertebral column, well fortified by well arched costal supports. Hence, you perceive, he was formed for strength and endurance. These he had in a remarkable degree, and in grappling with the hardships peculiar to an early settlement in Indiana, he often had need of these. But strong and hardy as he was by nature, the exposures he endured in his early ministry, exposures to wet and cold, long rides, muddy roads, overtaxed labors, together with the care of a large young family, consisting of wife and fourteen children—these, we say, well nigh broke him down at an early period in his ministry. Before he had traveled six years in the regular work he was so far exhausted that he was compelled to receive a superannuated relation to the Conference. Hemorrhage of the lungs set in, and threatened the strong man with an early death by consumption. But while in this condition his ardent impulses would not allow him to remain at rest. He did much useful and effective labor during the few years of his superannuation.

In the fall of 1831 we find him again on the effective list, in which he continued almost to the close of his life, and his health and strength continued to increase with the increase of his labors, till old age wore him down at last.

We will now speak of a few elements of power he possessed, not fully described, we believe, by any biography extant. First, we will name his eye. There is much divine philosophy in the eye. His was an instrument of great power among men. No language can fully describe that eye. Some have said it was small, gray and piercing, like an eagle's. So it was, but it was more. No man could look steadily into that eye if there was a mote, even, of hypocrisy in his soul. It looked through you and searched you. When I was a young minister and admitted to close relations of friendship with him, I often stole glances at his eyes, under various conditions which he occupied, and they seemed never to be at rest. Deep within their lenses there seemed to be always struggling fires, like the changing forms and colors in the kaleidoscope. In the calm privacy of home circles, or in the pulpit in the heat of glowing eloquence, it was always the same. Through those wonderful eyes looked out, as through a window, not only an honest, but an earnest man ; and, hence, even bad men everywhere yielded to him the tribute of respect and fear. Another element of power over men with him was his voice. This was not a creature of any rules of art, but the genuine product of nature. Though possessing great expansion of lungs,

the power of his voice came from the abdominal, rather than the pectoral muscles. Hence, we account for its great elasticity and power and its capacity for long continued exercise without exhaustion. His voice was one of command, rather than persuasion. In his most impassioned appeals at camp-meeting it reminded you of the voice of thunderings and of many waters. It was more the voice of terror than of siren softness; more leonine than plaintive and soothing. It lacked the sweet raptures of Strange, the elegant symphonies of Bascom and the pleasing cadences and intonations of the accomplished Maffit, but in many respects it was more effective than any of them to arouse and terrify obdurate sinners and drive them to immediate action.

We witnessed a specimen of his power at a camp-meeting held on the Rushville circuit, in the summer of 1831, where we then traveled as our first appointment from the Conference. Brother Havens was then a superannuate, but in the employ of the American Sunday-school Union. He attended this camp-meeting at my request, and was appointed to preach at the noon hour on the Sabbath. About one hour before the blowing of the horn for preaching he came to me with an expression of some uneasiness on his face, and, taking me by the arm, asked me to walk with him to the adjoining grove. As we walked along he said:

“I am in a great strait as to a subject for preaching to-day; the more I have tried to fix my thoughts on one, the more my mind has scattered, and I am

even now utterly without a subject and without preparation. I perceive the congregation will be large, and many bold leaders of infidelity in its various forms are already on the ground."

He then asked me if I could suggest an appropriate text. Upon a moment's reflection, I said: "This text—recorded in Rev. xvii: 14: 'These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them, for he is King of kings and Lord of lords, and they that are with him are faithful and chosen and true'—has borne with much weight on my mind and perhaps it may suit you." In a moment he looked as though a great inspiration had come upon him, and hastily taking his Bible from his pocket, he read the text; then closing the book he said:

"Now, Brother Smith, leave me to myself, return to the encampment, and when the hour for preaching arrives, have the horn sounded and I will be ready."

So when the signal was given he was in the stand. I saw at once he was under the inspiration of his theme and was burdened with a sense of his great responsibility. He announced the opening hymn and offered prayer in a rather subdued tone, as if reserving his strength; then, after the usual preliminaries, he announced the text as aforesaid. After a suitable exordium, he approached with the tread of a giant the full burden of the subject; sketched with great power and compass of voice and thought the enemies of Christianity making war with the Lamb. These he described to be kings and judges of the earth, cor-

rupt politicians, infidels of various types, venders and drinkers of ardent spirits, with the hosts of darkness of every hue and form. His arraignment on this occasion of the combined enemies of the Lamb was most graphic and terrible. There the men were before him, and many of them turned pale and trembled before his terrible and scathing eloquence. He next portrayed the conquest of the Lamb over his enemies and the means of its accomplishment; 1. Because the Lamb himself is King of kings and Lord of lords; 2. Because they who are with him are called and faithful and chosen. Never heard I the exalted character of Christ more ably and scripturally discussed and eloquently portrayed than on this occasion. You could almost see in open vision the conflict waging between Christ and his enemies and hear the shouts of victory already ascending from the battle-field. When the eloquent preacher came to the peroration of his sermon, in describing the relation of Christ's faithful subjects to him, how they are *called* and *faithful* and *chosen*, and what service they may render to their Lord in his conflict with the enemies of religion, his voice rose in majesty and strength till it seemed to shake not the earth only, but heaven also, and the effect was tragical. Many in the congregation fell flat upon the ground, many rose and shouted aloud for joy, and many wailed as if the judgment of the last day was upon them. The preacher sat down exhausted with emotion and wept. His victory was complete.

I have related this incident to show the wonderful

readiness of Brother Havens's mind to grasp a subject and the great power of his eloquence, when stirred, over the hearts of men.

No man ever possessed greater contrarieties of character than did Rev. James Havens. With the fiery elements of a champion in battle he united the calm self-possession of a Platonic philosopher; with the sturdy passions of a heroic man, never quailing in danger, he united the gentle and loving spirit of a woman, even the most refined and gentle of her sex. Could he have brought into the ministry the advantages of an early classical and theological training, no one can tell the niche of fame he would have attained in the history of Methodism. When we consider his humble birth, of poor parents, in the forest regions of Mason county, Kentucky—parents whose only claim to notice was their sterling worth of moral character; when we remember that his youth was spent in the back woods of Kentucky, without schools, without books, without social advantages, and that even when he began the ministry of the gospel, under the Presiding Eldership of Rev. John Collins, in 1818, he was so destitute of even the elements of a common school education that he was compelled to count the chapters in consecutive order in the book or epistle from which he chose his text, and then count the verses in like order, before he could announce the place of his text. I say, when we consider all this, we are astonished that he could take rank with such men, distinguished for learning and eloquence, as John Collins, Greenbury R. Jones, Henry Bascom,

John Strange, James Quinn, and others of their genus in the Ohio Conference. He was not the peer of these men in learning, but in zeal, in moral courage and daring for the truth, in strength of native intellect, and in effective eloquence and practical knowledge, he was the equal of any of them.

Two incidents, which came under my own observation, illustrate forcibly the character of Mr. Havens for unflinching fortitude and fidelity to any trust committed to his hands. The first occurred in this city, in August, 1836, at a camp-meeting held just west of the State House, in the beautiful sugar and walnut grove now occupied by Military Park. I witnessed the whole transaction, and can state the facts correctly. I have seen and heard several verbal and written statements of the affair, but none of them have done justice to the subject.

I was stationed that year at old Wesley Chapel, in this city, and Brother Havens was Presiding Elder of the district. We had enjoyed a continued revival during the year, and everybody desired we should hold a camp-meeting in the beautiful grove, as a kind of change from the long services in the church. This was agreed to and the time fixed and preparations were begun. About this time Elder Havens received an ominous letter of warning from one David Buckhart, a desperate hoodlum character, resident in that part of the city, not to presume to trespass on his diocese by attempting to hold a camp-meeting there, or anywhere in the city, or in the suburbs thereof. This Buckhart was a strong, daring man, the leader of

a band of desperate characters like himself, and had long prided himself as being master of the situation. He was a terror especially to the colored people, and had violently broken up many attempts they made to hold religious and social meetings among themselves.

Elder Havens received the note referred to with cool indifference, and if he had felt any hesitancy with regard to the propriety of holding the meeting so near the city all scruples were now at an end, and he set himself the more persistently to push forward all necessary preparations.

At length the day for commencement arrived, and the whole church, already flushed with victories, seemed to be on the ground to worship God in the tented grove. The day was bright and auspicious of happy results, and all drank in the inspiration of the charming scene. The preaching was grand, the songs and prayers were full of pathos and power, such as Methodists only of those days could lay on the altar of God. The slain of the Lord were many, and everything went on peacefully and prosperously till Sabbath night. At that hour Mr. Havens had just read the rules governing the meeting, one of which was that no person should be allowed to remain on the ground after nine o'clock at night who had no tent or place for sleeping, and that the blowing of the horn at nine o'clock would be the signal for all such to leave the grounds. Just as the congregation was dismissed and the signal horn was blown, a tent-holder, a lady, came rushing to the stand, where Mr. Havens, myself and a few others were standing, and



said, with much agitation, that some ruffian man just back of her tent was using obscene language and making terrible threats against the preachers and the whole encampment. We all saw at once that a crisis was upon us. Brother Havens, beckoning some of us to follow him, was quickly at the spot designated, and found Buckhart at his deviltry. Walking directly up to the fellow, he said in calm voice, "This is Mr. Buckhart, I believe?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply; "and you are Mr. Havens, I believe?"

"Yes," said the latter, "and I regret to find you here disturbing the quiet of this meeting."

"And I," said the former, "as truly regret to find you here, Mr. Havens, trespassing on my rights. I shall not leave this ground till I am ready, your reverence to the contrary notwithstanding."

With that, Havens, holding out his arm, coolly said, "Buckhart, I wish you to walk with me a short distance."

Taking his arm he coolly replied, "Certainly, I am always ready to walk with a gentleman; I keep company with none others." And so they walked along peacefully together, half-a-dozen of us following close behind. Having proceeded about one hundred yards Buckhart suddenly halted and said, with a little oath, "I will go no further," and quickly gave three loud, shrill whistles, and cried aloud three times, "*David Leach!*" the name of one of his most desperate followers; but David not responding, Buckhart said, with another bitter oath, "The coward has forsaken

me." He then made a sudden turn on his captor and tried to throw him on the ground. In this he failed. After much struggling we all at length reached the magistrate's office, which was the objective point. The office stood at the crossing of Delaware street on Washington. 'Squire Jenison (not Scudder) soon appeared, and began to fix up the papers for the trial of the case. While this was doing, Buckhart, with quick and nervous steps, continued to pace round the room, and coming in front of the chair in which Elder Havens sat, he suddenly stopped and pulled from his pocket a large knife with spring back, which, with a sudden jerk, he threw open with a snap. This Brother Havens mistook for a pistol, and in a moment, with the fury of a chafed lion, he sprang to his feet, and catching the hand that held the knife he planted a terrible blow with his clenched fist on the proboscis of his dangerous enemy. The scene that followed this beggars description. They fought desperately several times around the room, planting terrible blows on each other, till they were parted by the assembled crowd, and order was restored. The result was that Buckhart was heavily fined for breach of the peace and for carrying concealed weapons, and failing to give bond he was committed that night to the county jail. Just as he entered the jail door his courage gave way, and he said, with trembling voice, "Has it come to this, that David Buckhart has been whipped by a Methodist preacher! From that night his occupation was gone; he was a conquered man. He was no longer the leader of his band. The band

itself was shattered. From that day the colored people had rest. Next morning Brother Havens appeared on the stand at the camp-ground to preach; not a scratch on his manly face or the smell of fire on his garments. As an introduction to his sermon, he said, with tears in his eyes, "Brethren, you may think me a man of violence and revenge after the transaction of last night, but God knoweth my heart that I have no enmity at that man; I could gladly meet him in this altar this morning and on my knees pray for his soul; for your sake and for the defense of religious liberty I have done what I have done." He then preached with the Holy Ghost and with power, convictions and conversions following.

The other incident referred to must be told in a word. It took place at a camp-meeting near Knightstown in the summer of 1837. Towards night, on Sabbath, it was seen that a terrible tornado was gathering and would probably sweep over the encampment. Many fled to the adjoining village and to the farm houses adjoining for safety; but still many could not flee. The aged and infirm women, with children, tent-holders and others, must remain. Brother Havens, being feeble and wearied with labors, was exhorted to retire from the ground; but now his true nobility appeared. "It would be cowardly in me," said he, "to flee and leave these innocent sheep and lambs in danger; I will stay and suffer their fate; if they die, I am ready to die with them." So saying, when the awful tornado burst on the encampment about eight o'clock at night, uproot-

ing trees, scattering tents like forest leaves, and threatening instant death to hundreds, this grand servant of God, was seen on his knees facing the angry storm with uplifted hands to heaven, praying God to stay the angel of death and spare the people, reminding us of David at the threshing floor of Ornan, when the angel of death passed over. That prayer was heard, for no life was lost; not a hair of any man's head was injured, though the escape seemed miraculous. Such were the bravery and fidelity of this great man. He was the idol of his friends and the terror of his enemies. His friendship was courted by good men of all denominations. He was a firm Methodist but no bigot. He held fellowship with good men of all creeds and confessions. The most distinguished politicians of his day of all parties loved to do him honor, and his name was a tower of strength all over the land, and the church and people mourned him when he died. His death took place November 4, 1864. No man was ever more loved and venerated by his own family than was Father Havens. He died as he lived, bravely and nobly. To his children and friends he calmly said, "I have no fears of death; Christ is my salvation; I shall soon rest with him." His remains now repose in the cemetery at Rushville, in this state, and his children have placed over him a costly and elegant monumental stone. Here his flesh rests in hope of the resurrection, when death shall be swallowed up in victory.

## CHAPTER VII.

MRS. ESTHER SMITH

“What tongue! No tongue shall tell what bliss o’erflowed  
The mother’s tender heart, while ’round her hung  
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name;  
As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,  
That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem  
Than every ornament of costliest hue.  
With all her playful band of little ones,  
Like Luna, with her daughters of the sky,  
Walking in matron majesty and grace.”

—*Pollock’s Course of Time, Book IV*

IN our former papers thus far we have omitted any definite mention of distinguished females and their work in the church. To these, doubtless, the church and the world owe a debt of imperishable gratitude for their enlightened zeal and patient labor in every cause of humanity. We shall attempt in this paper to discharge a part of that debt, which is now enormously large by accumulated compound interest. St. Paul, in his celebrated sixteenth chapter of Romans, which has been aptly styled his homiletic on the socialism of the Christian church, makes distinct mention of no less than ten distinguished females who had

wrought with him in the gospel. The first named in the catalogue was Phœbe, a deaconess in the church. The second named was Priscilla, who had even laid down her own neck for him when under sentence of death at Ephesus. Then came Mary, and Tryphena, and the mother of Rufus, and Julia, and others, who had labored much with him in the gospel, and who were of note among the Apostles. With such an example we have no hesitancy in offering our salutation of praise to many women of the church in our day for the manifold labors they have bestowed on the cause of Christ, and have been helpers of his ministers. The church to-day in Indiana, and everywhere, owes as much to the silent, patient labors of women in their warfare upon sin as to men; in many cases even more. In the nursery, in the home circles, in the Sunday-schools, in the departments of charity and benevolence, among the poor and lowly, in the aggressive temperance movement, in the public schools, around the altars of prayer, where the erring and penitent come to get counsel and help, in the domain of literature and authorship—I say in all these fields of usefulness woman has shed no less brilliancy and honor on the cause of Christ than that which is claimed for men. In the nursery, where human destiny is often laid, where Christian character even *begins*, woman reigns supreme. In the esthetical departments of social and religious society hers is the creative genius, giving to our homes and to our church adornments a beauty and finish which make them most attractive. If she has been less prominent as an advocate for the

gospel in the pulpit and on the platform, it has been owing in great measure to prejudice of education and narrow conceptions of her true normal relation to Christianity. But the true light is beginning to shine in this direction, and sooner or later she will take her true position even on those platforms of usefulness.

With these prefatory remarks, we shall proceed now to introduce to your notice the names of some of the noble women who took part in the early labors and triumphs of Methodism in this state. From the thousands whose names are in the Book of Life it may seem invidious to make only a few selections, but want of space and time is our apology.

We shall first allude to our mother, whose name heads this chapter, *one* who stands *first* in our grateful memory. Her name is recorded in the Book of Life, and need not be repeated here, save for example. Her maiden name was Jewett, being a descendant of that numerous family who bear this name, scattered all over the country from Maine to California, and more especially in the eastern and middle states. A person's lineage is sometimes a matter of importance to them and to their children, and if that lineage be an honorable one, it is very apt to be a subject of confidence and boast. St. Paul records that he descended from the tribe of Benjamin, "an Hebrew of the Hebrews." Many a Jew felt that his salvation was secured if he could establish his descent from Abraham, through the loins of David. While our mother felt no particular anxiety to establish a Jewish origin, she was not ashamed that she could claim affin-

ity with the Jewett family, being no distant link in the chain from the great "*Jedediah*" himself. We remember well how she used to soothe the fretted feelings of her children when our Kentucky neighbors used to taunt us with being "*Yankees*," on account of our parents being from Connecticut, where wooden nutmegs and walnut hams were invented, by saying to us, "Go back and tell these, your persecutors, that you are descendants of the Jewett family." This always gave partial relief, and more especially when we were afterwards made to understand that the union of the houses of *Smith* and *Jewett* was a distinction which few could boast of for numerical strength.

While she was yet a young mother, in the year 1800, she removed with her husband from Connecticut, their native state, and settled in Kentucky, near Richmond, where, soon after, she united with the Baptist Church, then dominant in that region. In that church she remained a faithful member till her removal with her family to this state, in the spring of 1820, and settled in Jefferson county, then in an almost wilderness state. As there was no organized Baptist Church in the neighborhood, she remained almost without church privileges till 1827, when she united with the Methodist Church and continued in it a faithful member till her death, which took place in the fall of 1836.

She left a husband, with six daughters and one *only* son. Such was the sweet savor of her example of faith and piety that every one of the family became religious and united with the church as fast as they came to years of maturity.



Her only son, who was loved and cherished by her as "*only*" sons generally are by fond mothers, she cheerfully resigned by prayer to the work of the itinerant ministry. That son, even to this day, gratefully remembers many traits and incidents of her family discipline, and the methods she used to bring him early to fear God and embrace the Savior.

She was a woman of fine tastes in domestic economy, a great lover of the beautiful and sublime in nature, and especially of the ornate in literature. The Bible was the chief book of her devotion and study, especially the Psalms of David, the lofty utterances of Isaiah, the rapt visions of John in the Apocalypse, and, above all, the teachings of Jesus in the gospels. These she daily read, and read them with a pathos and elegance rarely excelled by the finest Biblical scholars. Next to the Bible, she delighted in such books as Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs*, *Reflections on a Flower Garden*, and *Dissertations on the Starry Heavens*.

Hers was the diligent hand that maketh rich, and that hand was open to every needy one to the extent of her ability. Her house was the repose of all weary ministers of all denominations, and she had an abiding charity for all Christians of every name. The chamber where such a Christian met her fate was privileged beyond the ordinary walks of life, "quite on the verge of heaven." Her sufferings at times were intense, but her courage and patience of faith were adequate to meet and conquer them.

To her husband and children she said, just before the final struggle, "I have always looked till now with shrinking on the tomb; but now I hail it with joy 'There once the flesh of Jesus lay, and left a long perfume, where now should the dying members rest, but with their dying Head.'" So saying, they all knelt around her dying bed and received her dying blessing, and she was not "found, for God took her."

One word of comment on the above case, and we shall pass to the consideration of another character. Such Christian mothers as the one just described have been the great need of the church in all ages, and is now; mothers whose unfeigned faith, like that of Lois and Eunice, and Hannah, and Mrs. Wesley, which impressed itself on their offspring, and imbued them with reverence for God and the knowledge of the holy scriptures even in childhood; such examples of faith, meekness and love, and good works everywhere abounding in the church; such devotion to God's word; such careful selections of choice reading for the family, so pure and elevating in its character; such hospitality to God's ministers and people, would soon fill the church with a new and vigorous progeny of young men and women, who would, indeed, be like living, polished stones in the temple of God, and there would be no further complaint, all over the land, of utter insubordination in our households to Methodist discipline, and of fashion and empty forms and doubtful morality having taken the place of the power of Godliness in our churches.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A CAMP-MEETING.

1. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them ; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

2. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing : the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon ; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. *Isaiah, xxxv : 1, 2.*

MEMORY is by far the most pleasing if not the most important faculty of the mind. But for its functions all the past of our lives would be a desert waste as though it had never been. A dark, oblivious wave would settle over all past history and leave to us nothing but the consciousness of the present fleeting moment and the uncertain anticipations of the future. But for memory all the sweet and innocent pastimes of childhood would be forgotten, and life would be only a present *now* of vanity and vexation of spirit.

I have no doubt that the pleasures of memory far excel its sorrows, and are incomparably greater and purer than the conscious joys of the fleeting moment that *now* is, and of the imperfect pleasures of anticipation. It is a fact of which we all are conscious, that the memory of those events in our past life which

gave us pain and sorrow *then*, is much less vivid *now* than the memory of those events which gave us joy at their occurrence. Memory writes our sorrows in the sand, but engraves our joys on imperishable tablets of gold. It is, therefore, not only a duty but a pleasure to record the memories of the past. In this paper we shall present you with some remembrances of a fragmentary character, in which not only a few prominent actors will appear, but groups will take their place upon the stage.

The events which we here record seem to us now like green oases in the desert wastes of the past, and we seem to be living over again those thrilling scenes. In the autumn of 1844 I traveled the Crawfordsville District, then in the bounds of the North Indiana Conference, and attended a camp-meeting held for the Danville Circuit in the bounds of said district. The encampment was near the old Wesley Chapel, five or six miles due east of Danville. For awhile the ministers and others having charge of the matter hesitated as to the suitableness of the location, as it was not in the midst of a Methodist community, and some other objections existing. But at length the place was fixed on, and all the buildings and fixtures necessary were put in order.

When the day for commencement arrived it was found most agreeable, calm, beautiful and fair. The tents were all full, and an eager congregation was present at the very beginning, and God signified his presence and acceptance of the place and proffered

services by many infallible signs. Every coming together of the people witnessed a rapid increase in numbers and in the spirit of solemn devotion. The preaching was impressive and full of divine unction.

Friday, Saturday and Sabbath passed with the usual exercises, but with more than ordinary success. Many were cut to the heart; many were converted, and all were renewed in the spirit of their minds. On Sabbath the whole encampment was a mercy-seat, and the Divine Shekinah rested over it in silent awe. The spirit of joy and weeping seemed almost universal.

There was a gentleman by the name of W—— residing in the neighborhood, whose wife was dead, but he had two grown-up daughters living with him of more than ordinary accomplishments and intelligence. The father was not religious, and had even strong infidel proclivities. The daughters were gay and fond of worldly pleasure, living without hope and destitute even of religious desire. They were all much devoted to each other; the father doted on his daughters, and they in turn revered their father. They all attended the camp-meeting, more as a matter of curiosity and social pleasure than anything else. It was observed that they were on the ground on Sabbath morning earlier than usual, and continued all day; and, moreover, that they manifested more than usual interest in the proceedings. The gay smile, and even the curled lip of fun and derision, were seen to give way to solemn thought and religious awe. Indeed, that was a Sabbath long to be remembered by them and by all

who were present. The mighty power of God rested over the place, and all who came within those sacred precincts felt that the ground on which they stood was holy.

The altar that day was constantly crowded with penitents and with joyful saints, and many were that day added to the Lord. After the sermon at night the whole encampment seemed to be an altar of prayer. I was standing near the preachers' tent, surveying in silence the solemn scene, when a lady approached me and said: "Please go and speak to that young lady who sits there bitterly weeping," at the same time pointing to the root of a tree close by. I said, "What young lady is that?" She replied, "That is Miss E. W——, youngest daughter of our neighbor, Mr. W——, who resides in this vicinity." So we went directly to her, and found her bathed in tears. I said to her, "Will you tell us the cause of your distress?"

"Oh!" said she, "I feel myself to-night as I never felt before—a sinner condemned to die, and utterly without preparation to meet God."

We asked her if she desired to go to the altar of prayer.

"Oh, yes," she said, "but I fear the opposition of my elder sister and father, who I know to be hostile to these things, and I must go first and speak to them." Whereupon she tremblingly arose and we all went in search of the elder sister, whom, to our great joy, we found not far distant, weeping also.

They clasped each other in their arms and wept to-

gether. Then breaking silence, the younger said: "Dear sister, I desire to go to that altar of prayer and seek our long-neglected Savior. Have you any objections? I have come to ask you to accompany me. I dare not put off this matter any longer."

To this the elder sister replied: "*Objections!* I have none. I have desired to do the same thing, but feared our father's opposition and your own. Let us go immediately and seek our father, and entreat him to go with us to the altar of prayer, and in any event to grant us his approbation." So, hand in hand, they started in search of the father. Soon we found him weeping bitterly. The introduction was soon made, and the elder sister said, "Dear father, we have come to ask your permission to go to the altar of prayer, and to implore you to go with us. We feared your opposition, and could not take the solemn step without first seeing you."

"Opposition!" said he, with increased weeping, "I have none. I have this night desired to do this very thing, but I feared it might offend you both, and you know how I have desired to please you in all things. I am ready, let us go."

So, hand in hand, they conferred no longer with flesh and blood, but approached the mercy-seat in humble penitence, and that very night they all found peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and gave themselves to the church which they had so long contemned.

The next morning, being Monday, we called a speaking meeting around the stand, if possible to as-

certain the results of the meeting thus far. I think I never saw a more joyful company of men and women than that assembled there, all flushed with victory, and all eager to bear witness for Jesus. The testimonies were clear, pointed, and in quick succession. Just then a man arose, of remarkable features and countenance, dark complexion, piercing dark eyes, low in stature, expansive forehead, and altogether Napoleonic in his personal make-up and bearing. Every eye was soon fixed on him as he stood there for a few moments in mute silence surveying the company before him. Then breaking silence he said: "Mr. President and fellow-citizens: (You perceive he had not as yet learned the language of Canaan, but spake in a foreign tongue—at least foreign to that occasion.) "When I came to this meeting, though I came for no positive evil, I confess I came for no positive good; like many others, a mere looker-on, feeling that I had no part or lot in the matter. But I here confess that you fight with weapons too keen for me. I was in the battle of New Orleans with General Jackson, and faced the cannon's mouth; stood amidst shot and shell, and heard the groans of wounded and dying men around me, but I never quailed before God or man till last night. During the visions of the night I dreamed I suddenly awoke and saw my whole family slain around me, and yet there were no marks of violence upon them. I asked a bystander who had done this deed. He pointed to a company of persons close at hand, men and women of benign aspect, and said, 'These are the slayers of thy family' I surveyed the strange com-



pany for a moment, but saw no deadly weapons in their hands and no blood upon their garments. I then awoke in amazement and thought on my strange dream. It was so unique, so impressive, so prophetic, I could not throw it off. It seemed to be the portent of something strange at hand. The more I pondered it the more I was seized with the spirit of fear and trembling. But this morning my dream is all explained. You are the people I saw in my dream; you are the slayers of my family, not with weapons of carnal warfare, but with the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God. My family, though slain, are living again, having risen in the new life of righteousness in Christ Jesus the Lord. And now my friends, I present to you myself, my wife, my daughter and two sons for membership in your church, and for your watch-care in the new life we hope to lead."

They were all then and there received into the church, all other exercises being suspended. No red-tapeism in that transaction you may be assured. Up to that point order had been maintained, but the pent-up feelings of the assembly could be suppressed no longer, and a gust of praise and hallelujahs went up to God and the Lamb which might have been heard afar off.

The name of the gentleman just described was W D——, a resident of the adjoining county, and known to some in the meeting as a man of great decision of character, of intelligence and worth.

When order was restored, after this episode in the proceedings, Mr. W and his two daughters, above

named, calmly arose and bore their beautiful testimony to the power of divine grace, which had so lately and strangely transformed their lives and begotten them to a lively hope in Christ. There was something so impressive in their manner, and in everything connected with their case, that the feelings of the assembly were again aroused beyond control, and another storm of praise ensued. In the midst of this, Lydia Hawes, of precious memory and well known in this city, but who is now with the blood-washed in the kingdom of God, raised her voice of song, which could never be forgotten by any who heard it once, and sang,

“ Head of the church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore thee,  
Till thou appear thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory.”

Her voice, which, in those days, was a rich tenor of great sweetness and power, arose in majesty above the conflict of all other voices. Indeed, it seemed in one majestic trill to sweep the grand diapason of song, and rising higher and higher, she seemed to stand in the presence of the heavenly choir and challenged them to sing. Then there came down from the throne such a baptism of love and power that the whole encampment seemed to be filled with the glory of God. Though thirty-four years have passed away since that scene was enacted I never think of it but with emotions of mingled awe and praise. We shall close our account of that memorable camp-meeting by narrating an amusing incident which happened on Sabbath night.

After a well-fought engagement which had been waged all along the line of battle, lasting till midnight, a small company of valiant men and women, of whom I distinctly remember Rev. J. L. Smith, then stationed at Indianapolis, Rev. Brother Caldwell, White, and others in the ministry, together with sisters Lydia Hawes, Eliza Richmond, Mrs. Kline and a few others, came into the preachers' tent, where an excellent confection of sweetmeats, hot coffee and varied viands, which might have tempted the appetite of a king, had been prepared.

While partaking of these with a keen relish, such as weary workers at a camp-meeting till the midnight watch alone can do, one of the choice company, Sister Richmond, I believe, who also has entered into her rest with most of that little company, looked up, and with artless simplicity, said: "*This is dry eating to those who have been feasting on angels' food.*" There was something so quaint in the manner of saying this and yet so apropos to the company, the spirit and circumstances surrounding, that every one present at first smiled, then an innocent laugh ran through the joyful little group; but that laugh was soon sublimated into the spirit of singing, and *that*, by taking still a higher range of thought, was quickly exchanged for rapturous praise. The evening lunch was at an end; all now felt something of the spirit of the Divine Master when at the well of Samaria he refused, though way-worn, the meat which the disciples had brought him, and said: "I have meat to eat that ye know not of; my meat is to *do* the will of my Father who sent

me and to finish his work." So these dear brethren and sisters on that joyful night, though weary in body with long-continued service, felt that the richest viands of earth had lost their sweetness and were stale in comparison with the richer, sweeter joys of doing their Father's will and finishing his work. There are times in the experience of all Christ's faithful servants when they have gained this entire conquest over the appetites of the flesh. The sensuous pleasures of earth perish before the richer and more enduring pleasure of doing God's work and suffering his will.

Jesus said to the woman of Samaria: "Whosoever shall drink of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall thirst no more;" shall desire nothing richer, sweeter, better than the living water I shall give him. May we all drink of this living water—drink deeper, richer draughts than ever before.

And now, in a word, let us sum up the fruits of this most remarkable camp-meeting.

It closed on Tuesday in the afternoon, after a session of only four days, and yet the conversions exceeded one hundred, and fully that number were added to the church. Four days were about the usual length of camp-meetings in those days. Our fathers went into the tented grove to worship God, and to do a certain work. They did it, and then returned home. No lost time in empty formalities; no misspent time in useless ceremonies; no empty harangues about politics or worldly economy. They expected Jesus, according to his promise, to come quickly, and he came.

They expected a blessing ; they got it, and were satisfied. At two o'clock P. M. the horn was sounded for the last time, a signal for departure. Hundreds quickly assembled at the stand, where a short exhortation was given, and a fervent prayer was offered up for a final blessing on that memorable spot. Then the meeting closed, amidst tears, and benedictions, and hearty hand-shakings, and fond embraces, in which feeble nerves and tender bones were in some danger ; but none were hurt, and all felt that it was good for them to have been there.

## CHAPTER IX.

MISS LYDIA HAWES.

“Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond this vale of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath;  
Nor life's affection transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.”

IN the year 1800, in Brown county, Ohio, there was born a child of remarkable destiny. In most respects like other children, feeble, helpless, dependent, an heir to human frailties and sufferings, possessing in embryo moral and mental possibilities which, under favoring circumstances, might develop into untold blessings to the race. But no one then thought—not even the fond and hopeful parents—of the powers that were wrapt up in that feeble infant form. No one dreamed that there were in that child elements of power which at no distant day were to develop into such brilliancy for the edification and enlargement of the church; that those feeble vocal organs were to pour forth strains of Christian eloquence that should stir the hearts of thousands, like Uriel's wand; that

in that little stranger to earth there were tuneful elements that should hush to silence the sirens of fabled story by singing strains of sweeter melody, and give *reality* to the romances of Orphic song. That child, in process of time, received Christian baptism, and was written in the family records, *Lydia Hawes*. She is the subject of our present biographical sketch.

To delineate her character correctly and fully is no easy task. Who can put the lightning on canvas, or sketch with the dull pigments of man's devising the vivid colors of the rainbow which God, with his own finger, hath penciled on the face of heaven? We can tell you of her physical form, of the color of her eyes and hair, of the moulding of her features, the size, weight and strength of her muscular frame, but this was not the true Lydia Hawes; this was only the outward shrine, the visible tabernacle in which she dwelt for a season, the earthly house in which she groaned, desiring to be clothed upon with her house from Heaven. Of this better house she often spoke in the language of Campbell, the British poet:

“Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,  
But that which warms it now can never die;  
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,  
With living light, eternal and the same,  
Shall beam on joy's eternal years,  
Unveiled by sorrows, unassuaged by tears.”

Of that immortal, invisible *spirit* we shall speak in these pages.

The introduction of Lydia Hawes to this city was in the year 1834 or 1835. It was like a bright flash

among our religious circles. She came unheralded and unknown except to a very few. Her coming was like the advent of Elijah, her prototype, to the kingdom of Israel, without heraldry, without prologue, almost without a name. Like some heavenly messenger, clad in fire, he swooped suddenly down upon the plains of Esdraelon, and stood before the idolatrous Ahab, and said: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word." This is the first sentence anywhere recorded of his fiery ministry. If a thunderbolt from a clear sky had struck the guilty king he could not have been more astonished and petrified.

So Lydia Hawes appeared suddenly before this community and began her ministry of fire. Her prayers were mingled with fire, and she received in answer attestations of fire, which kindled upon all around her. Live coals from off the altar touched her lips and she spoke with a tongue of fire.

My first sight of her was in Wesley Chapel, shortly after my first pastorate there began, in the fall of 1835. After the sermon on Sabbath evening the membership, together with all serious persons desiring Christ, were requested to remain for a season of prayer. Nearly the whole audience remained. Just then Rev. James Havens, our Presiding Elder, who was present, walked down the aisle, to near the middle of the church, and spoke to a lady whose face I had not seen before—a face I can never forget. Her features were large, symmetrical and devout; a large head, well formed



and covered with a woman's chief pride and glory, a covering of dark hair, plainly disposed and attired with no pearls or glittering ornamentation. She needed none. Her mouth was large and gracefully formed, and lips which seemed, as they really were, the very portals of eloquence and song. Her eyes, slightly affected with strabismus, were large, dark hazel and were expressive of benevolence and fixed purposes. There she sat, silent and fixed in deep reverery. When the elder left her she lifted her head, which till that moment had been inclined forward, as in pensive mood, and began to sing those beautiful lines:

“The voice of free grace cries, escape to the mountain,  
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;  
For sin, and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.”

With the refrain—

“Hallelujah to the Lamb  
Who hath purchased our pardon;  
We will praise him again  
When we pass over Jordan.”

When she began to sing her voice was tremulous and suppressed, as though she felt a degree of that embarrassment which was natural to her; but as she advanced and the inspiration of the theme and of the occasion came upon her, this hesitancy and embarrassment departed, and then began to flow forth those deep, rich and indescribable tones of grace and power which were peculiar to her, wholly above criticism by any artificial rules, and by which she never failed to

entrance whole audiences. Till then I thought I had heard effective singing, but all former glories of song faded before that effort by reason of its richer glories, which excelled. Its effect was overpowering, and from that hour Lydia Hawes was no longer a stranger in Wesley Chapel.

We shall now notice some prominent traits in her character, together with the elements of her power over the hearts of the people.

First, she was possessed with a sound understanding; the faculties of her mind were well balanced. Her strong and brilliant imagination did not dwarf and lead astray her judgment. There was no tendency in her to fanaticism or precipitate conclusions with regard to religion or anything else. Her will-power was very strong, but she was not obstinate. She possessed that charity which was easily entreated. She would willingly sacrifice everything, not involving conscience and truth, for peace and Christian unity. Self and vain ambition were strangers to her heart. She literally gloried in nothing but the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. She was no bigot. Though fondly attached to the doctrines and discipline of her beloved Methodism, yet she esteemed and loved all Christian people, of whatever name or creed, and was loved by them in return. She was clad with humility as with a garment. It was her constant prayer that the mind which was in Christ might ever dwell in her.

Her outward apparel though neat was always simple and unostentatious; her inward adorning was a

meek and quiet spirit. Though she received the homage and adulation of all classes, yet the thought of personal greatness never once entered her heart. It was her often-expressed wish that no fulsome praise or panegyric should be pronounced at her funeral, or even a stone should tell where she should lie.

She seemed always oppressed with a sense of unworthiness before God. "I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me," was the language of her heart. We rarely see such humility and exalted worth combined; but we see in her a striking illustration of that precept of Christ, "Whosoever abaseth himself shall be exalted."

It might be proper here to state, that Miss Hawes was never married. This choice of single-blessedness was deliberately made while she was yet young, not through any morbid sentiments of misanthropy and distrust of mankind, for no daughter of Eve ever possessed finer or more exalted friendships, or cherished a truer veneration for the marriage rite, which Christ himself honored at the marriage in Cana of Gallilee. It is well known to some of the inner circle of her friends that she had many opportunities to marry, offers of distinguished ministers and others, all which she respectfully declined, in pursuance of a vow she early made, at or near the time of her conversion, in which she consecrated all her heart, her soul, her time and all her dutiful service to her divine Lord. But she felt no vanity that so many hearts and hands were laid at her feet. She rather felt sorrow that she was the cause, though innocent, of the grief and dis-

appointment of any. She never made a boast of these things, as do many ; in fact, never spoke of them except to a few of her most intimate friends. Sometimes, when jocosely rallied by her friends, on the subject of matrimony, she would playfully answer, "What do I want with a husband. I find it difficult to take care of myself; how, then, could I take care of us both?"

Sister Hawes, having lost her father when a child, and her mother being left with only scanty means, she was consequently deprived of a finished scholastic education. It consisted only in the elements of a common English course ; but she had what was much better to fit her for the great work and destiny which God and nature intended her for. She was thoroughly versed in the knowledge of the holy scriptures, and in the theory and history of redemption. She was also well acquainted with Methodist theology, having prayerfully and thoroughly read the writings of the fathers of the church, which she loved with intense devotion and conformed her life thereto. This general knowledge, together with a brilliant imagination and ready wit, made her a good conversationalist and introduced her to the best social circles. Her keen appreciation of the sublime in nature and the beautiful in art was also one of the prominent features of her mind ; nor were her perception of the ridiculous in human life and her powers of repartee inferior ; the latter, however, she did not often exercise. When called into requisition at all, they were made subject to her excessive good nature which hardly ever forsook her, but

wreathed her face in constant smiles when in social conversation. This good nature and vein of mirth, did not forsake her even in severe affliction.

I remember distinctly being in her sick room, many years ago, and her nurse came to her bedside and said:

"Sister Lydia, the time has come for you to take another *pill* which the doctor has left for you."

She was very pale and very weak, but looked up, and with a gentle effort at a smile, said:

"The hour has *come*, has it? So have I *come*."

"Come to what?" said the nurse.

"Why, I have come to the conclusion I can't take it."

Then pausing a moment, she said:

"Bring the beautiful thing to me; I will try "

This is only a specimen.

We shall next notice a few of the most prominent elements of her power. The first of these, which was the foundation of all others, was her faith in God. This was unquestioning and unmurmuring. Whatever she said, whatever she did, she acted as in the immediate presence of God. This abiding faith she kept in lively exercise by constant fasting and prayer. Like Cornelius, she prayed to God always, and while health and strength remained she fasted much, not only every Friday, but on other special occasions. These were the *beaten oil* which kept the fires of her religion constantly burning. She was called in every direction, not only in our state, but in adjoining states, to assist in camp-meetings and quarterly meetings and other revival efforts, and when these calls would come she would say, with her characteristic modesty, "Who

am I and what am I, that I should be worthy of such notice? What power have I to do these people any good?" Then, as if conscious of the source from whence her strength came, she would immediately betake herself to fasting and prayer, preparatory to the work whereunto she was called. Thus armed with the panoply of God, she went forth, and was a blessing and power to the churches. It was often remarked of her that she was equal to one Bishop and three preachers.

The next element of her strength we shall notice was her strong, eloquent and glowing language in exhortation and prayer. Ordinarily her language was not remarkable, but when under the baptism of the Spirit it was rich, glowing and irresistible. Of her sex she was the golden-tongued Chrysostom of Indiana Methodism. When dwelling on Christian experience, especially her own, and telling of the *old, old* story of Jesus and his love, her countenance would light up and glow with radiance divine. The animal was lost in the spiritual, and from comparative comeliness her features and expression assumed the forms of superlative beauty. It was not only a transfiguration, but an apotheosis.

But her highest power, next to the grace of God in her, was her wonderful power of song. Her name was the synonym of song. We have read of the enchanting power of the sirens and of the wonderful melodies of Orpheus in Arcadian groves, and of the charms of the tuneful *nine*, all of which is more or less romance. Nevertheless these stories are founded

on a great truth of our nature, which men in all ages of the world have felt and seen—I mean the power of song. I think Lydia Hawes came nearer turning these fables into reality than any person I ever saw or heard.

To produce these enchantments of melody there are required several faculties, natural and spiritual, such as lung power, a certain conformation of the larynx, and especially a highly sensitive and exquisite development of the nervous system, refined by a spiritual nature. All these Lydia Hawes possessed in a remarkable degree, giving her a magnetic power and fascination rarely equaled and never excelled, not even by the Grecian Orpheus or the mythical Euterpe and Polyhymnia; and when we add to these natural powers the fire of divine love which glowed in her, which also touched the lips of the seraphic Isaiah and attuned the harp of David, you may imagine the effects of her singing.

Her voice was capable of sustaining every key in the scale of music, and often by a prolonged trill she could sweep, in one breath, the grand diapason of song. I have seen grave judges of our courts and learned statesmen and lawyers, not suspected of religious enthusiasm, sit entranced under the magic of her melodies, and for a season, at least, become stupidly good, like Satan when for the first time he saw the pure and divinely fair Eve in Paradise. One of her peculiar songs (and its effects no one can ever forget who heard it from her lips) begins:

“When for eternal worlds we steer,  
And seas are calm and skies are clear,  
The soul for joy then spreads her wings,  
And loud her heavenly sonnet sings,  
Vain world, adieu.”

And thus the song goes on, presenting the idea of a grand ship freighted with souls for the heavenly Canaan, canvas all crowded with favoring gales, pennant flying and colors all floating proudly in the breeze, meeting now with storms, but still she ploughs her way through dashing billows, now clearing dangerous rocks, and whirlpools, and deceitful calms, holding a steady helm, till at last she begins to come in sight of the golden shore, where are seen in the distance the Tree of Life and pastures green, and myriads of happy beings bathing their golden wings in the River of Life, and the glittering spires of the eternal city of our God; all on board then lift their voice and loud their heavenly sonnet sing—

“We are safe at home.”

I have seen the seraphic Lydia—pardon the expression—I have seen her, under the inspiration of this song, lift whole audiences from their seats, amidst shouts and songs of triumph. I have seen her in dramatic action (for she acted as well as sung) walk quickly forward, as if to lean over the forecastle of the vessel to catch the first glimpse of the golden shore. I have seen her in the closing scene, when the ship’s crew lift their voices and cry out, “We are safe at home,” leap forth with extended hands, as if to



grasp the glittering crown. I shall never hear the equal of that till I meet her glorified spirit in the Kingdom of God. But you ask, how did she die? As she lived; the one was a fitting sequel to the other.

She died in this city in February, 1874, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. The last Sabbath before her death, though feeble and paralyzed, she went to her class-room as usual, and was very happy. She spoke of her past experiences and present hopes with great fervor and effect; assured her friends in class that she should meet them no more in that sacred place—that her work was now done, and before another Sabbath she should be at rest in heaven, which was even so. “Oh,” said she, “what should I now do if I had no hiding place. But Jesus is my hiding place, my strong tower; I run into his cleft side, so freely, freely, freely, and am safe; yea, I *am saved* for evermore. So, on the next day, Monday, she took her bed, from which she rose no more and spake no more, till God “wiped away his servant’s tears, and took his exile home.”

Her body rests in Crown Hill Cemetery, in hope of the resurrection of the dead.

As fades the morning star  
When brighter light is risen,  
So she was lost afar  
Midst brighter light in heaven.

“Farewell, farewell, we have loved her here,  
We shall love her still in another sphere.”

## CHAPTER X.

MISS MARY LOUISA CHITWOOD.

THE little village of Mount Carmel, a few miles east of Brookville, Indiana, has become a kind of classic ground, from the fact that Miss Chitwood resided there during the active period of her literary life, and finally died and was buried there. The village possesses in itself no special interest in any point of view, but for a season during the active years of Miss Chitwood's short and eventful life it became a kind of literary focus of light, in which concentrated a large amount of literary correspondence from poets, scholars and others, and from which radiated the beautiful effusions of the fair young poetess, who had become the center of attraction to a large and extended circle.

Her contributions graced many of the most popular literary journals of the day. The truth is, poets and poetry, like flowers and song, their twin sisters, have from the earliest period of time commanded not only the admiration but worship of mankind. Hence the stories we read in mythical history about the sirens and muses, about Apollo and Orpheus and Polyhymnia, and other celebrities of their genus. Miss Chit-

wood, however, was no mythical character, but a real embodiment of poetry and song, and all the social and Christian virtues, as these pages will show.

She was born in the year 1832, and died in the year 1855, in the twenty-third year of her age. I had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with this excellent young lady, but was familiar with her writings and her rising fame, both before and after her decease.

Though she died very young, she had attained a wide and lasting literary distinction. She excelled as a poet, though her prose writings were honorable to her head and heart, embracing a vast range of thought, expressed in a clear, vigorous, scholarly manner. But her highest praise was the purity and excellence of her Christian character, which she maintained without wavering to the end. A deep vein of piety is observable through all her writings, and characterized her in all her private social relations. Hers was an experience of commingled joys, sorrows and afflictions. She had a delicate physical constitution, with an exceedingly nervous temperament, which, while it was necessary to the beautiful poetry of her nature, necessarily exposed her to an early grave.

How many poets die young. This is true of Henry Kirk White, Pollok, Scotland's greatest bard, Poe, Keats, Byron, Lamb, Goldsmith, and hosts of others. This is according to a law governing throughout all the administration of human affairs, called by the Latins *Lex Talionis*, the law of retaliation, or by some the law of revenges; that is, if nature gives to a man a great brain it exposes him to heavy thought, and

perhaps to apoplexy ; or if a man receive great riches, they impose corresponding cares and liabilities to temptation.

If ecstasies of joy are the fruits of such a physical temperament, so are exquisite sorrows. These were her experiences, but through them all she maintained meekness, patience and resignation. Though often flattered in the midst of literary honors, she was humble, and simple-hearted as a child ; and though often oppressed with weakness and pain she was uncomplaining and heroic. She closed her life probation calmly leaning on the bosom of the Savior, in hope of a glorious future.

With this short sketch of her religious character, I shall give you more in detail a sketch of her literary career. Though dying so young, she stood at the head of literary women of Indiana, if not of the entire West, at that day, though many of them wielded pens of no ordinary power and gracefulness.

Miss Chitwood's poetic writings, which were collected together and published in a neat volume shortly after her death, embraced a great range of subjects from all the fields of thought, from the humble glow-worm to the starry heavens, and from the "cedars of Lebanon to the hyssop that springs from the wall ;" and whatever she touched she invested with beauty and gold. She was a paid contributor to many of the literary journals of her day, especially to our own, embracing the *Eastern* and the *Western Christian Advocates*, the *Ladies' Repository*, and many others. She was a correspondent of some of the most promi-

nent literary men and some of the political journals, both east and west. She was an invited and ever welcome contributor to the Louisville Journal, then edited by George D. Prentice, himself a brilliant scholar and poet, and one of her warmest friends and admirers. Mr. Prentice wrote a preface to her volume of poems, from which I extract some thoughts, which will give you a clearer idea of her literary character and of her moral worth than anything I may be able to offer. He says:

“We have seldom been so deeply pained as by the sad intelligence of the death of Miss Chitwood, of Mt. Carmel, Indiana. We grieve at her loss, for she was our dear personal friend, and one of the brightest of the young women of genius in this country. Every reader has admired the rich and tender beauty of her poetry.

“She was kind, and gentle, and true, and good, warm-hearted, and high-souled, diffident and shrinking, but conscious of bright and beautiful thoughts and strong powers which God had given her for useful purposes. Her whole nature was deeply and intensely poetical, and to her the whole world was full of poetry.

“The deepest griefs of her young heart were turned to music—soft, sweet and mournful music—on her lips. There was a sad, and mournful, and mysterious melody in her, as if that young heart had wandered down from heaven and were moaning for its home, as the sea-shell moans for its native ocean. She never uttered a thought that was not fitted to purify and

beautify every heart in which it sank. The bitterest trials could not turn to bitterness her sweet and lovely nature. On the contrary, the whole tendency of her sorrowful experiences of life was to soften and hallow her spirit and render it the home of universal love and good will to mankind."

Mr. Prentice further says:

"Miss Chitwood had extraordinary genius. She was rising rapidly to fame, when suddenly her fiery heart sank down to be quenched in the cold damps of the grave, as if a young eagle springing upward to the sky were suddenly stricken down by the fowler's shaft.

"When the sad knowledge that she was dead first reached us," he says, "we felt for awhile as if beauty and glory had perished from the earth; as if something beautiful in nature had stopped; or as if an exquisite harmony in creation had ceased. Surrounded as we were always with the strife of politics, her pure and gentle love was to us as a benediction in the eternal curse. It seems to us," he says, "a mysterious providence that the little amount of breath necessary to sustain the life of a glorious young girl is withdrawn, while enough of wind to make a blustering April day is vouchsafed to the lungs and nostrils of thousands of the worthless and the vile."

Who of us has not felt the same? The above beautiful tribute to her memory, by Mr. Prentice, was but one of many like offerings.

Coates Kinney, a distinguished scholar and poet of that day, upon hearing of the death of Miss Chitwood,

contributed the following beautiful and expressive stanzas :

“What! dead?  
The heart of love,  
And the lips of song,  
To the burial bed  
And the grave belong ?

“Not dead?  
Oh! can it be  
That the locks so fair,  
Which goldened her head,  
Lie lusterless there?

“Why dead?  
Truth never dies,  
And love lives long,  
And the two were wed  
In her life of song.

“Not dead!  
So pure her life,  
That its raptest mood  
Has only up-led  
To the angel-hood.”

We shall close this sketch of the young, gifted and universally regretted Miss Chitwood by producing here two or three specimens of her poetry. The first is on an old still-house. This still-house had a history. It stood a short distance east of Brookville, and was owned by a wealthy man of the county. When every other means failed to induce him to abandon it, a Methodist preacher called upon him at his still-house one day and plead with him to abandon the business; that it was ruinous to himself and to the neigh-

borhood; "and," said he, "I shall not cease to pray God to show you your error, and if you do not forsake it, to burn your distillery or destroy it in some other way." This minister is still living in honored old age, in the person of Rev. Henry S. Dane, of the Indiana Conference. The owner, a few years after, was heard to remark that the prayer volunteered by Mr. Dane, and his earnest manner, never ceased to haunt him till his still-house was sold under the hammer of the county sheriff. All honor to the brave preacher! The house was closed and gradually fell to ruin, and the owls roosted there. In this condition Miss Chitwood saw it, being near her home, and composed the stanzas which we here produce, descriptive of the house and its vile uses and visitors:

"THE OLD STILL-HOUSE.

"It stands by the river side,  
The still-house, drear and brown;  
The roof is dark, and the chimney wide  
Hath partly fallen down.  
The owl hoots there in the dismal night—  
He looks like a ghost in the moonbeams white;  
And his ghostly bride, with her large, round eyes,  
Folds her dark wings and hoarsely cries:  
'Too whoot! too whoo!  
I know where ghosts walk, don't you?'

"There's youth, once young and strong,  
And manhood, staid and wise;  
But tales of sin, and woe, and wrong  
Flash from their bloodshot eyes!  
But scowls are on each once fair face,  
And only the tempter's *mark* you trace



On the brow where kisses were wont to rest.  
But the owl sings on, from her mossy nest,

‘Too whoot! too whoo!

I know where ghosts haunt, don’t you?’

“ Around the festal board

Gather the ghastly band ;

And up to the brim the rum is poured

By many a palsied hand.

And each one drinks with horrid cheer,

And each one speaks with a haughty sneer,

And laugh, and oath, and jest are heard.

But the owl chants on, with heart unstirred :

‘Too whoot! too whoo!

I know where ghosts dwell, don’t you?’

“ In vain, it is all in vain—

Tears cease in mute despair ;

What power can whisper of hope again ?

All, all is anguish there ;

And the slight forms sink ‘neath the heavy blow ;

Lips pale, and faces are white as snow,

And blood-drops stain the golden hair,

And the owl’s voice dies in echo there :

‘Too whoot! too whoo!

I know where ghosts dwell, don’t you ?’ ”

\* \* \* \* \*

The above is a terrible picture—alas, too true! Though the fair poetess was gentle, she could put tragedy into her verse when occasion required. These lines were everywhere quoted in their day, and did signal service in the early temperance reform. They have been copied into the European journals.

The following lines to “A Sleeping Child” are more in harmony with Miss Chitwood’s usual modes of thought and feeling. They are beautiful as they are

true to nature, but in them we see that undercurrent of sad foreboding that characterizes most of her poems. Yet beauty is never more attractive than when we view it through the drapery of tears. The poem reads as follows :

“Slumber on, fair child, in future years  
 Not half so sweet will be thy sleep,  
 For life’s conflicting doubts and fears  
 Will cause thee waking hours to keep ;  
 To watch and pray, perchance to weep,  
 Till care’s deep lines are on thy brow.  
 Then *sleep*, fair child, and *sweetly* sleep,  
 For not one shadow haunts thee now.

“I tremble sadly, as my heart  
 Is pondering o’er what fate may be  
 When childhood’s halcyon days depart,  
 Amid youth’s hours reserved for thee ;  
 Whether thy heart shall still be free  
 From doubt, and sorrow, care and gloom ;  
 Or thou, a stricken one, mayst see  
 Hope’s sunlight set in fate’s dark tomb.

“Sleep, then, sweet child, I will not think  
 Of what may come in future hours ;  
 Whether ’twill be thy lot to drink  
 Of sorrow’s cup, or cull the flowers  
 That brightly bloom in pleasure’s bowers ;  
 But I will pray that strength be given  
 To bear thee through this world of ours,  
 And faith to bring thee home to Heaven.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I can not close these extracts from Miss Chitwood’s poetic effusions without giving you a few lines from her most touching poem, styled, “I Change Not but

in Dying." It shows her religious views and feelings more forcibly than either of the extracts I have given. If she was intensely poetic in her nature, she was also intensely religious. The extract is as follows :

"Oh! change not *then*; thou hast loved me here,  
Wilt thou love me less in another sphere?

\* \* \* \* \*

I can not think, when I close thine eyes,  
And kiss from thy lips the last low sighs—  
Oh! I can not think, when we meet above,  
We will feel no thrill of earth-born love.

"I shall know thee there, I shall know thee there,  
By the rippling waves of thy sunny hair;  
By the holy light of thine azure eye,  
By the lips' sweet smile and the heart's reply.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yes, thou wilt be mine in the better land,  
Where full harps sound, and the angels stand;  
Where the light that fades on cheek and brow,  
Will bring no change, as it brings it now.

"Farewell! farewell! like a gentle dove  
Thou wilt soon fly home to the ark of love.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let me feel the clasp of thy small white hand  
In the last good-bye for the better land.  
Keep, keep thy troth; when we meet above  
Let thy heart meet mine in its trusting love.

"Thou art gone from earth; they will place from sight  
The gentle form in its robes of white.  
They will lay thee down where the alders bloom,  
In the wide, dark arms of the solemn tomb.  
Oh! how shall I weep o'er the mound of clay,  
As the weary years glide slowly away.  
Farewell! farewell! I have loved thee here,  
I shall love thee still in another sphere."

This is poetry of a high order. Not only is its theology sound and evangelical, with regard to the question of the future life and spiritual influence, but the style and language are the highest order of elegiac verse; and no one reading it and pondering it can fail to be a better Christian, elevated and purified in his moral and spiritual nature.

## CHAPTER XI.

MISS JENNIE TINSLEY

(Read before the Preachers' Meeting, in May, 1879.)

“WHY seek the living among the dead?” Why search the chronicles of dead and almost forgotten ages of the past to find examples of heroism and self-sacrifice? Why lavish and exhaust our admiration on a Joan d’Arc, known in history as the Maid of Orleans, who, to deliver her beleaguered city and country from a hated foe, exhibited a certain military and moral daring beyond one of her age and sex, and gained thereby the applause of mankind, together with a martyr’s stake? Why dwell with admiration on the heroism and unselfish devotion of the young and beautiful Pocahontas, who laid down her “own neck” to save the life of her admired but helpless friend, the English captain? There are other martyrs than those recorded in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures; other acts of sacrifice and daring faith than of those who perished in the flames of Smithfield and the massacres of St. Bartholomew’s day. “Full many a gem of purest ray serene” has never met the gaze of the public eye.

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

We propose, in this paper, to bring to more public notice a few of these silent, yet exalted, examples worthy of all praise if not a martyr's crown, “whose praise is not of men, but of God.” Nor need we go to Rome, or Galilee, or Jerusalem to find these examples; our own soil and our own Indiana Methodism have produced them.

We shall here sketch some living characters and scenes which belong not to the dead past, but to the present, and are even now moving before our eyes.

First, we shall introduce to you Miss Jennie Tinsley, who, it will be remembered, went out from this city in the year 1871, under the auspices of the Northwestern Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to devote her young life to the cause of Christ amidst the Pagan idolatries of India and among the devotees of the False Prophet.

She was born in Ireland, in the year 1841, and came when very young, with her father's family, to this country and settled at Cincinnati, Ohio, where she was converted, in the eleventh year of her age, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in old Asbury Chapel, in that city. A few years afterwards the family removed to Indianapolis, where she continued rapidly to develop in Christian experience and grace and usefulness in various departments of church work, and in the acquisition of useful knowledge to fit her for the great work on which she was to enter.

•

In the course of time she came to the experience of perfect love by faith in the Crucified One. Having given much previous thought and study to the interests of the missionary work, and especially to those interests in a foreign land, she now, under the inspiration of this new baptism, began in earnest to turn her thoughts to a wider field of usefulness, and in the year 1871, then in the thirtieth year of her age, was appointed, as aforesaid, to the field in India. She sailed from New York in the steamship *Minnesota* early in September of that year, and after a voyage of usual length and incidents reached England, where she remained a few weeks visiting friends and relatives and making some further preparations for her long and perilous voyage. Finally, on the 3d of November she sailed from Liverpool, and reached Bombay on the 14th of December ensuing, after a voyage of less than six weeks in transit. From Bombay she was removed without delay to Lucknow, her first missionary station in that far-off land.

And now let us halt for a moment in the thread of our narrative and reflect on the faith and persistent moral courage of our young missionary in the conception and execution, thus far, of her plans, and let us scan, so far as strangers may do, the inward feelings of her heart at this point of her destination. Whatever may have been her dreams about India, during the years of her preparation at home, she woke up on the morning of the 14th of December from these shadowy visions, to the stern reality of an accomplished fact, that she was actually now in India ; that

its "coral strand" was in reality stretching out before her eyes; that she was twelve thousand miles away from her American home, and that a dreary world of waters lay between her and her father's house, and the charmed circle of her relatives and friends in the home of her childhood. Everything was now changed; the very horoscope of the heavens was changed; the groupings of the stars were unnatural; the "lost pleiad" was found, and the north star was no more in its place in the firmament. Gravitation seemed to shift and turn the other way. She was in a new hemisphere and a new world. Myriads of swarthy men and women swarmed before her with their babel of strange languages and unique costumes. There were birds of other notes and hues. The whole floral kingdom was changed. In the far distance rose the majestic peaks of the snowy Himalayas, and before her rolled the golden waves of the divine Ganges. There was the bloody Juggernaut and the smoking fires of the infernal Suttee. In the midst of this bewilderment of changes, these weird scenes of romance, there stood the noble girl in antipode to all she loved on earth. Alone! No, not alone. To her in that trying hour came one familiar voice, "Lo! I am with thee, be not afraid;" and she saw one familiar face which beamed upon her—the face of the Anointed One. These cheered her on and nerved her for her work to which she was now consecrated. At Lucknow, Miss Tinsley was placed in the girls' boarding school, under the superintendency of Miss Thoburn, sister of Rev. J. M. Thoburn, well known in this country. In this prepar-



atory school, she made rapid advancement in the knowledge of the principal languages of the country—the Hindee and the Urdu, though there are many idioms and dialects from these original stocks. Next to the Chinese language, with its multitudinous dialects, the languages of India are the most difficult to acquire, and this is often deemed by the foreign missionary one of the greatest obstacles to success in his work; but Miss Tinsley diligently applied herself to this formidable task, with a courage and endurance which could brook no defeat, so that in a few months she was able, by the aid of interpreters and the partial use of their language, to prosecute her missionary labor on a limited scale, and in this way began to familiarize herself with the history of the people and with their peculiar customs.

Her residence at Lucknow continued some four or five years, till she became considerably reduced in health by the jungle fever which prevails in that sultry locality, not only among foreigners, but even the native population, and especially among the females, who, on account of the customs of the country, are compelled to lead secluded and indolent lives in harems and zenanas. To recuperate her failing health, therefore, Miss Tinsley visited Ceylon, through medical advice, where she remained only a short time, and was then removed from the station at Lucknow to Shah-Je-Hanpore, some hundreds of miles further north, where it was hoped she would regain her health, in a more vigorous climate. This city contains a population of over 60,000 inhabitants, and is

a place of much missionary importance. Here there are five boarding schools for girls, containing more than one hundred pupils, ranging from five to fifteen years old, and many of them able to read the New Testament in the Hindee language.

Upon leaving Sha-Je-Hanpore she married (May 2, 1876) Rev. Dr. J. W. Waugh, then professor in the theological seminary at Barreilly, in whom she found a friend and companion and a wise counselor, adapted to her nature and responsibilities as a missionary among a strange people, in a strange land. Dr. Waugh is well known in this country, and had preceded her as a missionary to India several years before. After a short residence of one year at Shah-Je-Hanpore, Mrs. Waugh, *nee* Miss Tinsley, removed to Barreilly, and from thence, after a short stay in that city, to Cawnpore, where, with her husband, she now resides.

Mrs. Waugh is carrying forward her regular missionary work at Cawnpore, as far as her failing health and strength will allow. At some of the stations which she has occupied since going to India she has, in addition to her regular missionary work among the native Hindoo population, given some attention to the work among that class known as Eurasians, which signifies a mixed class, descended from English sires and Indian mothers. These are nominal Christians, having the faith and forms of Christianity, though knowing but little of its power.

It is among this class that Rev. Wm. Taylor, of California, that grandest man of the age, is prosecuting

his grand mission in India, reaching from Bombay in the south-west to the Himalaya mountains in the north. Perhaps no living man at this day is giving a more striking illustration of what faith, and zeal, and prayer, and persistent resolution can effect than this remarkable man, who, in addition to his extended missions in India and in Africa, is establishing some of the most successful missions now prosecuted in South America. His circuit embraces the globe, and all this immense labor and expense he is pushing forward at his own charges, asking no aid from any missionary society on earth. His own puissant arm and brain, under God, bring supplies and victory to him. We talk of the slow and almost impossible conversion of this world to Christ. If the churches, with their many thousands of ministers and myriads of laymen, do not bestir themselves quickly, Wm. Taylor himself will surround the globe and bring it in obedience to Christ.

With this episode we return to notice the work of Mrs. Waugh at Cawnpore. In her last report she says: "It is sad to see the crowds of intelligent and well-dressed women, as they gather at the bathing season on the banks of the Ganges, perfectly satisfied with the worship of the river and the black stone images all along that famed stream which represent their gods. Sometimes I say to them, as they return from bathing, 'How is it with your hearts now? Are your sins all washed away in the river?' Some of them reply, 'Certainly they are, or why should we come here?' Some few of them, however, are not satisfied, and answer, 'No,

our hearts are still full of sin and uncleanness; but what else can we do to get clean?' They generally listen with eager attention to what we say of the story of the cross and the love of God in giving his son to die for us; and often tears fill their eyes, and they say, 'Our gods never loved us as your God loves you; our gods love to shed blood. We believe all you say, but what can we do? If we embrace your god we shall be cast out.'

"I asked one woman, 'Why do you come so far to bathe in the Ganges, when you have good water at home?' She replied with fervor: 'When I die the Ganges will bear me on its bosom straight up to heaven. Why, then, should I not worship it?'"

"When we told her where the Ganges comes from, even from the Himalaya mountains, not far away, and that it goes into the great salt sea, she looked sad, as though she had lost the only beautiful thing she ever possessed on earth. Once break this enchantment about the virtue and divine nature of the Ganges and you have prepared the hearts of these heathen women to go to another fountain for cleansing, even the fountain of Christ's blood."

These extracts from the last report of Mrs. Waugh, of her work at Cawnpore, show somewhat the nature of all missionary work in India, and the great evils they have to meet everywhere, superstition, idolatry and power of caste.

In her letters to her relatives and friends in this city we have a brief insight to the interior of her heart and mind with regard to India and her work there.

She expresses her great joy in her work among that benighted people, and her faith in God that all India will yet be converted to Christianity. She has never expressed the least regret at the choice she made in devoting her life to the interests of that distant field, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." She only regrets that she did not make the sacrifice ten years sooner, if sacrifice it may be called, that she might have had the more time to give to the blessed Master in the work of redeeming man.

It is now eight years since Mrs. Waugh (Miss Tinsley) sailed to India. In that short time she has accomplished much, and has laid the foundation for still more extended usefulness if her health continues. Should it be necessary to take a short respite from her labors and return to the United States for the recuperation of her wasted energies, her many friends in this country will most gladly welcome her to her former home with many prayers for her safety and restoration to health and to her work again.

With a few additional words in regard to India we shall close this paper. India proper, next to China, is the most populous nation on the globe. It contains about one hundred and eighty millions of people. About twelve millions of these are Mohammedans, the remaining one hundred and sixty-eight millions are mostly Hindoos, except a few hundred thousands of English and other foreign immigrants to the country. The principal religion of the nation, if religion it may be called, is Brahmanism, the religion of Brahma, the father and creator of all. This is the religion of

the Hindoos. The Mohammedans, of course, profess the religion of the False Prophet. Christianity, of course, is far in the minority as yet, though its relative increase in the last fifty or seventy-five years has been rapid and gratifying to the civilized world. Already its followers, including the Eurasian population before mentioned, and the foreign immigration, together with the converts from Hindooism and Mohammedanism, can be counted by the million. The seeds of Christianity, sown there by the faithful labors of Mr. Judson and his no less meritorious wife, and by Harriet Newell, and by Methodist and Presbyterian missionaries, and hosts of others that might be named, are now springing up everywhere, in the cities, in the jungles, along the ancient rivers, in the Zenanas, and are giving promise of a mighty harvest at no distant day. Already Sutteeism has nearly disappeared, caste has greatly lost its powerful hold, and the idols of wood and stone are giving way before the light of a purer civilization and a higher gospel.

When Lord Clive, at the battle of Plassey, on the 23d of June, 1759, with 3,000 English soldiers against 60,000 native Hindoos, struck down the power of the Hindoo and heathen dynasty of the nation, and laid the foundation of British rule and of Christian civilization in that nation, the world had reason to rejoice, though the destinies of war seemed for the time to be rigorous and severe. It was a step forward on the dial plate of civilization and Christian liberty of ten centuries.

Under the rapid advancement of civilization and

Christianity India is becoming a mighty nation. She holds the centers of the vast commerce of the east. Her learned languages were once the ruling languages of the eastern hemisphere, and her poets, and philosophers, and legislators and artisans ranked high among the nations.

When her false systems of morality and religion shall be torn away by the march of a higher Christian civilization which is now doing its silent, though steady and permanent work, her population, consisting of races naturally sagacious and enterprising, being evidently from the Caucasian stock, will doubtless become again, as they once were, a powerful nation, occupying the garden spot of the eastern hemisphere. God's providence seems to be looking to this result, in furnishing to India in great plenitude the gospel, which is the only true civilizer of nations.

This is one of our most hopeful missionary fields. Already the M. E. Church has in India two regularly organized annual Conferences; the one called the North, the other the South India Conference. The first named of these contains three Presiding Elders' districts, with about thirty stations, besides a number of literary and medical schools for girls, to fit them for their peculiar work as missionaries in India. These are under the control of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church in this country. This is a wheel within a wheel. The statistics of the South India Conference we can not here give fully, but suppose them to be equal, if not superior, to the above named, both in numbers and im-

portance. Either of these Conferences, in extent of territory, in population, in labors, and in capabilities for future improvement, would equal any half-dozen of *our* annual Conferences ; and their P. E. districts, if compared to our two Indianapolis districts, would dwarf the latter into garden spots, or croquet playgrounds, where butterflies love to disport themselves in fair weather.

Since writing the above, we have received the report of the South India Conference for the year 1878, by Dr. Thoburn, which shows that it has three Presiding Elders' districts, containing about thirty stations and about that number of ministers, native and American born, together with fourteen churches and six parsonages, worth \$100,000, with a membership of 2,000, one-tenth of whom are natives. The missionary collections for the year were largely in excess of the year previous, and the whole amount of collections for the year, for all purposes, was about \$50,000.



## CHAPTER XII.

REV LING CHING TING.

WE have been told there is nothing in a name. This is true in regard to some names, but the name heading this article is an exception to the rule, as you will learn when we have told his story.

His name is monosyllabic, as most Chinese names are, and each syllable has a special significance, which, however, is not important here.

This distinguished man was a Mongolian by birth, and a Buddhist in religion till his conversion to Christianity, which took place about the year 1863, under the labors of the Rev. S. L. Binckley, then a missionary in China, sent out from the Indiana Conference in the year 1860.

The conversion of Ling Ching Ting was genuine and thorough, as his whole private and public life afterward proved. In a few years after his conversion he was licensed to preach the gospel as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and showing signs of superior piety, zeal, eloquence and ability, he was deemed by our missionaries at Foochow a suitable person to enter the itinerant work; but as we had at

that time no regularly organized Conference in China, his name was entered, in 1866, on our Conference roll in the Indiana Conference, and he received his first appointment that year as missionary to China.

This gave him an official connection with Indiana Methodism, though in fact he was never on American soil. From 1866 his name appeared annually among our Conference appointments till a Conference was organized in China, when he was transferred to its jurisdiction and continued there till the day of his death, which happened some four or five years ago. While he lived he gave full proof of his ministry, testifying to his countrymen in much assurance and afflictions, and in great eloquence and power, the gospel of the grace of God.

One incident in the ministry of this distinguished man shows that he was a man of apostolic character and endowed with the spirit of martyrdom. We are indebted to Bishop Harris for the authenticity of this incident, who was in China shortly after the death of Ling Ching Ting, and received the account from the lips of living witnesses. The account is as follows:

In China there are public market places established at suitable distances, to which the people gather in great multitudes from many miles around for purposes of trade and speculation—some to buy, some to sell, and some for motives of pleasure and idle curiosity. These places in the days of St. Paul were called, among the Greeks and other Asiatic countries, *shambles*; with us they are called *markets*; with the Chinese, Egyptians and others they are called *bazaars*.

To one of these bazaar gatherings Ling Ching Ting, in the course of his itinerant ministry, repaired on a certain occasion to preach to the assembled multitudes. Before finishing his discourse he was seized by a furious mob, and was dragged to a jungle a mile distant, where the mob stripped him and scourged him upon his bare back till his quivering flesh was bruised to a jelly, and the blood trickled down his back to his heels. They then left him weltering in his blood, with a threat that if he returned they would certainly kill him. As soon as he gathered a little strength he arose and crawled to a brook of water near by, washed away his blood, bathed his mangled flesh, and then putting on his garments returned courageously to the bazaar, and mounting the same block began again, in the spirit of meekness and love, to preach Jesus to his persecuting countrymen. The same mob, more furious than before, seized him again and dragged him to the same spot, and stripping, beat him till his back was a mangled mass of quivering flesh and blood. The unfeeling mob, believing him now half dead, again left him, with a threat that if he returned again they would put a final end to his preaching.

There lay the bruised victim, helpless and alone, persecuted but not destroyed, cast down but not in despair, repeating in his great soul the words of his great predecessor: "None of these things move me; I am ready, not only to suffer, but to die for the Lord Jesus." He then rose as best he could, and dragging himself to the brook, washed away his blood and clothed himself as before. But instead of seeking

safety in flight, as an hireling shepherd would have done, he steadfastly set his face toward "Jerusalem" (the market place), that he might, if need be, finish his ministry there. Arriving at the place, again he mounted the same block, and began, though in much bodily pain, to testify the gospel of the grace of God to the wondering multitudes. Again the enraged mob, those "lewd fellows of the baser sort," began to stir up the multitudes, under the old device of Satan: "Lo! these that turn the world upside down have come hither to change the customs of our fathers, and to destroy our religion," and with this they were about to seize the noble missionary, but just then the mandarins, who had till now winked at these proceedings, began to be alarmed, and said to the mob, pretty much in the words of the town clerk at Ephesus, in the uproar caused by Demetrius, the silversmith, against Paul: "Beware what ye do against this man, for we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar, there being no cause for this concourse." With these words they restrained the mob, and when quiet was restored the deputy of government said to the brave Ling Ching Ting: "Sir, if you have anything to say to the people, speak in all freedom, for the government of China is tolerant of all religions, and will protect you."

Now was come the triumph of the suffering missionary, and that day were sown the seeds of gospel truth, no more to be plucked away by the devices of Satan.

This looks like history repeating itself in every age and in every country. Some have said it was unwise and fool-hardy in Ling Ching Ting to persist in his attempts before such a mob and in the face of such danger; but the same charge might be brought against the Apostles, who often returned to the same cities to preach, where their lives had been in jeopardy shortly before. So also did the Wesleys, in the days of their early ministry, often saying to their friends, who would endeavor to restrain them, "What mean ye, to weep and break our heart, for we are ready not only to suffer but to die for the Lord Jesus?"

We feel no little gratification at this noble record of Ling Ching Ting, not only because it reflects honor on the Christian cause and on the Chinese character, but because we of Indiana have had a kind of property in him.

We should be glad in this paper to speak more in detail of his closing ministry and his triumphant death, of faith in Christ. It may suffice to say that he died in great peace, and has left to his countrymen and to our missionaries in China a name and a fame that will be a tower of strength for ages to come.

While on this subject it may not be amiss to speak of China generally, and of the condition of our Christian missions there.

China is no longer a strange land, a "*terra incognita*," to the people of America. It seems to lie at our very doors. Its people, its history, its language and literature are like household words among us. Christianity is bringing us together. It is only sin,

and idolatry, and paganism that separate nations and make them barbarians to each other. China is now sacred to us by a thousand grateful memories. The dust of many of our American missionaries reposes in her cemeteries. Many more have spent their best days there to plant the gospel among her people, but are now returned home to recuperate or die, and many more noble men and women, in the vigor of their strength are *now* there amidst her countless myriads, among her rice fields, along her ancient rivers, amidst her tea orchards, her flowery gardens, her crowded bazaars, her thronged cities and her ancient pagodas to turn her people from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God. China is a glittering prize for Christian missionaries, and we can not wonder at the concentrated effort that is being thrown into that field.

This colossal empire comprises one-tenth of the globe, and possesses one-third of the inhabitants of the whole earth. It has a frontier line of boundaries of 12,000 miles in length, and covers an area of 5,425,000 square miles.

The history of China dates back 4,000 years, but its history was mythical till a period about 2,200 years before Christ. Its rulers were known by the orders of Ti-an-ho-ang, Ti-Ho-ang and Yin-Ho-ang, meaning celestial, terrestrial and human, a gradual descent in the scale of excellence. After these Fo-hi, who seems to have been a demigod, became the founder of the empire in a modified form, 2,650 years before Christ. The Chinese language is the principal

branch of the monosyllabic language, and is purely original, without being mixed with foreign dialects. The language consists of two parts, the spoken and the written, which mean very different things. The spoken language is poor and barren compared to the written. Some authors say the spoken language numbers only 315 words; others reckon 450; and others even 630. Remusat says these may be multiplied into 4,000 different shades of meaning. The written language is very difficult to be mastered by foreigners. It is neither symbolic, nor hieroglyphic, nor lexicographic, nor alphabetic, says Remusat, but consists in sinograms, which, I suppose, means straight or curved lines.

Buddhism, says Dr. Morrison and others, is the principal religion of China, and yet even there it is decried by the learned, laughed at by the profligate, and followed formally by all for sinister purposes. So it is easy to see it holds no deep root in the affections of the nation. Indifference to religious matters is a national trait. They have no word in their language which answers to our word "religion." "Kiao" comes nearest to it, and means simply a doctrine or creed, but has no relation to the internal passion or spiritual idea. The worship of their ancestors is almost universal among the Chinese. This was taught principally in the moral code of Kung-fu-tse, pronounced by us "Confucius," signifying "reverend master," who was, by all odds, their greatest moral legislator and teacher, and had a power and influence in the nation equal to the emperor. He flourished

before Christ 551 years. He was to Chinese civilization what Moses and Socrates combined were to western civilization.

One cardinal precept we may here quote. It had much to do in forming the morals and domestic habits of the nation. The precept is this: "Obedience to parents and rulers is the root of good morals. Disobedience to parents leads to disobedience to the sovereign, and that is the greatest of the three thousand crimes recognized in the moral code." If this principle had a deeper hold on the American mind and heart it would work important changes for good in our national character.

The principal occupation of the Chinese people is agriculture, and to inspire the working classes with an idea of its importance and the respect due to it, the emperor himself and the viceroys once a year go into the fields and plough a few furrows and sow a few handfuls of rice, which is the chief article of agriculture both for food and commerce. The middle working and trading classes of China seem to be industrious, skillful, polite, provident, but also deceitful, wily, libidinous and cowardly. By analyzing carefully their character, we discover a preponderance of cold reasoning over warm human sentiment, of calculation over feeling, and of the head over the heart. This comes of their atheistic tendencies and materialism.

Their emperor is their greatest divinity, and him they worship with a fear and reverence little less than absolute. His official title is "Ho-ang-ti," which



means "sublime ruler. It is reckoned a capital offense not to kneel before his image, and his personal presence must be approached by crawling in the dust like a reptile.

Though their form of government is monarchial, it is not despotic, for the emperor and viceroys are bound by ancient laws, from which to swerve might cost them their heads.

Polygamy exists among the wealthy classes, and their women, like most women of the east, live in exclusion from society, yet the family relation is esteemed among them.

Street fights, assaults and murders are not common with them as with us, but assassinations prevail in the dark.

No country in the world requires more absolutely learning and intelligence as a condition to preferment and distinction than does China. Where such principles prevail all is not vile, and they only need the refining and elevating doctrines and hopes of Christianity to make them a truly great and prosperous nation.

The number of Christians now in China is said to be upward of 100,000. Most of these are Roman Catholics, though Protestantism is gaining a rapid foothold. Already the M. E. Church has many prosperous missionary stations in their large cities, such as Peking, the capital, and Foochow, and Shanghai, and others. These are embraced under the jurisdiction of an annual conference, and are manned with a noble corps of devoted, intelligent and self-sacrificing

men and women, who have left all for Christ. The spread of Protestantism, since Dr. Morrison visited China in 1807 to translate the Bible into the Chinese language, has been very encouraging and wide-spread. He remained there forty years in accomplishing his great work, but during that long period he witnessed not one convert to Christ. But still he labored on in faith, and now the seed he sowed in silence and oft in tears, no doubt, being watered by the labors of many faithful missionaries and quickened by the spirit of God who giveth the increase, is everywhere springing into spiritual life.

The opium war, as it is called in history, which was waged on China by England some years ago, seemed, on the part of England, a hard and oppressive thing, but God in his wisdom hath brought great good out of that seeming evil. Out of that war have grown many important concessions on the part of the Chinese government, not only to England, but to France, to America, and other civilized nations. Before this war China was closed, both in a commercial and religious point of view, to all other nations. Shut in by the great Chinese wall on one side from her enemies, the Tartars, she was not less sealed to other nations along her whole maritime coast. But on the 29th of August, 1842, a treaty of peace was signed between the English and Chinese commissioners, giving certain privileges to foreigners not enjoyed before. By this treaty the ports of Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, Shanghai and Canton were thrown open to all nations for commercial purposes. Then, on the

25th of August, 1845, the French government obtained by treaty the privilege of religious toleration in the five ports above named. Then in quick succession followed similar toleration to England and the government of the United States. Under these treaties we have as much liberty to preach Christ to-day in China, even in Peking, as in New York or Boston, or any of the cities and states of America. Now, in view of these facts, what may we reasonably conclude in regard to the future religious condition of China? It is a problem which requires no spirit of prophecy to solve. Her conversion to Christianity is only a question of time, and *that* time probably not so distant as some suppose. Many elements are now at work which may bring it about in fifty years. These are the following, in part:

- 1 Her known indifference to any forms of religion of her own. She has no deep rooted superstitions and forms of idolatry, like India, to overcome. Her principal idolatry is the idolatrous worship of deceased parents and ancestors. This is rather an amiable trait than otherwise.

2. In mechanical and agricultural arts she is already more than half civilized. Very few foreign departments in our great Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, displayed more numerous or elegant specimens of industry and mechanical taste than did China.

3. Many of her national customs and pastimes show much mental culture and good taste. Landscape gardening in China is universally admired and cultivated;

hence it is called the "*Flowery Kingdom*," and where flowers are loved there must be virtue of no mean order. Their pastimes are rather innocent than vicious. They have no *saturnalian* or *bacchanalian* orgies; no painted war dances. Their dances are rather of an innocent kind, enjoyed mostly by children and servants. The higher classes wonder that the refined people of Europe and America should indulge in these pastimes of youth.

4. Many of the missionaries now engaged in China in propagating Christianity are native converts, and these, from the moral fitness of things, must ever be most successful, being best acquainted with the language, social habits and feelings of their people, and having a hold upon their confidence and sympathies which strangers can not have.

And lastly, China is coming to our shores by thousands and hundreds of thousands to learn our civilization and Christianity. This is evidently God's providence, the edicts of Congress to the contrary notwithstanding. These, by thousands, will, after a few years stay among us, return to their own country imbued with the knowledge and love of our superior civilization, and so all China will be leavened with the spirit and power of our Christian institutions and worship.

## CHAPTER XIII.

MISS JULIA SPARR.

WE propose in these pages, as far as in us lieth, to obey the precept of the apostle, "Render to all their dues; honor to whom honor is due."

In the administration of human affairs in this life this precept is not always obeyed. Some get more honor than is due them and some get less. The noisy and pretentious are preferred, while the modest and unselfish are commanded to take the lower seats. Brass usurps the place of brains. All this inequality in human judgments will be rectified in that day when every man shall receive according to what he hath done.

We have been led to these reflections by considering the character and sacrifice of one who has recently gone from among us to devote her young life to the cause of Christ as a missionary to China. I refer to Miss Julia Sparr, late of Muncie, Indiana. Though yet young, this young lady is not destitute of an interesting history, and should her life be prolonged we opine she will yet achieve a still wider and more enduring record of usefulness in the church.

Miss Sparr was born July 17, 1853, at Selma, a small village near Muncie. She is the eldest daughter of Rev. James Sparr, formerly a traveling minister in the North Indiana Conference, but now a local minister and a useful and respected citizen of Muncie, where for many years with his family he has resided.

Julia was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in the tenth year of her age. From her early childhood she seems to have been more than ordinarily thoughtful and conscientious. Though cheerful, she displayed no levity, and though sober she was never sad. While seeking the pardon of her sins she was told by some that one so young and innocent had no sins to be pardoned; but even then she felt the need of a Savior. Her evidence of conversion was very clear and satisfactory and filled her young heart with an ecstasy of joy.

From the day of her conversion she had strong convictions that she had a destiny on earth to fulfill above the ordinary routine of youthful pastimes; something even higher than the ordinary line of duty prescribed by older Christian professors for their rule in life. Even then she began to show a decided love for books of religious instruction which her excellent mother liberally provided for her, with such suitable and wise counsels as to create in her a passion for religious reading.

Julia felt, even at this period of youth, that the church was no sinecure, but a place for work, and she began in every possible way to render herself useful. She especially loved the Sunday-school, and was never

absent from it when health and other circumstances would permit her to be present. She not only worked faithfully in this department, but she chose the work where she was most needed; hence she sought the weaker churches and Sunday-schools in the neighborhood in which to bestow her benefactions.

To this choice she was prompted not only by the impulses of her own nature, but also by the words of the Lord Jesus, who said: "So laboring ye ought to support the weak." In the midst of this church work she also applied her energies to the acquisition of scholastic knowledge, in which she made rapid proficiency, so that before she reached maturity of age she graduated in the highest schools in her vicinity, having mastered all the branches of an ordinary academic English education, with perhaps one of the modern foreign languages.

Being now thoroughly impressed with a conviction that God had called her to a wider field of usefulness, and having long desired to enter the foreign missionary work, she began in earnest to prepare herself for that department. But now another question began to agitate her mind: "What field of labor shall I choose?" After much prayer, it seemed clear to her mind that Japan was best adapted to her tastes. Japan, therefore, became to her a kind of idol, around which all her thoughts and affections centered. In this choice, however, she was to be sadly disappointed. Another question also arose: "In what department of missionary work can I be most useful?" Having determined to place herself at the disposal of the

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, it seemed most appropriate to her to devote herself in the foreign field to the medical work among heathen women, to whom there can be no access but by women. Accordingly, by the advice of others and her own judgment, she chose this department of the foreign work, and began at once to fit herself for it. She took the usual course of medical studies, under the instruction of Dr. Kemper, a prominent physician at Muncie, and an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and having accomplished the usual preparatory studies under him, she went to Ypsilanti, Michigan, where she entered a woman's medical hospital, under the direction of Mrs. Dr. Gerry, since deceased. Here she pursued hospital practice for six months, with good success, and then went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where, in the spring of 1877, she graduated with honor, receiving the regular degree of M. D. After this she practiced six months at Philadelphia, in the medical hospital there. While at Ann Arbor she received the painful intelligence that the position in Japan, which she expected to occupy when her studies should be completed, must of necessity be filled immediately by another, and that her services would be required in due time at Foochow, China. This intelligence, at first, seemed to cast a cloud over all the bright visions which for a long time she had cherished, and she wrote to her mother, at Muncie, the following, as an expression of her feelings:

"I learn," she says, "that Miss H. is to go to Japan, where they need help immediately. I have



no doubt this is a wise arrangement, but I feel that I am cut loose, and am floating out upon an unknown deep. But when my time comes *any place* will be *my place* where a missionary is needed. I don't belong to myself. If Japan goes to another, I can only look on her with a degree of sad disappointment, and say farewell, my dear Japan, but thou wilt come to Christ. I have no choice now of places; do not desire to select for myself another field. 'Tis hard, dear mother, to turn my face from Japan. Oh, Japan, Japan, God save Japan! Pray that God will give me grace to suffer his will."

The following extract from a letter which I received from Miss Belle Sparr, a younger sister of Julia, describes the scene of her departure from home, on the 17th of September, 1878, for her far distant home in China. The extract is as follows:

"As the train, bound eastward, which was to separate her from us approached in sight from the west, a deep hush came over all present—not a word, not a whisper was heard; not a tear was shed. Emotion was too deep for tears. Julia bade us all farewell, and then stepped on board, saying, in calm voice, 'This is the happiest day of my life,' and, with a wave of the hand and a beautiful smile on her face, she was gone, perhaps forever—gone from the home of her youth; gone from father, mother and sisters; gone from her loved city and church; gone from her native land, soon to be a stranger among strangers. As soon as she faded from our vision then came a tide of emo-

tion sweeping over us which I need not, can not describe."

Though no stranger may enter fully into those feelings, yet we may indulge a few reflections at this point. Were not the emotions of those parents at this parting scene with one they had so long cherished and loved so well, one who had so long ministered to them in their declining years, and who had been the light and joy of their quiet home, something akin to the emotions of Abraham when he laid his son, his only son, Isaac, on the altar of sacrifice? And was not the calm faith of that dear child, yielding herself so calmly, so patiently, fearlessly and even joyously, something akin to the faith of Isaac when he lay bound on the altar of sacrifice, smiling in his father's face? We talk about martyrdom; there was surely much of the courage and spirit of martyrdom in this noble young missionary giving up all for Christ—not only father, mother, sisters, the sweet home of her childhood, her church, the land of liberty and Christian civilization; but there was a tie, even tenderer and stronger than all these, which was to be broken, or at least held in reserve and subjection. I need only refer to it to give you some idea of the faith, and courage, and firmness of will-power displayed by the noble girl when she made the surrender of all to Christ.

The truth is, she was then possessed of the spirit of the Divine Master, of whom it was said, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up." Paul possessed the same spirit when he said, "None of these things move

me ; I am ready not only to suffer but to die for the Lord Jesus."

The whole army of martyrs, from the pure and devout Priscilla, who laid down her own neck for the apostle, and the invincible Theckla, an early female martyr, down through the ages to Huss and Wickliffe, and those who perished in the flames of Smithfield, were all under the baptism of this same spirit which absorbed the Savior. We have heard the thrilling story of our own brave Melville B. Cox, who offered himself as a missionary for Liberia when that colony was first planted on the western coast of Africa. Many told him of the deadly climate and how many had fallen there. Said the brave young minister, "Let a thousand fall before Africa shall be given up."

One said to him, "Melville, if you go there you will surely inherit an early grave."

"Then," said he, "come over and write my epitaph."

His mother said to him tenderly, "Oh, Melville, Melville, how can I give thee up!"

Embracing her, he said, pointing toward Africa. "Oh, Africa, Africa, how can I give *thee* up!"

So he went to Africa and died there, and received a martyr's crown.

Was not this the same spirit that spoke through the lips of Paul when he said, "The love of Christ constraineth us, for we thus judge, if one died for all, then were all dead, that henceforth they who live should not live to themselves, but unto him who died for them, yea, rose again."

There is amazing force in this word, "*constraineth*

us." Webster says the word means to compel, to force, to urge with irresistible power, to confine by force, to hold or bind, to tie fast, to chain, to force one to act in opposition to nature. Paul used the term exactly in that sense. Some had charged him with being beside himself in making the sacrifices he did, in submitting to prisons, to scourgings, to hunger, cold and nakedness, in perils often, perils among robbers, perils among the heathen, perils in the wilderness and in the deep. To this charge he gives this sufficient reply: "The love of Christ constraineth us." When Christ was lifted up on the cross he put within the heart of men a new passion, called by St. John a "*new commandment*." He had said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." This is that constraining force just defined. It not only draws men with irresistible power to Christ, the central sun of righteousness, but it propels them with equal force in paths of obedience to the ends of the earth. To one he says, *come*, and he cometh, to another, *go*, and he goeth. When he ascended he said, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." And now we see the result. This irresistible force of Christianity, like the centrifugal and centripetal forces in the material universe, is producing the most marvelous results. Many are running to and fro in the earth, and knowledge is being increased. Great is the multitude of them who preach the Word. Old men and women dream dreams, young men and maidens proph-

esy, and even lisping children cry, "Hosannah to the son of David! Hosannah in the highest!"

To judge, therefore, the actions of Christ's devoted followers, who seem often to be actuated by a kind of religious frenzy—to judge these, we say, by a cold, speculating philosophy, is to do them wrong. They can only be judged correctly by the law of Christian love, which constrains them, against the promptings of nature, to do what the wise and prudent of this world are pleased to call fanatical and unwise things. With these desultory reflections, we resume the thread of our narrative.

Some of you, no doubt, remember the scene which transpired at Meridian Street Church in this city, early last year, on the occasion of bidding farewell to Miss Sparr on the eve of her sailing for China. The meeting was under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for the district of Indiana. You will long remember, if present on that occasion, what a hush of suppressed emotion ensued when the name of Julia Sparr was called, and she stepped to the platform to deliver her farewell address. How firm her step, how calm and dignified her manner, how clear and free from tremulous emotion her voice! Her person was plainly, though neatly clad, without ornamentation of any kind whatever; her expression calm and benevolent, her eye serene, fixed and expressive of firm purposes and intelligent designs, and her whole bearing modest and unassuming.

After a suitable introduction she gave a concise statement of the work of the Woman's Foreign Mis-

sionary Society, and the necessity of such a distinct organization. She next spoke of her conscientious convictions of a call to the work in China, on which she was about to enter, and of her firm trust in God, who would support her in the future as in the past. Then, after a few words of exhortation to her sisters engaged in this noble work, she closed by saying :

“I suppose my friends desire to know my present feelings in view of the near approach of the hour which is to separate me, perhaps forever, from my beloved country and home and the society of all I have most fondly loved on earth. I will not enlarge on this subject,” said she, “lest I be misunderstood, but you will allow me to say I regard this as the happiest day of my life, because it is nearest the accomplishment of my long cherished purpose, to prepare for which all my best exertions and prayers and affections have been put into exercise ; and though you all are very dear to me, I feel to-night that the cause of our blessed Master is still dearer, and I can, yea I *have*, given up all for him.”

In speaking these words, though many around her were deeply moved, yet her own voice and manner were calm and unexcited. The one great thought of winning souls to Christ in China seemed to absorb her. She then, with great affection and dignity of manner, bade us *farewell*.

And now you will feel, no doubt, interest in hearing the sequel of her narrative to the present time. Having taken leave of her friends and home in Muncie, on the 17th of last September, as above stated,

she safely reached New York, and without delay sailed for China in one of the noble ships of the line. Her voyage, which is said to have been one of the shortest and most pleasant on record, occupied fifty days. On the 5th of November following they entered the mouth of the river Minn, and passed the great sand-bar in safety, where so many are wrecked. Having dispatched to Foochow, the city of her destination, which is situated on the river Minn, some twenty-five miles from its mouth, she was met by one or two of our American missionaries at that station, and was conducted by them in safety the next day to the great city of Foochow, with its million of inhabitants, not one of whose faces she had ever seen before (nor did she understand a word of its language) save that of the few English-speaking missionaries who reside there.

Foochow means in our language "happy region." It is a walled city, and is surrounded with an amphitheatre of hills some four miles distant from the city. It is in north latitude  $26^{\circ}$ , which is nearly parallel with the southern extremity of Florida, which is nearly tropical. It is the grand literary metropolis of China, and its natural surroundings are said to possess enchanting beauty.

As to her feelings, thus surrounded, we can more easily conjecture than describe. There she was, a young girl, 10,000 miles from home, in the midst of barbarians, whose language, customs, scenery and religion were all strange to her; a stranger in a strange land. Alone! no, not alone; one familiar voice

greeted her, saying, "Lo! I am with thee; be not afraid," and one familiar face beamed in love upon her, even the face of the Anointed One. These cheered her and nerved her for her work. We may imagine she sang:

"Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing first in night's diadem,  
Forever and forever more,  
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem."

She describes her feelings more fully in a letter she wrote to her sister Belle shortly after her arrival in China. She says:

"Sometimes my heart turns with deep feelings of loneliness to my far-off home and the loved ones there, for I am human; but then I go to God in prayer, and find relief. Even in China I find the same tender Christ Jesus, who blessed me so oft in the land of my fathers." She further says: "I am impressed with the beautiful all around me:

'Every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.'

At first I was seized with fear of the Chinese, but on further acquaintance this fear and dread have departed, as I find them gentle and kind. It will doubtless be many years before all China will be converted to Christ; but the leaven of the gospel is rapidly working, and it is only a question of time till the whole lump shall be leavened. I feel an inexpressible longing to speak this strange language, for now I am



locked up, as it were, to all about me. Help me to pray for a thousand souls for Christ in China."

These are brave and noble words of a brave Christian girl. Well may we Indianians make our boast of her and pray for her that she may long live to give light and succor to the benighted heathen women of China.

We shall close these pages with a brief analysis of her character. This seems to us, in one so young, to be well rounded and symmetrical as a whole and in all parts. Of course it is not yet complete.

The first trait we notice is her diligence and love of toil. She was never idle, never unemployed, never triflingly employed. I have been an occasional visitor to her father's house for ten years past, and I can truthfully say I never saw Julia in idleness. Her studies, her domestic household duties, lightening the burdens of her mother, her engagements in the Sunday-school, in the church, or in works of charity, seemed to absorb every moment of her time. Her motto was, "Diligence in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Her diligence appears further in the fact that the chief expense of her education, preparatory to her missionary life, was procured by her own diligent hand as a teacher of schools and practitioner of medicine during intervals.

Another prominent trait we observe was her cheerful and affectionate disposition. I never saw her under any circumstances in a desponding or sour mood of mind. A gentle smile was always on her face and words of kindness dwelt upon her tongue. Filial

obedience and affection to parents were the habit of her nature. Early piety was also a noticeable trait in her character. Converted in the tenth year of her age, she at once applied herself to works of usefulness, avoiding those foolish and hurtful diversions so common to youth of both sexes of this day. Even then she began to employ herself in works of usefulness for the church and Sunday-school, where her services were received far above par value. "But in all these," says her father in a letter to me, "Julia was of a retiring disposition, preferring others, and was never boastful."

But lastly, we notice her indomitable *will* power. This never failed her. By this rare power she conquered all opposition. In weakness, this made her strong. By this she achieved, even against very limited means, a good literary, scientific and medical education; and lastly, by this rare faculty, aided by the grace of God, she achieved what few attain to in this life, a complete victory over herself, bringing worldly ambition and worldly passions in subjection and laying all on the altar of Christ, to whom she belonged. Who can contemplate without profound respect and admiration her inflexible purpose of soul as displayed in every step of preparation for her missionary life, and especially when the hour of final trial came, the hour when she bade farewell to all she loved on earth to go ten thousand miles from home over a dreary waste of waters among heathen strangers. *This was the hour* of trial; *this* the test of true courage. All before this might have partaken somewhat of romance; *this* was stern reality. But she met this with firmness,

saying to all as she bade them farewell with a calm smile, "This is the happiest day of my life."

With such a one as our representative at Foochow we can pray and work even more earnestly than before for the conversion of China to our blessed Master, even Christ.

"The heights by conquerers reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."

## CHAPTER XIV

REV DANIEL DE MOTTE.

IT HAS been said by an eminent political economist that the man who causes two spears of grass to grow where only one had grown before is a benefactor to the race. This aphorism is beautiful in theory and true in practice. We see it often verified and illustrated among men. The reverse of this is also true. Many men not only do not produce the additional *spear* of grass, but even destroy the one which they found springing from the earth. These are cumberers of God's husbandry.

He whose name heads this article was an eminent example of the first named class. His life was a benediction to the world. Thousands were benefited by his life of active benevolence, and thousands more are still being blessed by the influence that follows him. "Being dead, he yet speaketh." He caused life and freshness to spring up along every pathway in which he trod. Nature seems to have designed him for activities. Being of a sanguine-nervous temperament, he could not be still. Had he been a citizen of Rome in the days of the Republic he might have been a

Cassius, but never a Mark Anthony. Had he been a citizen of France in the days of her atheistic and infidel misrule he might have been a communist of the better type, but never a Bourbon. He might have been a Cato, but never a Cataline. Fortunately he was none of these, but an American citizen, loyal to his country and his God, and loyal to the church of which he was a member and faithful minister. With an active mind and independent will, he was no slave to the conventionalities of society, unless these were founded on principles of practical usefulness and common sense. He chose sometimes to be singular rather than obsequious to the despotism of fashion. Dealing trenchant blows at the fallacies of fashionable society, he chose methods of his own—methods in his way of living, of thought, of preaching, of travel, and general modes of life. Though not so unique in any of these as to give offense, yet enough so to show his independence of them all.

I remember a specimen or two which will illustrate my meaning. When I traveled the Crawfordsville district in the summer of 1842 he traveled in the bounds of the district, and I often enjoyed the pleasure of his society. I remember distinctly a sermon which I heard him preach during that year on the text, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." It was wholly original. He said: "Now, I am not going to talk to you to-day about questions of finance, how to get rich, or how to raise stock, but how to raise your children; not how to make of them cupids or

demigods, as though they were descended from a race of fairies, but being descended from flesh and blood, how to train them for usefulness here, and for happiness hereafter.

“In the first place, permit me to say, your children, though beautiful little creatures, are sinful and depraved like ourselves, and need severe discipline, and it can not be too soon applied. Their bodies are depraved, and need something more than sweetmeats and fine clothes to make them healthy and good-looking and acceptable to God and to men. They need the elements of what I shall term physical Christianity; that is, the brush, and comb, and profuse applications of soap and cold water, and the crash towel, and solid food, and often, perchance, the birch rod, for the wise man hath said: ‘Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction bringeth it out of him.’ The rod is often more efficacious than medical nostrums in family government.”

“Three-fourths,” said he, “of the urchins of society need these physical elements far more than they need school-houses just now, and lessons in algebra and *belles lettres*. Many of our girls, just now blooming into womanhood, need lessons in the kitchen, how to make good bread, more than they do lessons on the piano and from the French dancing-master. The piano is good, and the French master is polite and good enough in his place, but common sense is better, and to know how to be useful is best of all.”

Then, appealing to the young gentlemen present, he said :

“Perhaps some of you are beginning to look around for suitable wives. Let me present you with two examples, and then make your choice. Here,” said he, “is a very neat girl, neatly attired in silk, pearls about her neck, her fingers all sparkling with diamonds and gold, sitting in the drawing-room. The piano is before her, and she is thumping it in the most approved style of the art ; beautiful music seems to be proceeding from the instrument. But what are the words of her song ? Listen : ‘ Oh, what is home without a mother ? ’ Oh, what a pious sentiment that ! What a noble daughter ! you say. But now let us turn away our eyes for a moment from this enchanting scene, and look to another apartment of this ‘ home. ’ Who is that pale, feeble, care-worn woman there, sweating and toiling over the wash-tub, with one or two fretful children by her side teasing her life away ? Why, that is the mother the young girl was singing about. Sure enough, what would that home be without such a mother ? Very soon filth and rags would cover it. Now, I ask, would not that mother and that home be much happier if that daughter would cultivate more the stern duties of the culinary department and the wash-tub, and think less of the piano and her French master and the drawing-room. Is this the girl of your choice ? Nay, verily

“ Now let us present you another example, a woman trained in the right way. She is described by a master in language and in human nature. Hear what he

says: 'Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor and to the needy. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. Many daughters have done nobly, but she excels them all.' Now," said he, "*this* is a *wife*, the other class are painted dolls. 'Look on this picture, then on that,' and choose between them."

That was a bold and fearless sermon, but to have appreciated it fully you should have heard it, and witnessed the irony often expressed in his eye and voice.

As a further illustration of his peculiar genius and independence of usual forms and customs, I will name an incident which occurred at Terre Haute in the fall of 1852. I was then in charge of that station, and it was the time of an annual session of Conference. No railroads then reached the city, and the general mode of travel by our preachers was on horseback or in carriages. I had announced that ample provision would be made for all *horses*. On the evening before the session began Brother De Motte came riding up to the church door, where the ministers were being distributed to their respective places of entertainment, but contrary to ordinary rule he was seated on the back of a stately mule, and asked for quarters. I said to him,



jocosely, "My good brother, I have made provision, as announced, for men and *horses*, but you see there are no *mules* in my programme."

Without the least hesitancy or discomfiture he replied, giving a sudden twitch of the head peculiar to him when a little excited: "I am aware that my mule is not a horse, and on general principles I suppose I could claim no quarters for him; but for special reasons, which you will allow me to assign, I think he should be entertained."

"And what are your claims?" said I.

"Why," said he, "Bob (the name of his mule), I would have you know, is a regular descendant, by an unbroken chain, from the noble beast on which Baalam sat, and which reproved the madness of the prophet when he would have cursed Israel, and claims affinity also with the ass colt on which the Divine Master rode when he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, under the shouts and hosannahs of the multitude. No Pope or Archbishop ever claimed apostolical descent by a stronger title than Bob can produce of his honorable descent and lineage."

Of course controversy was now at an end, and Brother De Motte and Bob were cared for, according to programme.

Mr. De Motte was not educated in the highest sense of the term, but he had what is often better, excellent mother wit. He was not classical in style, but he was shrewd, and sensible, and good-natured. He was not versed in logic and rhetoric, but he was practical, industrious, energetic and successful; a man of

deeds rather than words, of practice rather than preaching. He rarely spoke on the Conference floor, preferring to be a silent worker; but when he did rise to speak all eyes were turned to him, and by his laconic words of practical good sense and quaint manner he always secured attention and generally carried his point.

He was a man of kindly feelings and of noble impulses. Whatever of eccentricities he had, they were but fungus growths upon his better nature; they attached to him like the mistletoe to the elm tree, not essential to it.

From the Minutes of the Northwestern Indiana Conference, of which he was a member at the time of his death, we extract the following from the report of the committee on memoirs:

“Brother De Motte was born in Kentucky, March 19, 1798, and being left an orphan by the death of his father while he was very young, had a hard struggle to earn a support for his widowed mother, himself and other members of the family. He was converted in the twenty-eighth year of his age, and witnessed a good confession to the close of his life. From the altar of prayer, where he received first the evidence of pardoned sin, he went directly to his home, and at once put aside the glasses and bottles and placed a family Bible in their stead and began family prayer. The next morning a neighbor, calling early and expecting the usual glass of bitters, which was everywhere indulged in in those days, was amazed to be asked by Mr. De Motte to join in family prayer. The

reader may imagine the integrity and firmness of moral principle displayed in this act. It was characteristic of the man in all his after life. Shortly after his conversion he was licensed to exhort, and then to preach as a local preacher, which offices he discharged with acceptability and usefulness.

“He removed from Kentucky to this state, and settled in Parke county, in 1831; in 1835 was admitted to Indiana Annual Conference as a traveling preacher, and for eighteen years cheerfully and faithfully filled the appointments assigned him, generally remaining two years consecutively in each pastoral charge, which was the full term then allowed by the discipline. This shows that he was useful and acceptable in every place.

“In 1853 he was appointed by the board of trustees of Indiana Asbury University to act as a general agent to solicit and collect funds for the institution, in which capacity he continued for nine years, till the agency was abolished. His long continuance in this office shows his efficiency in this department of the service. Indeed, he was a most active and successful solicitor and collector, often exhibiting not only great industry and courage, but skillful diplomacy in allaying prejudices and healing disputes which of necessity occur in the fiscal operations of the church.

“After the expiration of his college agency he was appointed by the managers of the Preachers’ Aid Society of the Northwestern Indiana Conference to act as their agent, which office he discharged faithfully and efficiently for three years.”

At the close of this service he received a superan-

nuated relation to the Conference, in which he continued nine years, thus giving him forty years' service as an itinerant minister in the varied relations of preacher in charge of circuits, college agent, agent of Preachers' Aid Society and superannuate. "He was a man," says the report of the committee, "of rare judgment, large endowment of common sense and of cheerful trust in God and good will towards mankind, which all admired who knew him."

His first wife, the mother of his children, was an amiable Christian lady, plain in manners, of excellent understanding and sound piety, domestic in her habits and patient in the endurance of the privations and hardships which wives of the early itinerant preachers were compelled to encounter. Having raised several sons and daughters who revere her memory and bless her for her maternal love and care, and having served her generation, at length she fell asleep in the maturity of age and in the triumph of Christian faith.

In 1867 Brother De Motte married a second wife, an estimable Christian lady, worthy of him, and esteemed by his children. She still survives him, though now in the maturity of old age.

The death of Father De Motte occurred February 2, 1875, after a lingering sickness. His end was peace, "calm as summer evenings be." His last words were: "All is well, all is well, blessed Jesus." How fitting such a death after such active toil and care for the Divine Master! The fitful dream of life at its close, how calm was the retrospect! How full of hope the future to the weary pilgrim!

“How oft he looked to the heavenly hills,  
Where groves of living pleasures grow ;  
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles  
Sat undisturbed upon his brow.”

I can not close this brief sketch of the life, character and ministerial labors of Brother De Motte without a few additional reflections upon his character as a private citizen and father.

In private life he was always respected in any circle where he moved on account of his good common sense, his urbanity of manners, and his active exertions in every cause for the public good, especially the temperance cause and that of education. He was unselfish and hospitable, extending a helping hand to the destitute to the extent of his ability. He loved hospitality. Though his literary education was imperfect on account of the lack of educational facilities in the time and place of his childhood and youth, yet he was by no means an unlettered man. He was well versed in profane history, and in the history and doctrines of the Christian Church, and especially of the M. E. Church. He studied thoroughly its economy. He not only *read* the holy scriptures much, but he read them closely, thoroughly and critically, often showing a metaphysical grasp of thought of no ordinary capacity. His perception of the points of a subject was quick, and his conclusions generally correct. His whole exterior indicated a man of firmness, candor and great powers of endurance. His energy knew no defeat. He was tall, well-formed, and dignified in personal bearing, large head, prominent nose, angular

features, large mouth, compressed lips, eyes gray and piercing, complexion ruddy, and hair yellow, or slightly tending to sandy in his prime manhood. Such was the natural man, evidently formed by nature for emergencies. Had he been in the war of the Crimea he probably would have been chosen to lead a forlorn hope, as the desperate charge of the six hundred at Balaklava, or the furious assault on the Redan and Malakhoff. I love to contemplate him also as a father, rearing a family for usefulness and for God. This was his crowning success, next to his work in the ministry of forty years.

When God made choice of Abraham to be the father of the Hebrew race and head of the Jewish church, he assigned this reason for the choice: "I know him that he will command his children, and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." The high tribute here passed on Abraham's character was that he would command his children and household aright. Now we think this praise is due in a measure to Brother De Motte and his excellent wife, if we are to judge by the results of their united family government. They raised four sons and three daughters, all of whom were well educated out of the father's scanty income; were early converted and united with the church, and are active workers for the cause of Christ.

Rev. J. B. De Motte, their eldest son, in his young manhood became an active minister in the M. E. Church, and is still in the effective work.

Prof. W. H. De Motte, their second son, having

graduated at Indiana Asbury University many years ago, has ever since been actively engaged in the cause of popular education, either as president or professor of colleges, in this and the adjoining states.

Mark L. De Motte has devoted himself to literary pursuits, and for several years has been editor of the Lexington, Mo., Express.

James De Motte, his youngest son, is a useful and prominent citizen of Des Moines, Iowa.

His three daughters, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Sunderland, and Mrs. Cal. Morrison, were all well educated, are still living, and are active members of the M. E. Church. Mrs. Amanda Morrison is now a citizen of Greencastle, Indiana, and is foremost in every good word and work, and is regarded as a leader in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Her daughter Flora, the wife of Rev. W. F. Walker, is now with her husband, a missionary at Peking, China. Her son, John F. Morrison, is principal of the public schools of Terre Haute, Indiana, and her other son, Daniel S. Morrison, is a promising minister, and member of Northwestern Indiana Conference.

Prof. J. B. De Motte, son of Rev. John B. DeMotte, and grandson of Rev. Daniel De Motte, is now professor in Indiana Asbury University, giving promise of much usefulness.

W. H. Marshall, another grandson, is now a teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Missouri, and George Marshall, another grandson, is now city treasurer of Greencastle, Indiana. Besides these, three or four

granddaughters have been teachers in the public schools.

Thus we see that all the sons of Daniel De Motte, and not less than ten of his grandchildren, now occupy places of public usefulness.

Surely a family thus talented and disposed to devote themselves, even to the third generation, to works of public usefulness, must reflect praise on the wise culture and training of the grandfather and mother before them. Few ministers among us can show higher proofs of episcopal qualification in this respect than Daniel De Motte, if St. Paul be judge of such matters. He says: "A bishop must be apt to teach; one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity; for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he know how to take care of the church of God?" See 1 Tim. iii:2, 5. Thus we see that Daniel De Motte gave full proof of his ministry in all the relations of life, and though his voice, once so fearless and active, is now stilled in death, he is still speaking through his family, his sons, his daughters, his grandchildren; speaking in China, in churches at home, in colleges of learning, in missionary conventions, speaking for Christ and for humanity.

"Surely the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, and their memorial shall not be cut off."



## CHAPTER XV

### THE GREAT REVIVAL

“And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out, in those days, of my spirit, and they shall prophesy.”

*Acts xvii: 18-23.*

WE have often been requested to furnish some recollections of the great revival which occurred at Wesley Chapel, in this city, in the spring of 1838.

Nearly forty-one years have elapsed since that event, and though many incidents connected therewith are still vivid in the memory of a few, yet it is no easy task to do justice to a subject of such importance at this late period.

In a presence like this I need not argue the philosophy or necessity of religious revivals. They are God's method of causing to live again what had life before but is now dead, wholly or in part. It is his plan of renewing the wasted energies of the church and perpetuating it to the end of time. This is signified to us in the vision of the dry bones in the great Valley of Death. First, they were prophesied or

preached unto, and then the winds were invoked, and came and blew upon them, and a moving was heard, and they rose up a great army full of life. This vision was verified and illustrated on the day of Pentecost. That same spirit which breathed on the valley of dry bones came like the rushing of a mighty wind on the disciples; a rushing and trembling were heard, and tongues of fire spake, and a new life came upon them all, and three thousand were that day added to the living church.

Nature, as well as the Scriptures, abounds with illustrations of this great truth. God teaches by analogies. What is spring-time but a reviving of nature? Winter, the emblem of death, comes over all, and vegetable life is either dead or dormant. Can it live again? Can the dead grain spring up? Can the disrobed forests again be clothed with green and beautiful foliage? Can the earth, now wrapped in ice and snow, be clothed again with a sheen of beautiful grass and a crown of flowers? Yes, when the spring-tide of south winds shall blow, and the warm sunshine shall come, and the soft rains shall fall upon the earth the whole scene shall suddenly be changed from desolation to living beauty, and nature shall glow in "Eden's first bloom."

If God can do this in the kingdom of nature, can he not do even more than this in the Spiritual Kingdom?

With these remarks, I now proceed to the theme before us, the revival of 1838, in this city.

Forty-one years have swept away nearly two gen-

erations of people, and with them have been swept into oblivion nearly all the actors and tangible records of that event. Even the house, the Wesley Chapel that then was, has been thrown down, so that not one stone or brick remains upon another. The vandal hand of change has blotted out the very name of Wesley. Alas! that it is so. How has the gold been changed, and the fine gold become dim! The feet that trod that sacred temple then, the songs of praise and victory that rolled through its aisles and corridors, the wails of penitence, the prayers and rejoicings, are all hushed now. The mercy-seat, the divine Shekinah, the hovering angels, are not there, but in their stead is a fane devoted to the strife of politics and the cabaling of worldly men. We must rely on faithful memory for what we now have to say.

The revival meeting began, properly, on the third day of March, 1838, and closed on the fifth day of April ensuing, having lasted thirty-two days consecutively. The city then contained some 6,000 inhabitants, with only three churches—one Methodist, one Presbyterian and one Baptist. No steam railroads or street railroads then thundered along our quiet streets. No ponderous fire engines or steam whistles disturbed our meditations. No gaslights illumined our way. No paved streets, such as we now have, except on Washington, Pennsylvania and Meridian streets, and these were in patches, and poor at that. But alas! we had what is prevalent everywhere, sin and ungodliness. Our membership numbered some 300. None of them could be called rich save one or two families,

and as to moral and religious character they ranked from ordinary to excelsior. To the *many*, the faithful and true witness could say, "Be diligent, and strengthen the things that remain, or I will come and remove thy candlestick out of its place." To some he could say, "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will keep thee from the hour of temptation which is coming on all the earth to try them."

During the winter of 1837 and beginning of 1838 the church was suffering greatly from many causes. Financial distress that season pressed heavily on all classes of business, and our churches, as well as our people, were bowed in trouble. The spirit of emigration westward also thinned our ranks fearfully. The love of many waxed cold, and dissensions among brethren were numerous. In the official body we also had trouble. All could not see alike about questions of church policy. A few, like Diotrephes, loved to have the pre-eminence; so, if the very head was sick, how could we expect to have health and vigor among the members of the body? But blessed be God, the time of man's extremity is often the time of God's opportunity. It was so then. A few faithful men and women began to cry mightily to God in the language of the prophet, "O Lord, revive thy work. In the midst of the years make known. In wrath remember mercy." An official meeting was called just then to consider the situation, looking especially to a revival. No questions of finance or other questions that often vex us were thought of. Every eye was turned to the question of an immediate revival of

God's work in the salvation of sinners, and the elevation of the church in faith and holiness. It was no longer, who shall be greatest, but who shall be most like Jesus, the servant of all. That official meeting was memorable in the history of the church. It was opened with singing those beautiful words :

“Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love ;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.”

Then a prayer from that venerable father, John Foudray, whose voice and counsels were always like pouring oil on the troubled waters. Then followed an exhortation from the pastor, calling on all the brethren to a closer walk with God and closer fellowship one with another, and requesting them, if there were any old sores or heart-burnings among any, that they should be immediately sacrificed on the Cross, and that all other considerations should now be swallowed up in the greatest and most pressing of all interests, a revival of God's work in the church. Then followed a season of humble prayer for divine light and aid. Then another song was sung :

“Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,  
And that shall quicken ours.”

Then followed a time of hand-shaking and confessing, one to another. In this spirit a resolution passed the meeting appointing a day of solemn prayer and

fasting for the whole church, which was to be announced from the pulpit the next Sabbath. In the meantime all the leaders were put to work, under a solemn pledge, to visit every member in their classes and pray with them as far as possible. Then came the day for fasting, and such a fast! Not a mockery before God—a slight breakfast, a good dinner at 2 o'clock and a hearty lunch for supper. No, it was something like that which followed the preaching of Jonah. If there was no rending of garments, there was a rending of hearts; if dust and ashes were not put upon the head, penitence and humiliation were put into the soul.

The following Thursday evening the series of revival meetings were to begin. The evening came, dark and rainy, but the house was full of people. Many good omens appeared; all felt that Christ was there to heal, and when the invitation was given for those desiring salvation to come to the altar of prayer and *kneel* before God, six or eight came. The invitation, observe, was not merely to stand up in the congregation and be seen (a cunning compromise between Christ and Satan), but if they wanted Christ, to come and kneel at the altar, and repent and believe and be saved. This a soul fully in earnest is willing to do. Luther was willing to walk to Rome on his knees to find Christ.

Thus the meeting began. Now let me notice some of the hindrances we had to meet at the threshold. First of these, I remember the wretched condition of the streets. They were dark and muddy; mud was

everywhere from six inches to two feet deep. Our finest ladies often donned heavy calfskin boots to enable them to reach the church with anything like comfort and safety, and often whole families would join together to procure an ox-team and cart as the surest means of conveyance to the sanctuary. I tremble when I think of the effect such a state of affairs would have on our fine ladies and gentlemen of to-day. Empty benches would be the order of the churches. But these hindrances only intensified the ardor of the people then; "they rose superior to their pain." When Jacob wrestled with the angel, while his strength remained he asked modestly for the name of the mysterious wrestler; but when the angel touched the muscle of his thigh, and all of human strength was gone, he became the more unconquerable in resolution, and said boldly, "To know it *now*, resolved I am ;"

"Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know."

Such a spirit will always conquer. It conquered even God, and so these dear brethren of Wesley Chapel prevailed.

Among the signs of deep awakening at that meeting, already noticed, there was another still more unmistakable—the spirit of reconciliation among brethren. I will here notice one instance among many :

On the first Sabbath evening after the meeting began a brother in high social position planted himself before the church door and awaited the coming of another of high position, between whom and himself .

there had been enmity and alienation for a long time. When he saw him coming he met him squarely, extending his hand, and said :

“My brother, you know you and I have lived in enmity for some time. You see that God is coming now in mercy to his people. I dare not enter the church till this trouble be settled between us. If I have offended you I ask your forgiveness, and if you have offended me I cheerfully forgive you.”

They both burst into tears, joined hands in covenant of peace, and their trouble was at an end. They went straightway into the church, and that night received each a great baptism of love.

The work was now fully inaugurated, and the whole community was aroused. For whole days business seemed to be partially suspended, and groups of men could be seen at the public places earnestly talking of the strange visitation of God to the city.

We will now notice some of the agencies used in carrying forward the work.

First of all, we relied mainly on the Spirit of God. Without that nothing was of any avail. Be assured nothing can convict sinners and bring them to Christ but the *Eternal Spirit*. Next to that, we did rely on such human helps as Christ himself ordained. We used preaching only on the Sabbath, morning and evening. The sermons were short and unwritten. Many revivals are killed by too much preaching. We sent for no star preachers; we wanted no sensational efforts—they are the bane of the church. We relied wholly on our own forces. God knew how much we



needed to be worked; how souls without work will die. He withheld all foreign help from us during the whole series; but everybody worked as though everything rested on him alone. The local preachers, who are made by the church and for the church, were used as an integral part of the ministry, and were invited into the pulpit. The exhorters were expected to wait on their exhortation. There was a place for every one, and every one was found in his place. Never was any pastor sustained by a nobler band of workers than was the pastor on that occasion.

We had what was then known as a *fire company*, whose office was to *kindle fires*, not to quench them. These composed the choice workers of the church, ready for any emergency. Most of them I remember by name distinctly till this day. Such men as James Hill, afterwards called to the work of the ministry, and is still doing noble work as an able minister of Jesus Christ; also George Havens, called also into the ministry, and is still doing faithful service; also Father Truslow, a local preacher, whose face was perpetual sunshine; also his son, J. F. Truslow, afterwards called to the ministry, in which he gained prominence; also Johnson Crouch, afterwards called to the ministry, in which he died early, with the harness fully on. Then came Father Foudray, a grand old man, always full of faith and wreathed in smiles of joy; and Brother John Wilkens, and James Kettleman, a genius, and Isaac N. Phipps, and E. T. Porter, and Henry Porter, and William Quarles, an eminent lawyer, a convert of the previous year, and J. J.

Drum, and many others whose names are in the Book of Life. Most of these have entered into their rest.

Among the females belonging to this noble working band I remember prominently Lydia Hawes, the embodiment of song; and Eliza Richmond, a skillful worker; and Sister Given, and Sister Mahala Porter, now wife of Bishop Ames; and Elizabeth Porter, and Sister Drum, a succorer of many and of myself also; and Miss Arnold, the nightingale of song, Dr. T. L. Rucker, afterwards an able minister and member of Indiana Conference, and many others whose names are in the Book of Life. All these will ever live in my fondest memories of the past. Heaven will not be complete without them.

Our manner of conducting these meetings may be of some interest. As I said before, we had no preaching, except on the Sabbath. We felt it to be more important for the whole membership to work than to sit and hear, perchance to sleep; more important to be *doers* than *hearers* of the Word. So we promptly opened every meeting with singing and prayer and reading the Scriptures, and then a short exhortation was given, not exceeding ten minutes in length; then the mourners, as we called them in those days, were immediately invited forward. Often they needed no invitation, but crowded the altar even before the invitation was given. Then prayer and singing, mingled with exhortation pertinent to special cases, filled up the time.

I would that I could depict to you the scenes of glory and power often seen and felt there. Often the

whole house was a mercy-seat. Every pew in the house had a weeping mourner in it, and we were compelled to organize little circles of prayer in several parts of the house, some even up in the galleries. Conversions were sometimes as frequent and as powerful about the doors as near the pulpit. You have heard in the Scriptures of acts of bold and daring faith, like that of Elijah, when on Carmel he defied four hundred of Baal's priests, and put them to the test of proving their respective gods by the answer of fire. Many illustrations of the boldness of faith occurred during our meeting. One I will relate:

One Sabbath night the whole house and yard seemed to be filled with the powers of darkness. The struggle was intense; only five persons out of scores could be induced that *dismal* night to come to the altar of prayer, and there seemed to be no power in prayer. The battle seemed to be completely turned against us. The pastor believed it was for a test of our faith, and taking his stand close to the altar where the five were kneeling, he said: "This is the hour and power of darkness. God has not forsaken us, but he is putting us to the test of our faith. We propose, therefore, if any of you have faith to join us in covenant before God, to kneel with these penitents, and not rise from our knees till at least one of them is converted, and we are avenged of our adversary; that you come forward and quietly kneel here." There was a solemn and awful pause of perhaps one minute. Then Sister Richmond, a grand woman of faith and prayer, a true Priscilla, came and made the venture of faith; then

presently Father Truslow came, trembling in every joint, but with fixed purpose in his eye ; then presently Lydia Hawes slowly stepped forward and bowed in silence ; then Sister Drum, now in the kingdom of God, kneeled, weeping ; then one or two more brethren who never quailed in battle. No more came, and we kneeled before the Lord our Maker. It was like stepping from the brink of a precipice out on empty space. Many thought we had done a rash thing. Just then a murmur of conflicting voices began to run all through the house, some in anger, some in pity, some in agony for the condition in which we were placed. But soon every true friend of Jesus began to call mightily on God to convert a soul. The feeling began to be intense ; all apathy was gone. Faith joined with faith and prayer with prayer ; some for us and some for the mourners. The end was gained that God designed and the victory came. It was complete. One of the penitents arose and praised God aloud. Then multitudes of shouts were heard all through the house, and a scene ensued which we can never forget nor describe. Every mourner was converted and the slain of the Lord were many. Brethren, it pays to trust God, in the dark as well as in the light. The kneeling together in that solemn covenant may have seemed to some preposterous. It was not preconcerted, it was the inspiration of the moment. We believe it was God's plan to arouse faith and turn defeat to victory and lead captivity captive.

I might go on at great length describing the inci-

dents of that meeting, but the time fails. I might tell you of the power and blessedness of our morning meetings, when alone from the multitudes—alone with Jesus—what baptisms came upon us, and how easy it was to hand our mourners over into the hands of Jesus, and how quickly he blessed them and returned them to our warm embrace, to feed and watch over them; but I forbear. Suffice it to say, that the result of the protracted exercises was found to be two hundred and sixty-five additions to the church, and fully that number powerfully converted, embracing all classes of citizens. A large portion of them were heads of families and of the very first ranks of society. Of the number I may name Austin W Morris, brother of General Morris of this city, a most amiable man and efficient worker for Christ till the day of his death. For zeal, piety, energy, hospitality, alms, and practical good sense, Brother Morris left, at his untimely death, few if any equals. His conversion was peculiar and affecting. For a long time he tried to laugh away the solemn impressions that the Spirit of God forced upon him from time to time. One night, after the meeting had been in lively progress about one week, and the house was filled in every part with penitents, we chanced to see Austin Morris sitting on one of the back seats with his head bowed, and weeping. We went to him and said, "Is this you, friend Austin?" and how do you feel to-night?" "I feel," said he, "that I am a guilty sinner before God. I have tried to run away from him, but he has conquered me at last." Then dropping on his knees he began to sob aloud and

to pray for mercy. That mercy soon came, and he soon became a happy Christian, glorying in the cross which he had shunned before.

Also we name Jesse Jones, founder of Third Street Methodist Church in this city, whose life has been a continued benediction to many. Also James Yohn, still living, and still a member of Meridian Street Church, where he has been actively engaged in varied enterprises of the church for many years. Also Judge W W Wick, a man of noble personal bearing and great eloquence at the bar and in the halls of legislation. Also Morris Morris and wife, parents of Austin and General Morris, a noble, patriarchal pair, whose hearts were ever warm with charity, and whose hands were full of good works. He was once our State Auditor. I may also name Samuel Beck, now venerable in age, and a member of Roberts Park Church—"wearied, yet pursuing." I may name, also, Henry Tutewiler, Sen., who, though he united with the church eighteen months before, at the great camp-meeting we held in Military Park, was principally developed at the revival of which we are now speaking; a man full of faith and unflagging zeal—a pillar in the church. I name, also, William Quarles and wife, my warmest and best friends during life. He was an eminent lawyer and devoted to the church.

The time would fail to speak at length of a score of other names, the fruits of that revival; men and women of prominence and great worth, who have done much in laying the foundations of Methodism in this city deep and strong. Of these we name Wm. Han-

naman, Andrew Smith, Theodore and Laura Wick, son and daughter of Judge Wick ; also John F Hill and wife, Wm. Wells, John A. Graham, and scores of others, whose names are in the Book of Life, and whose imprint is indellibly written on the physical and moral character of this city, and on the brightest escutcheon of our beloved Methodism, “*In Memoriam Perpetuam.*”

## CHAPTER XVI.

REV JAMES JONES, OF RISING SUN.

ON the 22d of March, 1790, in the ancient borough of Hereford, England, bordering on Wales, was born an Anglo-Saxon boy, of English parentage, who was destined in after life to make a decided impression on the kingdom of darkness in these western wilds of America, and to strike stalwart blows for Methodism. His parents being thoroughbred members of the English Church, it is presumed he was at an early age dedicated in baptism according to Episcopal usages. At any rate, he was brought up in the strict observance of the forms and outward morality of the *Establishment* till his seventeenth year of age. While fully impressed by his rector and parents with the great value of the Church, its ritual service, its fasts, and other outward formulas, he was also admonished by them against the danger of Non-conformists and folly of all attempts at being over-much righteous, and, in a word, against the fanaticism of those who taught the necessity of a change of heart through the agency of the Holy Ghost. This boy was afterwards known to the world by the patronymic of *James Jones*—a name like that of Smith,



supposed to have lost its identity in the legion of those who bear the name. Hence he determined to rescue it from oblivion and make it honorable.

His father intended to give him a liberal education, to fit him for usefulness; but in this he failed on account of limited resources and the low condition of the common schools of his parish. And so the season for sowing the seeds of a good education having slipped away in youth, his attainments in literature were always defective. This he regretted through life. If his opportunities for scholastic knowledge were poor, his religious opportunities were still worse. His parish priest was given to habits of intoxication, and his parents, in the absence of vital godliness, were superstitious, filling the minds of their children with stories of witchcraft and demonology, which had a darkening and narrowing influence upon their minds and morals. Thus young Jones lived till his thirteenth year, without any conception of the nature of true religion or the new birth. About this time he heard, by chance, that a Methodist preacher was to visit the neighborhood, and though warned by the priest not to hear him, he, notwithstanding, by strategy gained access to his meeting, and heard from his lips truths which were new and startling to him: that men must repent of sin, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be born of the Spirit of God, in order to be saved.

These wholesome truths, however, were soon nullified and banished from his heart by the ridicule of his rector and even by his parents, that these were the delusions of fanatics and must be guarded against. Thus

he became the more hardened in sin and less inclined to all religious instruction.

In the seventeenth year of his age his father left England, and removed with his family to the United States, and settled at Baltimore, Maryland. Here young Jones was apprenticed first to a carpenter and then to a silk dyer ; but both of these positions proved hurtful to his morals and to his religious interests, the one being a drunkard, and the other an iron-clad Calvinist. While with the silk dyer he met with an accident which came near destroying one of his feet, having by mishap slipped into a cauldron of boiling dye. While in this painful and helpless condition, which lasted nearly a year, he thought often of his promises to God ; but still he repented not, and grew harder still. His father, not succeeding in business in Baltimore, determined on another removal westward, and accordingly came to Ohio, and settled in Clermont county, on a farm. The whole country was then new and much of it was dense forest.

Here a circumstance befell young Jones which made a deep impression on his mind, and which probably was mainly instrumental in reforming his life. While attempting to go some distance through the dense forest, on business, he became separated from his company, and woke up to the alarming fact that he was lost in a trackless wilderness. None can ever know the solitude and utter bewilderment that come over the soul in a lost condition but those who have been lost. I know it, for I have been there. Our young friend began to quicken his steps,

and made every effort to regain his lost bearings, but the more he struggled the deeper he became involved in uncertainty and alarm. Night came on apace. The hootings of the owl and noises of other nocturnal birds and beasts of prey were heard about him. He began to cry for help, but none answered. Still he plunged on and on as the darkness gathered fast about him. There he was, alone! alone with wild beasts and the hobgoblins that haunted him in his childhood. He thought of warnings slighted, of mercies unheeded, and he began to call mightily on God for help. The Lord, in pity, heard his cry and sent relief. It came in a signal which he could not mistake, and by it he was directed to a cottage in the wilderness, where he found human help and sympathy, and a night's lodging, and was directed next morning to his home in safety. He now thought, for a season, of his solemn vows to God, but soon lost his convictions and plunged again into sin, realizing what every one of us has felt at some period of our life—

“Now I repent and sin again,  
Now I revive, and now am slain.”

Thus the struggle went on between duty and inclination, between the flesh and Spirit, till the summer of 1810, when the iron will of the young Saxon gave way and he yielded to the will of God.

At this time a camp-meeting was held by the Methodists of the neighborhood near the town of Milford, and under a sermon preached there by Rev. Jesse Justice, followed by a powerful exhortation by Rev. Philip

Gatch, the great deep of his heart was broken up. He went to the altar of prayer, and seemed just on the verge of receiving the blessing of pardon ; but just then Satan again got the victory by thrusting before him a stumbling-stone. A brother, whose zeal was greater than his knowledge, ran into the altar and threw himself on the back of the weeping penitent, and began to try to hasten the work of conversion by pounding him on the back with his clenched fists, till the breath was well-nigh pounded out of him. The young man became angry, and in a moment darkness ensued and he left the altar unsaved, though his convictions remained. Not till the following autumn did he obtain the great blessing which he sought. It was on the memorable 10th of October, 1811, in the twenty-first year of his age, that a new song was put into his mouth. He often told the story : " I was," said he, " earnestly praying for the blessing and for the witness of the Spirit, when, of a sudden, darkness departed from my soul and a bright ecstatic light filled it with peace unutterable and full of glory." From that happy hour, he often said, he was troubled with doubts no more.

From that hour Mr. Jones was fully convinced that it was God's will he should preach the gospel, and a woe was on him if he preached it not. He began first to exercise his gifts as the chaplain in his father's family by saying *grace* at meals and conducting family prayers. This he did at his father's request, who, though he had long been professedly a Christian, took no part in these family devotions which are so becom-

ing godliness. The effect of this new order of things was soon seen and felt in a rapid improvement in family discipline and religion.

On the next Sabbath evening after his conversion he delivered his first public exhortation, which was greatly blessed to his own soul and in the awakening of many sinners who heard him. The next Sabbath following this he made his first attempt at preaching. He seems to have been led to this by Providence without any design on his part. An appointment for preaching had been made and a celebrated minister was expected to fill it. The hour came, the house was crowded with persons anxiously awaiting his arrival, but he came not. Having awaited a long time, the leader of the class arose and announced that the expected minister could not be there on account of sickness, but that young Mr. Jones was present and would address them. This announcement came unexpectedly and fell upon him with overpowering effect. He was dumb and could not at first open his mouth. But daring not to resist the call he rose to his feet and immediately his lips were opened and his mouth was filled with acceptable words. Being himself a *prodigal* recently returned to his father's house, he seized on this subject, so fresh in his experience, and began to speak to the people about the young prodigal, his leaving home, his wasting his goods in riot and prodigality, his consequent misery and degradation, his coming to himself, his resolution to return home, and his fond reception and pardon by his father. While he spoke from his own warm, full heart the people wept and

many were cut to the heart, and that day determined to lead a new life. He now became well known as an active worker in the church and received constant calls to hold meetings for exhortation and prayer.

On the 14th of May, 1812, he was united in marriage to Miss Helena Hewitt, who was a ripe Christian and most faithful helper in all his after trials, in the domestic duties of life, and in the work of the ministry in which he was so long engaged. Never did she complain of privations and hardships, but endured as seeing him who is *invisible*.

In 1812 Mr. Jones enlisted in the war against Great Britain. While engaged in this service, which lasted about one year, he served his regiment in the capacity of a private chaplain, being requested to do so by his officers. His manner of proceeding, though somewhat novel, showed his fearless spirit. He would light a candle and stand in front of his tent and cry out, "Oh yes! oh yes! The service of God is now opened, and all who wish are invited to attend." Some laughed, some mocked, but some paid heed and united in the services, which consisted in exhortation, singing and prayer.

Having returned from the army, he purchased a small home in Milford, where for five years he continued in secular business, but still an active worker in the church as an exhorter and leader of prayer-meetings, seeing many fruits of his faithfulness.

In August, 1817, seven years after his conversion, he received his first license to preach. On the following Sabbath morning, at camp-meeting, he preached

his first sermon as a regular licensed minister. His text was, Rev. iii:20: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." The result of that sermon was most encouraging to himself and friends. At its close twenty-five persons came to the altar of prayer, among whom were his four brothers, all whom were subsequently converted and remained faithful. In September of this year he removed from Ohio and settled at Rising Sun, in this state, where he spent the balance of his days, and where he died and is buried.

Being a resident of that beautiful village so long, say about forty years, of whose fortunes in a social, religious and commercial point of view he was a principal factor, he justly acquired the distinctive title of James Jones *of Rising Sun*. When Charles Carroll, of Maryland, put his name to the immortal Declaration of Independence in 1776, some one said to him, "There are so many Carrolls that the British, when they come to hang us for this act of treason, will not know which Carroll to hang." He immediately seized the pen and wrote opposite to his name, "*of Carrollton*." So the name was ever after signed "Carroll of Carrollton." Henceforth, when the name of our distinguished brother is named, if any have doubts as to which James Jones is meant, let him be told it is James Jones *of Rising Sun*. In this little city he preached, during his protracted ministry, more than a thousand sermons, and even to the last could command as large or larger congregations than any stranger; and here to this day his name

and memory are held in the most sacred veneration by the whole population.

During his long service as a local minister Brother Jones had a great desire to be wholly given up to the work of the ministry, and only awaited an opening of Providence to enter in. At length, in the year 1820, the opportunity came, and he was received on trial by the Ohio Annual Conference, which then embraced the state of Indiana, and perhaps Missouri and Illinois, in its jurisdiction. His first appointment was to White Water circuit, embracing four hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and requiring five weeks to go around it. This was no sinecure. While on this circuit he held a camp-meeting in the Doddridge neighborhood, which was crowned with great success, there being as many as three hundred at the altar of prayer at a time. In the midst of this demonstration of power, an incident occurred which illustrates Mr. Jones's character for faith and courage. A woman of the neighborhood, of good repute, visited the altar and was powerfully converted, and began to praise God aloud. Her husband, a strong, muscular man, and a great sinner withal, witnessing his wife's proceedings, rushed into the altar, and seizing her, dragged her with violence to the rear of the encampment and abused her for disgracing the family. Pacing to and fro before his prostrate victim, he gesticulated in the most violent manner, threatening death to the whole army of Israel if they should dare to interfere. Mr. Jones was called for, and came immediately to the scene of action. He tried to reason with the infuriated man,



but to no effect; he grew more furious. Brother Jones then commanded him instantly to get on his knees and pray. This he treated with derisive insults and blasphemy.

"But you shall pray," said the preacher; and seizing him, he brought the fellow to his knees, and then flat on his face, and seated himself upon his back. If the man was *mad* before, he was insanely so now.

"I will not pray," said he, "if I go to hell the next moment."

"But you must pray or you can not arise from this place," said the preacher.

Mr. Jones then called on the trembling wife to pray for her angry husband, which she did in great tenderness and faith. Then others prayed with great feeling and earnestness. They knew how much depended on victory then.

Next Brother Jones prayed, still sitting on the quivering form of his victim and holding him fast. While he prayed he felt the muscles of the man's arm begin to relax, and other signs that victory was coming. This increased the faith of all present, and every heart began to pray. Soon the man himself began to weep and cry out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and soon the shout of victory came. There stood that rejoicing wife and that conquered husband, rejoicing and praising God together. This was the old style of doing work at camp-meetings, and no man was ever better able to do it than Rev. James Jones.

After closing his labors on White Water Circuit he traveled successively, Oxford, Madison, Lawrenceburg

and Rising Sun Circuits, all of which, in those days, were large in territory and weak in financial resources. His pay was scarcely over one hundred and fifty dollars any one year; often not even that, and small as the amount was, it was often paid in depreciated currency or in *dicker*.

In 1822 he was ordained deacon and received into full connection at the Conference in Marietta. In 1824 he was elected and ordained elder by Bishop Soule. At the close of his labors on Rising Sun Circuit he was so far reduced in finances, with a large, increasing family, that he felt compelled to take a step which he often regretted. He asked and obtained from the Conference a local relation. This he did, not through any flagging zeal in the ministry, but as a necessity to provide for his family's support. His average receipts of quarterage, during the six years he traveled, were about one hundred and ten dollars per year. Upon locating, he vowed solemnly to God that he would, at the first opening of Providence, re-enter the traveling ranks and give his life wholly to God. This vow he faithfully kept, as the sequel will show.

As proof that his zeal failed not when in the local relation, we notice that he often traveled on foot twenty miles on the Sabbath day and preached three times a day, working hard during the week on his secular employment.

In 1827 he left home to spend the winter in New Orleans, where good wages were being paid to house carpenters, which was his occupation. Upon his arrival in New Orleans he had but fifty cents left; still,

with a strong faith and brave heart he went forward, trusting in God, and he was not forsaken. The church in New Orleans happened to be without a preacher at that time, and he was put in charge for the winter by Rev. Benjamin Drake, the Presiding Elder, with permission to pursue his regular secular avocation during the week. In both departments he had success. A gracious revival crowned his labors in the church, and he was well rewarded for his daily labor. In the spring he returned home, and God gave him many evidences of his favor on board the steamer on his upper trip. He reproved profane swearers, broke up a number of dens of gamblers, preached often, distributed tracts, and in many ways rendered himself useful, so that before leaving the boat the captain publicly thanked him for his faithfulness, and invited him always to travel on his boat free of charge; and the passengers held a meeting and passed resolutions of thanks to him for his many kind words and offices to them.

The next two winters he also spent in New Orleans, where he had continued success, both in his secular and church work. He took a leading part in forming the first Seaman's Bethel Society ever established in that city, and for several months was employed by the board of managers as its regular pastor.

In the fall of 1834, having been local eight years, and having greatly improved his financial condition, he again entered the regular work as a traveling preacher. That fall he was appointed to Lawrenceburg Circuit, with Rev. S. T. Gillett as junior preacher.

They found the church in rather a low condition, but applying themselves faithfully to the work revivals began at almost every appointment and a year of success crowned their labors.

The next year Mr. Jones was returned to Lawrenceburg, and received into the church that year almost six hundred persons, including those of the previous year. It is said that while on that work he had the honor of introducing what has since been known among us in the west as protracted meetings. Two days' meetings were popular and common before, but he protracted them, often ten, fifteen and twenty days. Be that as it may, we know that he was an indefatigable laborer. While on Lawrenceburg circuit his greatest victory, however, was the conquest over himself. From his youth he had been intemperate in the use of tobacco; he had often tried to quit it, but as often failed. He felt that it was not only useless but hurtful and indecent, and now he cried mightily to God to help him conquer the appetite. This the Lord did in a signal way. Mr. Jones, often speaking of the conflict, said, "The appetite suddenly left me, and I never desired it again. It was the victory of faith and prayer."

From Lawrenceburg he was appointed to Vevay circuit. Here he met with all forms of infidelity. Universalism was very strong and active, and scepticism was universal. He entered upon his work here as usual, trusting in God and working for victory. At a quarterly meeting in Vevay, in the winter of that year,

an incident occurred which shook that infidel town to its center and quickened the pulse of the church all over the circuit. On Sabbath the usual services passed off without much effect. The preaching was strong and pointed, but still the people seemed to be unmoved. But an undercurrent was at work. Some twenty of their principal citizens, embracing lawyers, doctors, artisans of almost every condition, men of intelligence and influence, seeing the declining moral condition of their town and the growing corruptions and wickedness of every class, became alarmed, and felt that something must be done. They therefore secretly banded together and drew up a paper to this effect: That if an invitation should be given at church that night to sinners to come to the altar of prayer they would all go, and that if any one or more of the number should back out he should be accounted by the rest as a traitor and a coward and perjured villain.

This was strong language, and they all signed it and gave it to the clerk of the court to hold as testimony against them. So, when Sabbath night came, they were all at church. Mr. Jones preached from the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor," etc., and the Presiding Elder, Rev. C. W. Ruter, followed in a strong, feeling exhortation, following it with a pointed appeal to sinners to come to the altar of prayer, where they should find mercy. While he was yet speaking one of the number arose, and trembling, came forward, the whole number instantly following, and besides these, twenty others, not included in the

written covenant, came and kneeled before God at the altar. The whole audience were struck with amazement. Here were their chief men bowed together in prayer, opposing politicians humbled before the cross. The meeting was continued eleven days, and two hundred were converted and added to the church. This was the beginning of a new era to Methodism in the town and vicinity of Vevay.

At the close of his year on Vevay circuit Mr. Jones successively traveled Wilmington two years; then Presiding Elder two years in Rising Sun district; then Jeffersonville atation one year; then Patriot two years; then Elizabethtown one year, and thence to Vernon circuit, which closed his labors as an effective itinerant minister. That fall the strong man gave way before accumulated years, afflictions and labors. Palsied, feeble and broken, he received a superannuated relation, in which he remained till death released him, and he exchanged the cross for the crown of life. And we may add:

“Servant of God, well done;  
Well has thou fought the better fight.”

Superannuation was always, to his active, ardent soul, little preferable to death; nevertheless he bore it patiently six years, rendering such occasional ministerial and other services as his feeble, palsied state would allow. But the final conflict was rapidly approaching, and on the 7th of November, 1856, the busy wheels of life stood still. When no longer able to speak he lifted his hand in holy triumph and pointed

to the skies, and with a serene smile, without a struggle or groan, fell asleep in Jesus. The tidings of his death, though anticipated, rapidly spread abroad, and thousands who had enjoyed his faithful ministry, many of whom claimed him as their father in God, mourned that they should see his face no more.

With a brief analysis of his character we shall close this short sketch of his life.

Mr. Jones had a commanding person, over six feet high and weighing upward of two hundred pounds avoirdupois. Conscious of his physical and mental strength he seemed at times to be magisterial in his modes of address. His head was large, forehead broad and projecting, with heavy eyebrows surmounting a pair of large, gray, piercing eyes, which no man might gaze upon with profane familiarity. His mouth was large and lips heavy and slightly parting, as if to give expression to the mighty spirit and earnest utterances that were within him. His language, though not classical, was correct and forcible, bearing somewhat the Welch or Scotch dialect, though softened with a slight lisping accent. His style of oratory, if it could be called a style, was peculiar to himself. His earnest spirit would submit to no dictation from the schools of eloquence. He never reached his objects of attack by circuitous routes—never doubled Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope to reach a port of entry—but by uncontrollable forces cut directly through them, and before his opponent was aware of his approach he could say, like Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici*. Though unlearned in classical literature, he was by

no means an ignorant man. He possessed, in fact, the most useful learning—the knowledge of experience. He studied men and nature, and was deeply versed in these departments of science. He was well versed, also, in the knowledge of profane and church history and in the doctrines of theology. While he revered the opinions of good men, the Bible was his only infallible text-book and guide in all controversies relating to faith and practice, and with it he was a master.

A prominent trait in his natural character was his sterling Saxon honesty. He used no flattery or deception to gain a point or win applause, and never feared to tell men the truth and the whole truth, if necessary, however unwelcome it might be to their pride. And a most prominent trait in his character as a Christian minister was his strong faith in God. This was the victory, even his faith, which overcame the world. In the darkest hours this never forsook him.

“When I commenced the ministry,” said he, “I asked the Lord to give me three thousand souls as seals of my call. I believed he would do it, and at an early period of my itinerant ministry the number was made up, and still I asked for more and the prayer was always granted almost as soon as offered up.”

By faith he was delivered from several cases of dangerous sickness when hope was abandoned by even his physicians. By faith he was delivered in several dark trials of financial distress, and help came to him from sources least expected, and almost in a miraculous manner, as he believed. By faith he stopped the



mouths of lions, as in the case of the desperate sinner at the Doddridge camp-meeting, whom he commanded to pray, and then threw to the ground and held fast till Satan came out of him, and he praised God with his rejoicing wife.

Mr. Jones never went to any field of labor, however dark the prospect, however low the morals and faith of the people, however hard the work to be done or poor the support, without faith, and confidence, and prayer that he should have success, and *that success* always crowned his efforts. Thus he "believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness." Of him it may be justly said, as of Barnabas, "he was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost, and much people was added to the Lord." He was an indefatigable worker from the hour of his conversion to the hour of his death, "never unemployed, never triflingly employed," and while abounding in ministerial labors his own hands often ministered to his support and that of his family.

It has now been nearly twenty-three years since he was laid away to rest in the quiet cemetery of his own chosen village, Rising Sun, yet his name is like ointment poured forth in the memory of his townsmen, his surviving brethren in the ministry, and thousands in south-eastern Indiana who knew and loved him well.

## CHAPTER XVII.

REV EDWIN RAY

“ His life was brave, but mild ;  
In him the elements so mixed,  
That nature herself might stand  
And point to him with conscious pride,  
And say to all the world, behold a man.”

IN the early spring of 1828 there came a stranger on horseback to my father's house, in the dusk of the evening of a chilly day in March, and asked for lodging for the night. My father then lived on the old Madison road, some twelve miles from the city, and kept a private inn for the accommodation of weary travelers, to which ministers of the gospel were admitted free. The stranger alluded to was invited in and cared for with the best hospitalities the house could afford. There was something about his appearance that at once commanded attention and respect. A young man about twenty-five years of age, ministerial in his appearance, neither grave nor gay, a little above medium height, well proportioned, symmetrical in body and limbs, fine personal appearance, head finely shaped, open countenance and generous ex-

pression, auburn hair, dark blue eyes, large and full, surmounted with heavy, arching eyebrows, that seemed the index of humor, quick perception and strong intellectual powers; in a word, a young man who would command the love and confidence of any judge of mankind. So he seemed to my young imagination, being then a boy of some eighteen years of age. I need not inform the reader that that young man was Rev. Edwin Ray, the subject of this sketch. He was on his way to a quarterly meeting some five miles north of my father's residence, on Graham creek, in what was then known as the Needham settlement. Rev. John Strange was Presiding Elder of the district that year, but being unwell, had employed Mr. Ray, then stationed at Madison, to supply his place at the said quarterly meeting.

Soon after his arrival at our house he informed us his name, his profession, and the object of his visit. All this we had surmised from his outfit—a good horse and a well filled pair of saddle-bags, the usual accompaniments of a Methodist preacher in those days. Having inquired minutely about the neighborhood where the meeting was to be held and the state of the roads leading to it, we gave him the requisite information, stating also that an unbroken forest of black gum swamps stretched out between him and the point of destination, with scarcely a foot-path to direct his way. At all this he seemed nothing daunted, being part of his experience for years past. Turning to me he said: “You must accompany me

to the meeting, so prepare yourself for an early start in the morning. I can not take 'no' for an answer."

Though I was not then a member of the church, and made no profession of religion, I was half inclined to accept his invitation, for already I began to feel the magnetism of his presence and conversation.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, though the weather was very disagreeable, we mounted our horses and plunged into the swamps and sea of mud before us, arriving at Needham's about 11 o'clock A. M., where we found a good audience awaiting the preacher. I do not now remember what Mr. Ray's subject was that day, but I remember well that he made a very favorable impression on his audience, all being loud in his praise.

On Sabbath the house was excessively filled with earnest hearers. His text was from Acts xxiv:25: "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, Felix trembled and answered: Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season I will call for thee." The preacher had not advanced far before we were convinced he was a master in the pulpit. He spoke of Paul in feeling and eloquent terms; spoke of him as a prisoner in chains for Christ's sake; portrayed his courage and eloquence in the presence of courtly power. He then analyzed his discourse before Felix; spoke of righteousness in its application to rulers and to all men; spoke of God's righteous acts, and how he will judge all men in righteousness at the last day. On this item of the

text he became very earnest, and made forcible and affecting appeals to the consciences of his hearers.

He next passed to the consideration of temperance in its more practical bearings upon human conduct and human destiny. He showed how Paul the prisoner, by a master-stroke of policy, made this theme effective on the judgment and conscience of Felix, his haughty judge, while he avoided direct personal attack and recrimination, which might have ruined his cause. He showed by beautiful illustrations the happiness of a life of temperance in all things, especially in our appetites and passions. From these themes Mr. Ray passed to the subject of the judgment to come. On this he put forth his greatest strength and pathos, and made it the more effective by his tears, which often, during the sermon, suffused his eyes and ran profusely down his face, which never appeared more graceful and manly than when draped in tears.

I often heard Edwin Ray preach during the two years he was stationed at Madison, and I think I rarely heard him that tears did not attest the earnestness of his soul in the delivery of his messages from God to men. His style of preaching was always worthy of imitation; scholarly, argumentative, earnest, and pathetic; free from rant, from pedantry, and from cant phrases, and all attempts at wit and levity. His points were always clearly stated, and forcibly maintained by sound logical reasoning, and rendered the more effective by a deep vein of pious emotion, and a rich, unctuous style of delivery.

Under the sermon at Needham's, to which we have

just alluded, there were many convictions for sin, and many wept, especially when he descanted on the language of Felix to Paul: "Go thy way, at a more convenient season I will call for thee," showing that this procrastination has been the fatal pretext of men in all ages, and the cruel device of Satan to keep men from an immediate surrender of their hearts to Christ.

"Ah!" said he, "how many of my hearers to-day have been ruined with this perilous delay 'till a more *convenient* season.' That more convenient time," continued he, "never came to Felix. He never saw or heard the faithful Paul again, but was soon after called back to Rome in disgrace for malfeasance in office, was degraded, banished, and died miserably in exile; and probably," said he, "a more convenient season than this will never come to many of you who are here present."

That appeal, I remember well, came with great force to my own conscience. I was compelled to admit that I had often sinned in the same way; though young, I had often trembled under the mighty power of God's word, and promised to yield my heart to him at no very distant day, and then went away and sinned again and again. I determined, under this appeal, to do so no more, the "Lord being my helper." So when an invitation was given at the close of the sermon for persons desiring salvation to come to the altar of prayer, for the first time in my life I yielded. Tremblingly I arose and forced myself forward. It seemed to me that a thousand demons of unbelief and

carnality stood before me to force me back ; but I said in my heart,

“I’ll go to Jesus, though my sins  
Have like a mountain rose.  
I know his courts, I’ll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.”

At that altar I met, for the first time, Williamson Terrell, well known through Indiana in after years. He was then a young man, probably twenty-two years of age, of noble bearing, full of religious zeal, full of love and sympathy. How cordially he met me and welcomed me to the household of faith. How he stood by me, and wept and prayed and taught me how to seek Christ. I felt then that my soul was bound together with him in the bundle of life. A friendship then began which no hostile influences ever dissolved and death can never devour.

My conversion did not take place that day, nor in fact till about five weeks afterwards, when, on the 11th day of April, 1828, while kneeling in secret prayer near the spot which afterwards became the grave of my sainted mother, the Savior was suddenly revealed to my heart. I ever after regarded Edwin Ray as my spiritual father, as it was under his ministry that day that I was effectually aroused from the torpor of sin to seek salvation ; and, having received Christian baptism at his hands shortly after, I regarded him the more as my father in the ministry.

In the above narrative I have anticipated several facts that belong essentially to this biographical sketch. These we shall now take up in their proper order.

Rev. Edwin Ray was born in Montgomery county, Ky., July 26, 1803. He was the son of Rev. John Ray, an able and useful local minister of the M. E. Church, a man of patriarchal simplicity of manners and modes of living, displaying both in life and in death an unwavering faith and devotion to Christ and his cause. Edwin was converted July 26, 1819, on the anniversary of his sixteenth year of age. His conversion took place at a camp-meeting in Clark county, Indiana. When his father, who was at the meeting, heard of the conversion of his beloved son, in an adjoining tent, he became very happy, and then and there kneeled before God, in the presence of many people, and solemnly dedicated him to God for the work of the ministry, which offering the Lord accepted, and shortly after thrust him out into his vineyard. He entered the ministry in 1822, then in his nineteenth year, and was received on trial in the Kentucky Annual Conference. At the close of his second year he was received into full connection, and at his own request was transferred to the Illinois Conference, which then embraced the state of Indiana under its jurisdiction. His first appointment in the Illinois Conference was to the Vincennes circuit; thence, in 1826, on the Bloomington circuit, and thence, in 1827, on the Indianapolis circuit. In all these charges, which were very large and laborious, he preached with great zeal and usefulness, rising rapidly to distinction among the ministers and people. While on the Indianapolis circuit, of which Indianapolis, then a small town, was one of the preaching places, the old



Wesley Chapel, on Circle street, was erected, mainly through his personal labor and oversight. I have been informed by an old citizen that he often saw Mr. Ray cutting timber in the woods with his own hands and driving a horse team hauling material for the building. These acts, though in the judgment of some might have seemed secular and unministerial, stand greatly to his praise, showing his zeal for the church and for the furtherance of the gospel. He deemed nothing low but sin, and nothing hard that might glorify Christ. While on this circuit he married, during the year 1827, Miss Sarah Ann Nowland, daughter of the Widow Nowland, long and well known in this city as a lady of great energy and purpose of character.

From Indianapolis circuit Mr. Ray was sent to Madison station, in the fall of 1827, where he remained two years. It was during his pastorate in Madison that I formed his acquaintance, and the foundations of that immutable friendship which existed between us were laid. This is more fully stated by Mr. Tevis in his biographical sketch, which may be found at the beginning of this volume.

While in Madison Brother Ray acquired that enduring reputation for learning, eloquence and usefulness in the ministry which raised him to the highest rank of Methodist preachers in Indiana. He was deeply versed in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, in church history and in theological knowledge generally. He was a great admirer of the writings of the early fathers, such men as Ignatius, Polycarp,

Irenæus, Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Origen, Jerome, Chrysostom, Cyril, and many others, whom he could quote with great ease and fluency on all questions of theological discussion. I can not state with certainty that he was a regular graduate of any of our colleges, but he was well versed in the principles of a good scholastic education. His language was always ornate and classical, and his style, both in the pulpit and in social conversation, was scholarly, chaste and perspicuous. He rarely indulged in anecdote or repartee; weightier matters occupied his mind. He was a man of enlarged charity and benevolence, and he everywhere drew about him men of intellectual and refined tastes of all denominations and professions.

During the summer of 1829 his health began to decline, being the result of two prime causes, overtaxed labors and malarial poison, which he had probably contracted while in the Wabash region and in the malarial districts of White river, which at that early day in Indiana were the great hotbeds of fever and its kindred diseases. He was compelled, therefore, to ask of the Conference, at the close of that year, a superannuated relation. This was a sad stroke to him and to the whole Conference. He, however, remained but one year in this relation. His ardent love of the ministry could not admit of entire rest, and he accepted a call about the middle of the year 1830 to Terre Haute, where our church was struggling, under adverse circumstances, to establish herself against many oppositions. He entered with zeal upon his labors in that city, and by the close of the year had succeeded

in making many valuable accessions to our church there, both in the number and quality of the membership, and in other elements of prosperity. There being a universal desire for his return to the station the ensuing year (1831), he was placed on the supernumerary list and returned accordingly by the Conference. To this, however, he consented against his better judgment, feeling himself inadequate to the labor expected at his hands. Though feeble in health, he did the work of an effective man, not counting his life dear unto himself if he could be instrumental in the salvation of souls. He had a year of prosperity; the church was greatly revived and enlarged under his faithful pastoral and pulpit labors, so that in fact he became the father and almost the founder of the M. E. Church in Terre Haute, having brought it to a higher platform of intelligence and respectability than it had ever attained before.

But his labors in that miasmatic region, in his enfeebled condition, were too heavy for him, and he again sank under them. At the close of the year he started to meet the Conference, which that year met in this city, but had proceeded only twelve miles when he was struck down with a severe attack of malarial fever, and was compelled to stop at the house of his faithful friend, Father Barnes, and after lingering eleven days in extreme pain and languishment, he closed his life and labors together. From the first he had but little hope of recovery, but his joy and peace in Christ were unshaken, and he said to his wife and others, "The religion which I have preached and enjoyed has sustained me through life, has comforted

me in many afflictions, and now enables me to triumph in death." Noble words, these, and he sent them to Conference as a message and token to his brethren in the ministry. He was conveyed back, I think, after death, for burial at Terre Haute, but after remaining there several years his remains were brought to this city for final interment and deposited in the old cemetery near the eastern gate of the entrance, where they await the resurrection of the just. His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. John Strange before the Conference on Sabbath, together with that of Rev. James Bankson, a young man of learning and promise, who also had died that year. That solemn service closed, also, the public preaching of Brother Strange, who, in about a year from that time, joined his beloved Edwin in the promised Caanan of rest. The text was from Daniel xii: 3: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

It was a most impressive and solemn occasion. The reader may find a fuller description of it in the fourth chapter of this volume.

Though Edwin Ray died young in years and young in the ministry, hundreds shall rise up in the day of final reckoning and call him blessed. No less than three ministers among the living and dead in Indiana call him their spiritual father, and several chapels of public worship bear his honored name. One of these is in this city, and on it God has poured forth during

this year a great and signal baptism of power as if to perpetuate the memory of his faithful servant. I have always felt that the death of one so young, so good and so useful as Edwin Ray was one of the mysteries of Providence which we may not understand now, but shall know hereafter. When we recount the names of the glorious men who have left the militant church here and joined the church triumphant above, it adds a deeper sadness to earth but a brighter glory to heaven—the courteous Ray, the eloquent Strange, the earnest Griffith, the shrewd and laborious Armstrong, the patriarchal Bishop Roberts, the statesman-like Ames, the heroic Havens, the weeping and polite Ruter, the learned Wiley, the strong, pathetic Eddy, the legal Brenton, the fatherly Thompson, the evangelic Hargrave, the sweet-spirited and thoughtful Beswick, the electric and resistless Berry, the bold and aggressive Jones, the incisive and metaphysical Oglesby, and many others like them, once princes in the army of faith, but nerveless and silent now. We ask is this the end of man, is this the extinguishment of faith, and hope, and love? Oh no! All these died in faith of a better life. What a galaxy of bright stars! What a rich cluster in the crown of the Redeemer!

“And when the summons came to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall  
Take his chamber in the silent halls of death,  
They went not like the quarry slave at night  
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust approached their grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

*Thanatopsis.*

## CHAPTER XVIII.

JOHN LOCK (A BLIND MAN).

WHILE stationed in New Albany in the spring of 1839 we were favored with an extensive and powerful revival of religion at Wesley Chapel in that city, then the only Methodist Church in the city. During the progress of this revival many incidents occurred of peculiar interest, which, if recorded, would doubtless be read with keen relish if not with wonder, even to this day, though they transpired forty years ago.

One of these incidents we will here record, which at the time made a deep and singular impression on our own mind, and which no lapse of time has been able to blot from our memory.

After the meeting had progressed some two weeks, and the excitement had become deep and general, we observed, on a certain night, among the hundreds who entered the church doors with anxiety depicted on their faces, there was a new and peculiar face, which we had not seen before. There was something about this face, and the movements of the man who bore it, that at once riveted our attention. We afterwards learned that his name was John Lock, and that

he was totally blind. As soon as he stepped within the door, in silence and with apparent awe, he seemed to gaze with his sightless eyeballs upon the assembly before him. He was in a strange place, and a new class of emotions were upon him. Having stood thus for a few moments he was conducted by the usher to a seat just in front of the pulpit, where at the moment there was a vacant seat. Advancing forward with firm step he cautiously felt his way with his faithful staff along the aisle. As soon as seated, as if by instinct, he fixed his sightless eyes on the pulpit, and there he remained gazing in silence, as if just ushered into a new world, and new and strange thoughts had arrested him. We at once comprehended his situation: that he was blind, and that he had been led there partly by curiosity, having heard of what was going on, but more especially by the Spirit of God, which was about to illumine his dark soul and bring him to the knowledge of salvation. Though we had prepared to preach a short sermon that night on another subject, yet, as soon as this man presented himself before us, our thoughts were instantly changed into another channel, and these words were forced upon our attention: "For judgment I am come into this world, that they that see not might see, and they which see might be made blind." (See John ix:39.) We had never preached on these words before, nor had they impressed us with any special force; but now we could think of no other text and no other theme than Christ as a giver of light to the blind. So, after a short preliminary service, the text was announced.

If the attention of the blind man had been fixed before it was intense now. This thought seemed to absorb him: I am blind, groping my lonely and dubious way through thick darkness. Here is one who says he came into this world to give sight to the blind and light to them who sit in darkness. Surely I need such help, such a friend.

So both preacher and hearer were prepared by the Spirit of God for their appropriate duty that night; the one to preach Christ, the other to hear and receive him. As we unfolded the doctrines of the text that blind man seemed to be alone before us, and we had faith to believe he would be healed. We spoke to him of Jesus; how he was the friend of the poor; how he received sinners and ate with them; how he cleansed the lepers; how he unstopped the ears of the deaf and opened the eyes of the blind; how a certain blind man at Jericho cried to him as he passed by, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me," and how Jesus had compassion on him and called him to come near and said to him, "Receive thy sight," and how the blind Bartimeus leaped and shouted for joy the moment his sightless eyes, in obedience to the command of Jesus, were opened upon the beautiful light of this world, and his soul received the divine light of heaven. As we proceeded in this train of thought we perceived to our great joy the man began to bow his head and wipe the tears from his sightless eyes, and intense emotion began to agitate his whole large frame.

The sermon ended, an invitation was given for



penitents to come to the altar of prayer. Among scores who rushed forward, as if eager who should first step into the agitated pool, or who should first touch the hem of Christ's garment, was this blind man. Tremblingly he arose and was led to the altar by his conductor, feeling his way with his staff. He remained kneeling till the close of the meeting in earnest, agonizing prayer. That night he did not receive the blessing, but was tenderly exhorted to come back the next night, and continue seeking till he should find.

The next night he was promptly at his place and at the altar of prayer, where he continued with increased faith and ardor to struggle for the blessing. The third night he was back again and promptly at the altar, where, with even increased earnestness, he continued to seek for light. He seemed to say, like wrestling Jacob,

“Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.”

We have reason to believe that for awhile he expected a literal restoration of sight. This mistake the tempter used to baffle him. Poor man! He had been, from the fourth year of his age, in total blindness, an offcast from society, struggling in deep poverty and raised in utter ignorance of the true nature of religion, and when first told from the pulpit of the wonderful power of Christ to open the eyes of the blind he seized on this as a literal fact in regard to himself, and probably came to the altar the first and

second nights with a kind of indefinite faith that this would be accomplished. But when it was explained to him that the light which Christ imparts to those who receive him by faith is light to the soul—spiritual light to those who walk in darkness—though disappointed at first, he quickly adapted himself to that view of the subject, and then he was near the kingdom. His struggles in prayer now became exhausting to his strong frame, and he sank in self-despair. He had now come to the last extremity of human weakness and blindness, and at that fit moment Christ revealed himself; the darkness which for forty years had brooded over his soul like midnight suddenly departed, and joy unutterable filled his heart. He arose from his seat, bathed in sweat and tears, and shouted “Glory!” and said in strong language: “Oh, my friends, I see it now! Oh, the light, the beautiful light!” Repeating the text, he said: “‘For judgment have I come into this world, that they which see not might see.’ I see it now”

It was truly affecting to see him as he stood there in a kind of dreamy bewilderment, praising Christ. Every heart in that assembly rejoiced with him, and every eye was wet with tears. That night at about ten o’clock he became a member of the church militant, and from that hour he became a meek, humble and devout Christian. Before this he had been profane and sensual.

And now you will desire to know the sequel of this blind man, a sequel even more wonderful than the beginning. We have told you he was converted and

joined the church on the evening of the 1st of March, 1839, about ten o'clock. On the evening of the 1st of the following September, at the same hour of the night, just as his church probation of six months ended, his happy spirit entered into the joy of his Lord, and he received the crown of life. His sickness was short and painful. He longed to depart and be with Christ. It was Sabbath evening. After church he sent for me to come and see him die. I went in haste and found him in his humble hut, where there was but one feeble light burning in the corner of the room, and one faithful nurse sitting by his bedside. He called me to come and sit near him. I saw that the struggle of mortality was most over, though he had strength of voice yet to speak in a whisper. I took his cold hand in mine, and said, "Brother Lock, you will soon be with Christ, who saved you according to his word. Have you a dying testimony to leave for your brethren?" He replied "yes," and then thanked me for that sermon, which he said brought him to Christ; and, said he, "Tell all my brethren farewell. We shall meet in heaven. I am not afraid to die, I am glad to die. For forty years I groped in the blackness of darkness between two black walls which reached up to heaven on either side. I had forgotten the face of my mother and the likeness of every earthly object, and, worst of all, I was blind to all spiritual things; darkness above, beneath, around me—all was dark. But oh, the blissful light that beams in the face of Jesus. I am going to that world

of light, where there is no more darkness. Jesus is the light of the place.”

You will perceive that his whole theme was *light*. Pausing a moment as if to get breath, he resumed, and said, pointing his finger, “What is that bright light which is shining there on the wall?”

I said, “Brother Lock, I see no light on the wall.”

“Oh, yes,” said he, “there is surely a bright light shining there.”

I replied, “Perhaps it is Jesus come for you.”

Lifting his hand in holy triumph, he calmly said, “Yes, it is Jesus, and ‘glory in his face appears.’”

I kissed his cold hand, and he was gone. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

It may be useless to speculate about the nature of that light which this dying man saw on the wall of his dying chamber. That it was real to him there can be no doubt. Some will say it was purely imaginary; others will probably admit it was divine, spiritual light, just then sent to cheer him; but we think it was real, material light, sent from God. What could be more desirable to a blind man, having for forty years been in total darkness—shut in, to use his own language, between two black walls, where no ray of light could come—than to get even a glimpse of light?

Mr. Lock had often said to me, “Oh, if I could only open my eyes for a moment or two on the beautiful light of this world I think I should be satisfied.” This was an innocent and natural desire. When King Hezekiah was sick unto death he desired the Lord to cause the shadow to go back fifteen degrees on the

dial-plate of Ahab, as a *visible* proof that God would add fifteen years to his life. The Lord yielded to his desire. When Gideon was called to be the leader of Israel he desired a sign that the Lord had indeed spoken to him, as in the case of dew upon the fleece, and it was done. Elijah at Horeb desired to *see* the glory of God, in a special exhibition of himself, and it was granted. So this poor blind man had longed, during forty years in darkness, to see one glimpse of material light. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the desire was granted in that dying chamber, when *brightness* shone upon the wall? “Is not the *secret* of the Lord with them who fear him?”

# APPENDIX.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE SOUL—ITS ESSENCE, FACULTIES AND DESTINY.

“How wonderful, how complicate is man !  
Of different natures marvelously mixed ;  
Distinguished link in being’s endless chain,  
Midway from nothing to the Deity—  
A worm, a god—

We tremble at ourselves, and in ourselves are lost.”

*Young’s Night Thoughts.*

“KNOW THYSELF.” This proverbial precept of the Grecian philosopher has never been and never can be fully accomplished in this life. Man is to himself the greatest of unfathomed mysteries on earth. The problem of human existence has been the chief study of the wisest of men in all ages, but none have solved it—no, not one. Even the most enlightened of the Hebrew prophets said of the human heart—which means the soul, the thinking power—that it is the most subtle, hidden and inscrutable of all things, and none can know it. He alone who made it can read it and understand it. Nevertheless it is our duty, by every means in our power, by the light of the experience of near six thousand years, by the utterances of Pagan and Christian philosophers, by the



teachings of physical and metaphysical science, and by that higher and surer light, the revealed word of God, to continue our investigations into this, the highest of all earthly wisdom, the knowledge of ourselves.

We enter on this investigation, we trust, with suitable modesty and distrust of ourselves, and devoutly implore the aid of that divine Spirit which alone can give understanding to the spirit of man. What, then, we ask, is the *soul*? Is it matter, or is it spirit? If matter, what is matter? If spirit, what is spirit? Is it the cause or effect of material organization? In other words, does the soul by action produce the body, as the bee produces its cell and the snail its shell, or does the body by organic action produce the soul? Both these theories have been advocated by learned men. This last theory was taught by Epicurus, that most acute Grecian philosopher, who flourished some two hundred and fifty years before Christ, and whose opinions were afterwards embraced by the Sadducees. He conceived the soul to be a fine, elastic, sublimated *gas* or *aura*, composed of the most subtle portions of the atmosphere, as caloric and vapor, and introduced into the system in the act of respiration, elaborated by peculiar organs, and united with a something still lighter, rarer and more active than all the rest, and wholly incapable of detection by the senses, bearing a strong resemblance to electric or galvanic gas of modern times. The soul thus produced Epicurus affirmed must be material, because it exists alone in a material system, is nourished alone by material food, grows with the growth of the body, be-

comes matured with the maturity of the body, declines with its decay, and hence must die with the death of the body. Now, all this is plausible, and from Nature's stand-point who can overthrow his argument?

The reasoning of Plato, that greatest of Grecian sages next to Socrates, who had no peer, was almost the reverse of Epicurus. He taught that the soul is a motley *triad* produced by an emanation from the Deity himself, the eternal intelligence uniting itself with the soul of the world—whatever that was—and also with a certain portion of matter. In his celebrated *Phædo* Plato teaches that this compound structure had a pre-existent being, and is immortal in its own nature; and as it did exist in a separate state before its union with the body, it will probably continue to exist in the same manner after the death of the body. This, to say the least, is ingenious, and resembles somewhat the teaching of Pythagoras, the author of the Metempsychosis, or doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and whose system is prevalent to this day in most of the Eastern nations.

But the most noble and virtuous of all the Grecian sages was Socrates. He wrote and spoke of the soul almost with the faith and clearness of a Christian divine. He believed that it is allied to God, not in essence, but by similarity of moral nature, and hence that the existence of good men will be continued in the future state, where they shall be rewarded for their virtue in this life. He said but little of the condition of the wicked after death, but supposed that they will be less happy than the righteous. In his last moments

he triumphed in the clear conviction of his own immortality. Drinking the deadly hemlock adjudged to him by his ungrateful countrymen, he soon expired, with a vow of consecration on his lips, showing a grandeur of faith in God and benevolence toward men never surpassed among merely mortal men.

The philosophers who have written of the material and immaterial nature of man along through the ages, have generally fallen into two errors: first, that matter is essentially evil, and therefore essentially destructible; and, secondly, that spirit is essentially incorruptible and immortal. Neither of these positions can be proven by science or revelation.

When God created the material body of man out of dust he pronounced it good—absolutely void of evil of any kind. It was as pure as the living spirit which he breathed into it, and it became a living soul. Therefore, if evil resides in the body, it is accidental, and not essential to it. Neither is it destructible in the sense of annihilation. Matter is continually changing forms, but is never destroyed. The diamond which to-day sparkles in the crown of empire, the purest and hardest of material substances, to-morrow, by a chemical agency, is reduced to a loathsome gas, which would defile the hands of a blacksmith, and by chemical action may become a diamond again; and the ocean of waters which covers three-fifths of the surface of the earth is clearly proven to be the ashes of a former globe reduced by the action of fire, and though we are informed by revelation that the earth that now is is destined to fire again, and shall pass

away from its present form with a great noise, like the explosion of gas, yet it shall be a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

The block of coal you see in the grate, looking so black, opaque and cold, when brought in contact with the fire, sends forth a beautiful bright flame, and this again, by further chemical processes, is more highly etherealized into pure invisible gas, and seems to have passed away. But is it lost? No, not a particle has perished. Science teaches us that it has gone into the great store-house of gases, the atmosphere, and shall return from thence on the earth, in forms of rain and snow and other combinations, to fertilize the ground, promote vegetation, build up the forests, support the lungs of men and beasts and fill the earth with riches, food and gladness. So the process goes on from age to age, change succeeding change, but no annihilation.

The truth is, matter is as little understood as spirit, and the line dividing between them is so indistinct that it can scarcely be discerned at all in many aspects of each. Thus the question was long and fiercely debated among the philosophers, whether space is material or immaterial.

If not matter, said one, it must be spirit, for we can not conceive of a third quality; but it can not be material, for it is infinitely extended, and matter can not be infinite in measure. If we say it is material, then we contradict an established axiom in physics, that two material substances can not occupy the same point of space at the same time; but we know that the great

globes of our system float in space without hindrance or abrasion.

If space, then, is not matter, it must be spirit, said another. This was the difficulty pressed by Descartes, the champion of materialism in his day. But he only raised one difficulty to avoid another as great. If space be immaterial, it seems to lack intelligence, though it possesses infinitude, and so we are reduced to the absurd conclusion that there are two infinite immaterial principles in the universe, God and space; one intelligent, the other not. But if space be neither material nor immaterial, what is it? Here I leave the question, with the exclamation of the apostle, "Oh, the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God! His wisdom is unsearchable, and his ways past finding out."

Let us now notice the other error, that spirit is essentially indestructible and immortal. This supposes it to be possessed of an independent immortality, which alone can be affirmed of God, "who only hath immortality dwelling in the light." If anything in the material or immaterial world possesses the principle of immortality it is a superadded property not essential to it. I hold that immortality was given both to the body and soul of men in the gift of Jesus Christ, who is declared to be the life of men; not only their moral and spiritual life, but their physical life also. "In *him* we live and move and have our being." In Adam all life was forfeited; in Jesus Christ both natural and spiritual life are regained. Thanks be unto God for the unspeakable gift! We can not be

too deeply impressed with the truth that, in all discussions about the nature and duration of the soul, divine revelation is our only sure teacher. The moment we ignore that we launch out on an ocean of endless myths and uncertain conjectures. Most of the Oriental nations believed, and do still believe, in the immortality of the soul, but only on the sublime and mythical theory of emanation and immanation as a part of the great soul of the universe, issuing from it at birth and resorbed into it at the death of the body, and hence altogether incapable of an individual existence or separate state, just as the mists are absorbed by the sun's rays from the bosom of the ocean and fall back into it in drops of rain. This is *communism* of the worst character. I would rather be a hermit, and be myself. This is the religion of Brahma and of Buddha, the chief deities of the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindoos and most pagans of the Eastern world. It is a modification of pantheism, which, in fact, is a philosophical species of idolatry leading to atheism, in which the universe of mind and matter is considered and worshiped as the supreme god. This form of atheism prevailed to some extent even in England during the last century. Alexander Pope, one of the finest of English bards, and the author of that elegant "Essay on Man," is charged with pantheistic sentiments, when he says, "All are but parts of one unbounded *whole*, whose body *Nature is*, and God the *Soul*."

Now, from all these monstrous forms of atheism and mysticism let us turn our attention to the famous

schools of Arabia the blest, where the learned men of Teman and Dedan flourished, from whence Job and Bildad and Elihu drew inspirations of learning, and from which originated, as to style at least, that most learned and elegant of all ancient poems, the book of Job, and we shall find in all these no intelligent allusion to the soul or its future existence. The tradition of a future state of rewards and punishments seems to have been recognized among them, but that future state meant only the resurrection of the body, and not a survival of the soul after the dissolution of the body.

Solomon, who lived many centuries after Job, and who evidently received his royal education in those learned schools of Arabia, seems to have fallen into the error of materialism. It should be remembered that Solomon was without the light of the Christian Scriptures. He wrote as a materialist. His hope of the future life, like that of others, was predicated on the belief of the resurrection of the body, as taught in those Arabian schools, and not in the future existence of the spirit. Hence he says: "God showeth unto men that they are beasts, for that which happeneth unto men befalleth unto beasts; even one thing befalleth them alike, as dieth the one so dieth the other; yea, they all have one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast, for all is vanity." Eccl. iii: 19. Here he seems to utterly ignore the future of the soul, though he did not deny the future existence of man, for he said, "Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in thy youth, and

go on in thy folly, but know that for all these things God will bring thee into the judgment."

Now after all these vaporings of learned men, these shadowy teachings of learned schools, these endless "oppositions of science falsely so called," how delightful it is to rest our souls, weary with disputations, on the authority of Christ's teaching and that of his apostles. Here there is no shadow, no doubt, no mysticism, as to the fact itself of our future existence. Here both soul and body are recognized as subjects of immortality, not immortal in themselves by any inherent principle, but because it hath pleased the Father to bestow it through redemption. As soul and body have mysteriously united in the covenant of life here, so they shall be united forever in the marriage covenant of future and endless existence. To quote all the Scripture proofs of this glorious future of man, would be to quote a large portion of the New Testament. Why a temporary separation of soul and body became necessary during the passage of the grave science can not explain, and revelation is silent on the subject. That the soul had a separate existence from the body before God breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul, we have no proof, so that the doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul, or its transmigration, is fabulous. But that it shall have, after the death of the body and prior to the resurrection, a separate and independent existence, there is abundant proof. See Paul to the Corinthians, v:1-8: "We know that if our house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made



with hands, eternal in the heavens." We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord. In this tabernacle we groan, desiring to be clothed on with our house which is in heaven. Truly,

"The soul dissatisfied and confined from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

All this language is unmeaning if the soul have no separate and independent existence from the body. The Scriptures are so clear on this point that it need not be further argued here.

But there is a question concerning the soul about which the Holy Scriptures are silent, and science seems incapable of solving the mystery. The question relates to the mode by which the soul holds intercourse with the outward material world. It has generally been supposed that this intercommunication is effected through the medium of the five senses, seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, tasting, and these only. This ordinarily seems to be the established law of our compound nature; but still the mystery is not solved, for how is it possible for an outward material object to reach the soul, through the eye for instance? Science tells us it is through the optic nerve, which connects between the retina of the eye and the brain, the supposed home of the soul. This is all beautiful in theory, but these are words without knowledge. This optic nerve, like the telegraphic wire, reaches the material brain, but can reach no further, and still there is a boundless, impassable gulf between matter and

spirit. How, then, is the idea, or image of the distant horse or tree, conveyed from the brain to the soul? What is that *connecting* link? Here is an end of reason, and all we can say about it is the teaching of Revelation: "There is a spirit in man, and the Spirit of God giveth it understanding." It is not true that the five material senses are the only media through which the soul receives knowledge of an outward material world.

There is a curious piece of history on record which I think proves this. I refer to the history of Laura Bridgman, of Boston, and her full restoration to the knowledge of a material world by the skill of Dr. S. G. Howe, director of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb of Massachusetts, a man whose fame has since filled the civilized world, on account of this wonderful restoration. So long as history remains the names of Dr. Howe and Laura Bridgman will be associated together. He may be said almost to have created a soul, an intellect, in this unfortunate yet wonderful child. The case is this: Laura, in childhood, say one or two years of age, lost, by scarlet fever, the use of every physical sense save that of feeling, and even that was so far destroyed that only one spot of nervous sensibility remained on her entire system, and that was in the palm of her hand. Sight and hearing gone, taste and smelling gone, and feeling all gone except this isolated spot. Thus she seemed forever shut up in dark prison walls from the knowledge of this beautiful outward world. In this deplorable condition this poor child remained for several years. Still she

grew in size and developed in beauty, and her health remained perfect. The whole city was stirred in her behalf. The piteous cry was often put forth by her parents and friends, "Can't something be done to relieve this child from a living grave and bring back this quenched spirit into communion with the visible world?" At length Dr. Howe, who at first was incredulous, was induced to undertake her case. But where to begin was the anxious question. Had an eye or ear only remained, through that one lone passage he might reach her soul and call it forth from its dark prison. But no; all avenues were closed but this one living spot in her hand. At first he hoped, by a course of powerful medical or surgical remedies, to remove the obstructions which fell disease had fastened on her senses. But this was found impossible after many efforts. He then, hoping against hope, addressed himself in earnest to his great work, the restoration of that beautiful child to light, to reason, to her mother and the world. So, by a system of tactics as strange as they were profound, which I have neither genius or time to explain to you, this great man of faith and benevolence began to reach Laura's soul through this lone spot of living nerves. He touched that spot with something soft; then *one* idea was gained; then with something hard, and *two* ideas were lodged in the brain. So he went on combining ideas till the letters of the alphabet were learned; then spelling came, then reading; next mathematical signs were communicated, and these were combined into mathematical calculations, and so on through the usual processes

till the elements of common school education were mastered.

But now the greatest trial came, which to psychologists seemed insuperable, how to communicate to this dark soul moral and spiritual ideas for which there were no tangible representative characters at the command of her great teacher. But genius, which is another word for the great soul in action, now began to put forth her resources equal to the emergency. Dr. Howe, by processes new to himself, astounding to the world, and wholly indescribable by me, overcame this difficulty also, and soon, by certain expressions in the countenance of his young pupil, he discovered that his effort was crowned with success, that the seeds of moral thought and spiritual affection which he had planted were producing fruit. The name and sacred relations of father, mother, friend, and above all God, heaven, life, virtue, and so on, were conceived and understood by his darling little pupil, whom thus miraculously he had snatched, as it were, from chaos and from the dead. The sequel may be told in few words: Laura Bridgman grew to womanly estate, beautiful in form, intelligent in features, gentle and dignified in manners, a Christian in faith and practice, scholarly in tastes, facile in the use of the pen and the sign manual, and an ornament to society. Next to her God, she adored Dr. Howe, her great deliverer, and he loved her in return, not as a child only, but as a first born, begotten from the dead.

Now, with such an example before us, who can say that even in this life the soul may not, independently

of the five senses, hold communion with an external and material world.

When this case was first reported to the learned philosophical societies of France and England it excited great attention, not only because it was wonderful in itself, but especially as it afforded certain psychological phenomena of great value to mental philosophers; and those who leaned to materialistic doctrines seized upon it as a triumph to their system, affirming, in a word, that all this rich garniture of knowledge which characterized Laura Bridgman, had been communicated to her through that tissue of living nerves and through that only. Others, who took the higher spiritualistic view of our nature, affirmed that *that* was impossible, even on the ordinary hypothesis that the five material senses are the only mediums by which the soul can receive knowledge of a material world. Thus, they said, and said truly, if the soul can only receive the knowledge of *objects* and *colors* through the eye, and the knowledge of *sounds* through the ear, the *flavors* through the taste, then it follows that it can only receive the knowledge of certain qualities of bodies through feeling, such as hot, cold, round, square, triangular, soft, hard, etc.; consequently the only knowledge of a material world which Laura could possibly receive through that channel of feeling, that tissue of sensitive nerves, would have been confined to the qualities above named. But how does this agree with the facts of the case? Hers was an encyclopedia of knowledge, not only of the moral and spiritual, but

also of the material world in all its conditions and aspects.

I hold that the soul has an independent action over matter. If it can look across that gulf which must forever divide between matter and spirit, and then look down through the material brain along the optic nerve and through the lenses of the eye, all which are material, and thence out through the atmosphere, which is also material, and fix its vision on material objects, why may it not, independent of all these intermediate links, leap forth directly into a material world, and see, and feel, and know things as they do exist? Prof. Reid, an eminent Scotch metaphysician of the last century, sustains this view of the subject. He lays down the three following propositions: "1. There exists in the mind of man various ideas or conceptions, both physical and metaphysical, which we have never derived from sensation. 2. There must therefore exist, somewhere in man, a third percipient principle from which such ideas alone proceed. 3. From this percipient power there is no appeal. It is higher in its knowledge and surer in its decisions than the outward senses or reason itself, and gives us an assurance of the existence of an external world, independent of the material senses."

If this be true, it at once explains the otherwise inexplicable mystery of Laura Bridgman's restoration and many other similar cases.

Prof. Dugald Stewart records an instance of a boy who was born blind and deaf, who had a clear idea of sounds and colors. On no other hypothesis can this

be explained than that laid down by Dr. Reid. In no other way can we explain how the soul sees a material world in dreams when all the senses of the body are closed; and on the same principle disembodied spirits see and commune with this material world. "Are they not sent forth to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation?"

We close with an incidental remark on the phenomenon of sleep. This is but little understood.

Sleep is an affection of the soul, and not of the body, as many suppose. The refreshment which the body receives during sleep is from the suspension of the active and agitating nature of the mind, and not from the suspension of the material functions. These are not suspended in sleep. The heart pulsates, the blood circulates, the pulse beats, the lungs heave, respiration goes on, all the functions of digestion are active as before, but the man lies as motionless, as unfeeling, as senseless as if he were dead. Reason and consciousness are gone. What is this, and how is it? The truth is, the body is awake, so to speak, but the mind or soul is at rest. Its domination over the material organs has wearied and exhausted them, and for sweet compassion's sake it suspends its power for a season and gives them rest. How it does this no man can tell. Perhaps when the perfect state has come we shall know "even as we are known."

## CHAPTER II.

### HUMAN DEPRAVITY CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF REASON AND DIVINE REVELATION.

“No hyssop branch or sprinkling priest,  
No running brook, or flood, or sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.”

IT is no pleasant task to write or speak on this subject, and we have chosen it as our theme more from a sense of duty than pleasure. Human depravity is a dark picture in theory, and more so in the facts that prove it. But the doctrine of total depravity is the most repugnant of all. It humiliates the pride of man, pronounces his boasted reason foolishness before God, and all his fancied righteousness as filthy rags. In every age of the world there has been a studied opposition to this doctrine, not only among all heathen nations, but even among many who receive Christianity as a revelation from God. It is sad to think that at this very time, when the Holy Scriptures are so generally diffused abroad, when evangelical Christianity is so earnestly, so extensively preached, there is a growing, deep-rooted hatred of the doctrine of total depravity; in fact, of depravity at all. French and



German philosophy ridicules the doctrine, at least so far as it supposes the virtue and ultimate happiness of mankind depend on the mediation and sacrifice of Christ. The Roman Catholic Church generally maintains, not only in its dogma of the immaculate conception of Mary, but also in its general theory of justification and salvation, an arrogant creed that teaches that peace and pardon to the sinner rest more on personal merit than on the atonement of Jesus Christ, and that the corruption of our nature by the sin of Adam was more a degradation of the corporeal part of man than of his mental and moral nature. Among scientists and rationalists, not only Darwin and Huxley and Tyndall ridicule the idea of human depravity in the sense in which Christ and his apostles teach it, but thousands of inferior lights hold it in derision. Among Christian sects, even, there are many, not only in Europe, but in this country, who hold it loosely and indifferently. The whole Unitarian Church lower the standard of Calvinistic and Arminian teaching on this subject. In their effort to exalt human reason they degrade the authority of the Bible, and they degrade Christ in exact proportion as they exalt human merit and human capability. These results always follow. They are correlative ideas. The more desperate the disease, the more highly we appreciate the knowledge and skill of the physician who cures it. The more desperate we regard the moral condition of human nature, the more will we exalt and magnify the divine grace which has undertaken its radical cure. The facts thus stated, the

growing hostility to the doctrine of total depravity and the lowering of the standard of the Christian pulpit in many places on the subject, have induced me to notice this theme on this occasion with an humble desire to do what I can to maintain the ancient standard of our faith.

Now, what is the teaching of the M. E. Church in regard to this doctrine? In the seventh article of our faith we find this language: "Original sin standeth not in the following of Adam (as the Pelagians do vainly talk), but it is the corruption of the nature of every man who is naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam, whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and of his *own nature* inclined to evil, and that continually." To this article of faith every minister in the church, as a condition of entering into the ministry, solemnly subscribes.

Nearly all the evangelical churches, from the Apostles down to this time, have incorporated this article substantially in their Confession of Faith. The Presbyterian, the English or Protestant Episcopal, the Lutheran, the Baptist, the Congregational, the Methodist Episcopal Church, the German Reformed, and in fact all others who are sound on the doctrine of Christ's divinity and the efficacy of his atonement for sin.

While these churches differ on some minor points of faith, they firmly agree on this cardinal doctrine, that man is fallen from original purity and righteousness, and is totally corrupt in his whole physical, mental and moral nature. But it is a matter of little importance that so large a portion of the protestant and

evangelical churches agree on this point, if the holy Scriptures are silent or doubtful on the subject. Our next point, therefore, is to inquire as to the testimony of the infallible Word on this doctrine. Between Christ and all the Prophets and Apostles there is no conflict. Their testimony is consistent and explicit throughout.

Moses tells us in the beginning of the sad drama, that God created Adam and Eve in his own likeness and image, and pronounced them "*very good.*" Some have doubted as to the precise meaning of the "likeness and image of God" in which man was originally created; but Paul says it was righteousness and true holiness. This is explicit enough. Moses then goes on to tell us, that after a certain probation in Eden, this pair transgressed the law of God, being tempted of the devil, and that they thereby so far lost the beautiful image in which God created them, that they first feared God, and tried to hide from his presence and began to throw their sin on each other, and finally the responsibility of it on their Maker. Here was evidence of a great fall in righteousness and innocence and holiness into darkness and ignorance and hypocrisy and moral and physical death. It is true, God in pronouncing the terrible curse on them, gave them at the same time the promise of a Redeemer; but this promise was not intended to reverse the penalty of death on the body nor the penalty of death to the soul only as it should be averted by faith in this promised Redeemer. Whether Adam and Eve received Christ by faith and were restored and saved through him, we

are not informed. Probably they were regenerated through faith in this Almighty Savior; but this did not and could not change the natural condition and moral nature of their posterity any more than regenerated parents now can produce by natural generation a spiritual and regenerated offspring. This can only be done by re-creation of the offspring by the agency of the Holy Ghost. Adam begat a son in his own likeness and image as a natural man, but he could not beget a spiritual son in the likeness of the Son of God. As Adam was of earth, earthy, so were his offspring. As Adam was a compound being, made of soul and body, so were his offspring. How otherwise could they be in his likeness and image? It seems to me to be trifling to say that Adam could only produce his physical nature in bodily likeness, but could not generate a soul, much less the attributes of the soul. All nature teaches us a different lesson. God said in the beginning, "Let every tree bearing seed produce fruit after its kind, and it was so." Thus we see the peach, the apple trees and vine producing their respective fruits from generation to generation, not only the woody and palpable portions, but the impalpable and unseen flavors and fragrances peculiar to each. And is this law reversed in the propagation of the human race? It is not good theology or good philosophy to say so.

So then Adam begat a son in his own likeness, having a soul and body like his father, and possessing likewise his moral dispositions. His first born was a

murderer. Filled with envy, jealousy and hatred, he slew his brother, not from force of example, but malice prepense.

And now, as the human family began to increase, we see these dire passions of Adam's fallen nature beginning to fill the earth, so that in the seventeenth century violence and rapine and murder filled the world, and God determined to destroy the race, save Noah and his family. It repented him that he had made man. He said, even then, that the thoughts of the imaginations of his heart were *only evil*, and that continually. Fix your thought here for a moment on this terrible picture: *Every* thought of man's heart *only evil*, no mixture of good, and that *continually*—no intermission.

What becomes now of Pelagianism, and those who hold with him, that man after the fall of Adam was not wholly corrupt, that much of good remained in him, and that his evil deeds are rather from force of example than from any innate corruption of his moral nature. But how was it after the flood? Were men cured of this dire wickedness by this awful expression of God's wrath against sin? Alas! the world grew worse instead of better. Wars, and murders, and violence, and hate went on till they culminated in the murder of the Son of God.

David, giving a picture of the world of mankind in his day, more than a thousand years after the flood, says: "The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men to see if there were any that did understand and seek God," and what was the result of

this divine inspection? He declared, "They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." This is a dark picture. It seems to me that if men are born pure some would, from the very force of inward integrity *born* in them, have been found of God doing good and seeking after him, notwithstanding the prevalence of wicked examples around them, but there was not *one* such case found. It is said of Diogenes, the old cynic philosopher of Greece, that he used to go about Athens with a lighted candle day and night, as if searching for something. Being asked what was the object of his search, he said, "I am hunting for a righteous man, but I can find none in all Greece." So God looked down from heaven and searched among all the children of men for a good man, but found not one. St. Paul sums up the condition of the heathen world in his day in the following bill of charges (see Rom. i): "Through the *lusts* of their own hearts, not desiring to retain the knowledge of God, he gave them up to vile afflictions, being *filled* with *all* unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, *full* of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." The heart naturally shudders at this terrible picture of human depravity. The apostle seems immediately to anticipate an objection from the Jew, who would say, "This dark picture of human depravity does not apply to us, who are the children

of Abraham, who have the law and the covenants of God ; it only applies to the Gentile, who has not the knowledge of God," and he meets it thus: "What, then ! are we (Jews) better than they ?" No, in no wise, for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles to be under sin. As it is written, "there is none that doeth good, no, not *one*. All have gone out of the way, none seeketh after God ; their throat is an open sepulcher ; with their tongues they have used deceit ; the poison of asps is under their lips, and the way of peace they have not known."

Now search what records you please, ancient or modern, Jewish or Gentile, among savage nations or civilized, and you will find that the history of man everywhere exactly corresponds with the picture above given by Paul, and which was declared by the prophet Isaiah nearly a thousand years before: "Behold darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people." This universal corruption of human morals could not be traced to any mere accident of nationality, the influence of any systems of philosophy, any forms of government, or moral discipline, but must proceed from a more potent cause underlying them all—the *deep* corruption of human nature, engendered in all the race of Adam. The fountain being bitter, so must be all its branches. The tree being evil, so must be its fruits. This conclusion agrees with the declaration of the prophet Jeremiah: "The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." This term, "desperately wicked," is very strong. It is from two original words, which signify

without hope, hopelessly wicked ; no help in man or from man. But blessed be God, there is hope in Christ, the promised seed, who was and is to bruise the serpent's head and destroy the works of the devil. He alone can cure the malady of the world and cleanse the fountain of our iniquity. Already his cleansing is at work in the heart of the world, and he will bring in everlasting righteousness, and make an end of transgression in all who believe in him.

The opponents of total depravity often ask the question, Is there no remaining goodness in human nature since the fall of Adam? We answer, abstractly there is none. We think we are sustained in this answer by David: "I was shapen in *iniquity*, and in *sin* did my mother conceive me." By Isaiah: "Behold the whole head is sick, the whole intellectual power and the whole *heart* is faint; the moral faculties, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, all are wounds and bruises and putrifying sores." By John the Baptist: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you?" etc. There is not much sweetness and goodness in serpents and in the progeny of vipers. See also the language of John the Apostle: "We know that the whole world (in a natural state) lieth in wickedness." According to the original, "lieth in the wicked *One*." "Not only in sympathy with the wicked one, but lying, as it were, *nurslings* in the arms of the Devil, their father; carnally secure, fast asleep, and nourished into *Satanic* life and power from its infernal fosterer." What an awful state, says Dr. Clarke on this passage.



Mr. Wesley, commenting on it, says: "The horrible state of mankind by nature is here pictured in graphic language. We see it realized in every-day life among worldly men, in their words, their actions, their contracts, quarrels, deceits and falsehoods; yes, their actions are ungodly, their conversations shallow, simulous and false; their contracts forced, selfish and deceitful; their quarrels puerile, ferocious and bloody, and their friendships hollow, capricious and fickle; all this because they lie in the arms of the wicked one, are nourished by him, and they love to do the work of their father, the Devil." But take, lastly, the words of Christ, speaking of the Jews, and through them to the whole race of men in a state of nature: "Ye are of your father, the Devil, and his works ye do." These are not the words of erring men, but Christ, the true teacher, who knew what is in man.

It is true that in all ages and nations there have been found many good and amiable traits of character among unregenerate men who never heard of Christ, but their goodness and amiability proceeded not from anything innate in them, but from the teachings of God's Spirit, a portion of which is given to enlighten every man that cometh into the world. Of these we may name Cyrus, the King of Persia. Though a heathen, he had many just and noble traits of character, which were taught him and strengthened in him by the captive Jewish prophets at Babylon, who taught him the knowledge of the true God and the knowledge of the Hebrew Scriptures. The same may be said of Socrates, the greatest of Grecian phi-

losophers, and one of the best and purest of natural men. His proximity to the Jewish nation and institutions and to the days of Christ put him in contact with those divine teachings which no doubt had much to do in the formation of his character, aided by the Spirit of God, which attended him constantly, as he firmly believed and confessed. We may also notice one other eminent character among heathen men, of whom it is said he was a just man, and one who feared God. We refer to Cornelius, the Roman centurion at Cæsarea. His just and godly life proceeded not from any innate principle in him, born in him, but from his knowledge of the true God as taught him by the Jewish Scriptures, and by the *Spirit* which enlightens all men that are born into the world. This made him a just, prayerful and devout man, and soon led to his conversion, under the preaching of Peter, at his house. Thousands of other cases might be noticed here, but these may suffice.

Before closing this essay we wish to notice briefly the status of children with regard to original sin.

First, we believe that all children come into the world in a justified state, justified freely from Adam's guilt, through the redemption of Christ. No child, therefore, dying in non-age, whatever that may be, is lost. This justification unto life constitutes them heirs of the kingdom of heaven. "Of such," says the Redeemer, "is the kingdom of heaven." We want no further authority on that point, Calvinism and all similar creeds to the contrary notwithstanding.

But, secondly, we believe that all children are born

into the world with a corrupt moral nature, the taint of Adam's sin. For proof of this we have not only the express authority of God's word, but the universal proof of facts and experience to correspond. David says, as before quoted, "I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." This can not mean physical, bodily infirmity and degradation alone, for *iniquity* and *sin* can not be affirmed of the body. They are connate principles with the soul, born with it, though not put into actual operation till that soul is capable of choosing between good and evil. David was not speaking of the nature of his mother, but of his own moral nature, when he uttered this deep, humiliating confession before God. It seems to have been not an excuse, but a kind of explanation of his foul sin, in the case of Uriah, as if he had said, "Lord, I am not only a sinner by practice, but it is my nature to sin; shapen in iniquity in my mother's womb, and conceived with the defilements and propensities of sin." This is according to universal experience. If all men are not born with a defiled moral nature, with the propensities of sin, why is it that all men do actually sin as soon as they arrive at years of discretion? Not one exception can be found in any age or nation. "None doeth good, no, not *one*."

Can a corrupt tree, said Jesus, bring forth good fruit? The thing is impossible, unnatural. Just so is it impossible and unnatural that a sinful parent can bring forth a pure and holy child in the ordinary way of generation. According to the universal law of generation which God has stamped on all his crea-

tures, from trees through all the lower order of animals up to man, the offspring must be like its progenitor, both in its physical and moral or spiritual qualities; hence, Adam begat a son in his own likeness and image. Even admitting he was then a regenerated man, he could not transmit the grace and holiness of God's spirit to his natural child; he could only transmit his own natural properties, which were then debased with sin; and so of all his posterity

You have all no doubt read that unanswerable argument of Mr. Fletcher's, in his appeal to reason and matter of fact, by which he establishes the doctrine of infant depravity. Among other strong proofs he says, "The deep anxiety, the pain, the utter prostration which women endure in labor above all other mothers, are proofs of the depravity of their offspring. Then its own weakness, helplessness, and utter ignorance above all other animals, are further proofs that it is an heir of sin and depravity. Then, from the fact that every child, without one exception, from the very womb, goes astray like the young ass colt, is the crowning proof of all. How," says Mr. Fletcher, "are we to account for the angry passions of children, their jealousy and revenge, while yet at their mother's breast, biting even the paps that give them suck, on any other hypothesis than that they possess a fallen and sinful nature." Some try to meet this by saying that these ebullitions of hate and jealousy are only expressions of weak nerves and a diseased organism. Alas! this might do if these passions did not invariably run into overt acts of sin.

The M. E. Church holds and teaches the doctrine of sinful depravity in children, not only in her articles of faith, but in her baptismal formula: "Grant unto this child that which by nature it can not have," by which is meant the cleansing of the Holy Ghost. This no Methodist preacher can reject with any show of consistency, as he promises at his ordination to "keep our rules, and not to mend them."

I may conclude by saying that all Christian churches who hold to sound views on the atonement hold to sinful depravity in children.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE CHRISTIAN SCRIPTURES.

An essay read before the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Indianapolis, showing an unbroken chain of evidence between the apostolic age and that of the early Christian fathers of the second, third and fourth centuries, proving the genuineness and authenticity of the Christian Scriptures, including many biographical and historic facts of great interest to the Biblical student and the general reader as well.

FOR the last two centuries there has been no little trouble with geographers and explorers about the sources of the Nile. That this great river had an existence, and that it emptied itself through the Delta into the Mediterranean, they doubted not; but how to connect the stream with its fountain they could not satisfactorily determine, till Dr. Livingstone, that greatest of modern explorers, and after him our own American Stanley, have settled the vexed question, showing not only that the Nile has a head fountain, but that *that* fountain is in the great lakes of interior Africa. Now, while this investigation was going on, what would sensible men have thought of these explorers if they had come to the sage conclusion that the lower Nile was a myth and a falsehood, because the connec-

tion between it and its fountain head was not clearly established? Would not sensible men have said the great river in question is no myth, but an established fact, as all the world knows, therefore it must have a fountain head somewhere, and that head must be adequate to produce the great stream issuing from it called the Nile?

Now, let us apply this reasoning to the question before us, the connection between the apostolic age and that of the early fathers, in a theologic point of view. The connection is as clearly established as that between the Nile and its upper source, whether infidel minds have perceived it or not. The Christianity of the present age connects by unbroken links with the Christianity of the early fathers, and that connects with the Christianity of the first century, established by Christ and the Apostles. That fountain alone could produce the stream which now gladdens the nations, and the stream proves the divinity of the fountain.

That the Holy Scriptures, embraced in the canon of the New Testament, viz: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John's Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, certain epistolary writings, and the Apocalypse of St. John, were published and generally known and received as authentic during the first century, the apostolic age, no one disputes whose learning or honesty deserves a moment's consideration. And that there were Christian churches, embracing many thousands of believers, planted all over Asia Minor by the ministry of the Apostles and Evangelists during this first century, is

clearly established by all concurrent history, both sacred and profane.

Now the question arises, how was it possible for all these sacred books, containing such astounding histories and doctrines, the like of which no age or nation had ever produced before or can produce again—doctrines and histories which had shaken the Roman Empire, even during the first century, to its foundations, and had broken the pride of Grecian philosophy; we say, how was it possible for the knowledge and influence of such writings suddenly to drop from the memories of men in the short period between the death of St. John, the last of the Apostles, and the age of Clement, and Ignatius, and Polycarp, who stand first in the list of the early fathers of the second century? How was it possible for all the Christian churches, with their learned and watchful bishops and elders of Palestine, and Greece, and Egypt, and all Asia Minor, so soon to forget these wonderful facts and teachings so recorded? It was not possible. Such assumption would require a greater miracle to prove it than any or all miracles recorded in the Bible.

We shall now introduce Ignatius, the first link in the chain connecting between the Apostles and the fathers of the second century.

He was born about the year thirty of the Christian era, just before Christ's death, and was martyred in the seventh year of the second century by order of the Emperor Trajan, about eight or ten years after the death of the Apostle John. He was ordained Bishop of Antioch, by Peter the Apostle, and re-



mained there till the time of his martyrdom. He therefore lived through most of the first century, and witnessed many of the great transactions of the Apostles and others who took a leading part in planting the Christian church, and must have been well acquainted with all Christian Scriptures.

There is a tradition concerning Ignatius, among the early church historians, that he was the little child whom Christ took and placed before the apostles when there arose a dispute among them who should be greatest in his kingdom. (See Matt. xviii:3, 4.) This distinguished man was therefore a witness that Christianity was the same in the beginning of the second century that it was at the close of the first, or apostolic age, and that the sacred canon of Scripture had undergone no change or corruption.

The second link in the chain we shall introduce, is the great and good Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, who suffered martyrdom by order of Marcus Aurelius in the year of our Lord 167

The Epistle of Polycarp to the Phillipians is still extant, and is very valuable for the many quotations from all the books of the New Testament contained therein, showing that these Scriptures were authentic and genuine in his day. Jerome, two hundred years afterwards, says this Epistle of Polycarp was read in all the Asiatic churches in his time.

Since writing the above a copy of this Epistle has been put into my hands, which I have read with great pleasure. It is very apostolical in style and practical in its teachings.

He was the disciple and companion of the Apostle John. There was a general tradition among the early fathers that Polycarp was the person addressed by St. John. Rev. ii: 8, 9, 10. This venerable man bore an exalted character for learning and piety through his whole ministry, and was mourned by all, both Christians and pagans, when he was dead. A few days before he suffered he is said to have dreamed that his pillow was on fire, which he deemed as an augury of approaching martyrdom. When urged by the Proconsul to renounce Christ, he said: "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he has never done me any harm. How, then, shall I blaspheme my *King* and my *Savior*?"

Among his many good deeds on record, we may notice his Epistle to the Phillipians, written expressly to enforce the moral duties of Christianity and to refute the errors of the Gnostics; and secondly, the great school he founded at Smyrna to advance children in the Christian faith, and more especially for the instruction of young men designed for the ministry in the knowledge of human and divine erudition. Could such a man be deceived with a fraud, if Christianity and the Holy Bible were not then what they were in the days of Christ and the Apostles?

The next link in the chain we shall introduce is Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, who was born A. D. 130, and suffered martyrdom in the year 202 of the Christian era. He was the disciple of Polycarp, as Polycarp had been the disciple and companion of the Apostle John, so that the connection is unbroken, you

perceive, at least for one hundred years after the apostolic age. What John knew of Christ and his doctrines he personally taught to Polycarp, and he in turn taught the same, uncorrupted, to his disciple, the distinguished and learned Irenæus, the substance of which Irenæus puts on record, which has reached our times. (See Iren., book I., chap. 2, page 50.) He says: "The church, which is dispersed through the whole world, even to the ends of it, has received from the Apostles and *their immediate disciples* the belief in one God, the Father Almighty, the maker of heaven and earth and the sea, and all that in them is; and in one Jesus Christ, the Son of God, made flesh for our salvation; and in the Holy Ghost, who, by the Prophets, revealed the coming of our beloved Lord Jesus Christ, his birth by a virgin, his passion, his resurrection, his ascension into heaven in the flesh, and his advent again from heaven in the glory of the Father to the gathering together of all things, and the raising up the flesh of all mankind; that to Christ Jesus, our Lord and God, and Savior and King, every knee should bow, and every tongue confess him Lord, to the glory of the Father; and that in all things he will execute righteous judgment; both the evil spirits and the angels who became apostates, and the impious, the unjust and blasphemers among men, he will send into everlasting fire; but to the just and holy, who keep his commandments and remain in his love, he will give life and glory forever." This is a compendium of Christian doctrine as taught in the day when Irenæus lived and suffered. If St. Paul and St. John

were orthodox, certainly he was. This extract is important, because it shows, first, that the Christian church, at the close of the second century, had spread over all the earth, and, secondly, that it held identically the same doctrines that were preached by Christ and the Apostles.

Irenæus was ordained Bishop of Lyons A. D. 167 by Polycarp himself. Many of his learned works are still extant, especially his *Adversus Haereses* (against heretics), which is full of quotations from the writings of the prophets and Apostles and other books of the Old and New Testaments, which is a further proof that the chain between his age and that of the Apostles was then unbroken.

We can not finish this chain of evidence for the second century without the name of the excellent and learned Justin Martyr, born A. D. 103 at Sychem, Palestine, and suffered martyrdom in the year 165. From his writings, which are still extant, as well as from the writings of Clement, Theophilus, Irenæus, Tertullian and others of the second century, we learn that the doctrine of the Trinity was strongly asserted by the church against the sectaries of every denomination. Justin also wrote learnedly in favor of infant baptism. He also wrote a learned and powerful apology for the Christian religion, which is still extant. This was put into the hands of the excellent monarch, Antoninus Pius, during the persecution raised against the Christians under his reign, and from the force of the apology the Emperor had the

good sense to issue an edict forbidding all further persecutions against them. We are told by church history that it was principally through the learned writings of this eminent man and the purity of his life that Paganism in the second century lamented the desertion of her temples and the rapid increase of a power which threatened her with certain destruction. Near the end of this century the churches of Greece and Asia established a custom and law for the unity of faith and the preservation of doctrinal integrity; that the bishops of all the churches should meet twice a year in council. These were aided in their deliberations by learned presbyters, so that the decrees that were enacted by them were styled *canon* and regulated every important controversy relating to faith and discipline.

These minor councils grew into general councils and the whole church assumed, by degrees, the form and acquired the strength of a great federative republic. During this century, says Gregory, the Old Testament was translated from the Hebrew into Greek by Aquilla, a Jewish proselyte, and by Theodotian and Symachus. Apolinaris, Bishop of Hieropolis, also wrote in defense of the Christian religion. But a still more able defender of Christianity was found in Athenagoras, an Athenian philosopher, whose "Presbia" was addressed to Marcus Antoninus, and is read and admired to this day.

We come now to the third century. In this we find no forms or doctrines of the church changed or corrupted. We have noticed the Confession of Faith

as set forth by Irenæus in the second century. The following confession, drawn up by Tertullian, a learned father of the third century, corresponds in every material point with that of Irenæus. "We believe," says Tertullian, "in one God, and that to this one God there is a Son, the *Word*, who proceeded from him, by whom all things were made, and without whom nothing was made. He, sent by the Father to a virgin, and born of her, became man and God, the Son of man and the Son of God, and was named Jesus Christ. We believe that he suffered, was dead and buried, according to the Scriptures, and being raised by the Father, and received up into heaven, that he sits at the right hand of the Father, and shall come again to judge both the quick and the dead, who sent, according to his promise, from the Father, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and Sanctifier of those who believe in the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." See Tertullian, 2d chap. ad. Prax.

This creed of the third century not only agrees with the creed of the second century, but essentially with the whole teaching of Christ and his Apostles.

Among the great writers of the third century was Origen, whose industry, learning and varied accomplishments entitle him to the first rank. His devotion to the sacred scriptures was indefatigable, though not his only study. He was thoroughly versed in philosophy and polite literature. He composed commentaries, scholia and homilies on the Bible, parts of which are still extant; also treatises on prayer and the principles of religion, and eight books in defense

of Christianity against the attacks of the learned and shrewd Celsus. These are still extant and are invaluable. His greatest work, however, was the conquest of himself over every corrupt propensity of the flesh and spirit.

Next to Origen, in the third century, came Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, a man of great learning, affable in manners, charitable in spirit, and zealous and active in his public duties. Next to him we notice Gregory, Bishop of Neocesaria, and Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria. These, and many others, constitute a bright galaxy of able defenders of Christianity in the third century. Under the watch-care of such pastors and defenders it was hardly possible for errors and corruptions to creep into the faith or practice of the church. The third and fourth centuries may be justly styled the golden age of the Christian church, on account both of the splendid abilities, zeal, purity and excellence of its writers and defenders, but also its rapid and wide-extended conquests over Paganism.

We need not pursue this line of argument further, by entering upon the history of the church in the fourth century, except to say, that during this century transpired the conversion to Christianity of Constantine the Great, the first Roman Emperor that had embraced the faith; also to notice that during this century flourished Chrysostom, the golden-tongued Bishop of Constantinople; also Eusebius, the Church Historian; Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, and the learned Jerome of Palestine, who composed a great number of learned works, embracing two Latin translations of

the Bible, known as the Vulgate, several commentaries on the Scriptures, and a variety of other critical and theological essays.

Having now bridged, as we hope, the gap between the apostolic age and that of the early fathers, and shown that the chain of evidence in favor of the Holy Scriptures between the two ages is unbroken and complete, we close this line of argument with a few general reflections: First, we notice that the splendid triumphs of the Christian church during the second and third centuries were not the triumphs of material forces, wealth, fame, the sword, or power of civil government, but against all these combined; not by appealing to the corrupt passions and appetites of worldly and ambitious men, but by opposing all these, with a life of purity, abstinence and self-denial. The triumph of the infant church, during the first and succeeding centuries, can only be accounted for on the ground of absolute and unanswerable truth. They warred not only against "flesh and blood, but against powers and principalities, and against spiritual wickedness in high places." Some of their most dangerous foes were from within. We refer to the many dangerous sectaries who disturbed the church during these early centuries—the Gnostics, the Arians, the Marcionites, the Valentinian heresy, that of Montanus, of Praxeas, of Manicheus and of Sabellius, and others equally formidable and dangerous. But all these were steadily met and mostly crushed out by the learning and diligence of the orthodox fathers, who to a thorough scholastic knowledge added a still more thor-



ough knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and the principles of religion. The effect of these heresies, and the learned discussions which followed, upon the whole were advantageous to the general interests of the true religion. They led to a thorough sifting of Christian doctrines, and led the thoughts of the whole learned heathen world to look more critically and candidly into these things, so that by the calling of the first general council at Nice, under the reign of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, in the year 325, which was composed of three hundred and eighteen bishops and about two thousand and forty-eight ecclesiastics of inferior order, the fundamental principles of the doctrines and discipline of the church were pretty well settled. In this great council a confession of faith was adopted with great unanimity, reiterating that which was drawn up by Irenæus in the second century, and that by Tertullian in the third.

And now accessions to Christianity began to flow in, not only by individuals and cities, but by states and nations. The monarch Tiridates, of Armenia, with his whole court, made a public profession of the gospel of Christ, and established the Armenian Church.

The Abyssinians, the Georgians and the warlike Goths about this time enrolled themselves under the peaceful banners of Christianity. Ulfila, one of the Gothic bishops, is said to have translated the whole Bible into the Gothic language, after having formed an alphabet for their use, arranged after the model of the Latin and Greek characters. In this translation, however, he is said to have omitted the warlike books

of Kings, lest he might excite the known warlike propensities of his nation.

Now, in conclusion, we ask, is it possible to account for these unparalleled triumphs of the early Christians, without wealth, without government protection, in the midst of persecution and martyrdom, leading a life of austerity, following a gospel of self-denial, whose author himself was condemned by a Roman governor and crucified, and who set at naught the splendid systems of philosophy of Greece and Rome—we say, is it possible to account for these triumphs on any other hypothesis than the unanswerable truths of Christianity?

## CHAPTER IV

### HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE FROM THE ORIGINAL TONGUES.

IN composing this account, the author had to consult many authorities on Biblical history, running over many centuries. Of course such a work can not claim originality only in the manner of collating the facts and making the proper connections. He is indebted to such able authorities as the American Encyclopedia, Life of Wickliffe, Smith's Biblical Researches, Watson's Biblical Dictionary, and many others.

"Search the Scriptures" is an explicit command of the Divine Master. This refers to the Scriptures of the Old Testament. The reason assigned is that they expressly testify of him. Paul says: "Whatsoever was written aforetime was written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope."

In this search for truth we should observe two distinct lines of inquiry: First, to compare Scripture with Scripture to see how far all the parts agree; and second, to ascertain by diligent search whether the Bible of to-day is essentially the Bible of our fathers fifteen hundred or two thousand years ago; whether

the various translations from the original manuscripts have been faithfully executed and have descended to us in an unbroken chain. This has been the prayerful labor of many learned men all along the ages, both Jews and Christians, from Moses to this day.

The result of this learned investigation has been a growing and settled conviction of the truth of the Bible and a firm purpose to settle upon it as the pillar and ground of the truth.

Before entering upon a review of the English translations, or any portions thereof, we shall ask your attention to a short account of the Jewish Scriptures prior to the advent of Christ.

The connection between the Old and New Testament Scriptures, in many respects, is so close as to make them inseparable. They must stand or fall together. The splendid ritual service of the Old has its force and fulfillment in the one perfect oblation and sacrifice of Jesus Christ, the true antitype. The most important prophecies of the Old had their fulfillment in the things which pertain to the Christianity of the new covenant; so that the Christian church is built on the foundation of the prophets and Apostles, of which Christ himself is the chief corner stone.

The Scriptures of the Old Testament were originally written in Hebrew, and at a very early period were divided into three parts—the law, the prophets and the psalms. This division was probably the work of Ezra, shortly after the return from Babylon, and it was recognized by Christ and his Apostles everywhere; and though it is not certainly known who wrote sev-

eral of the books contained in the Jewish canon of Scriptures, yet the fact that Christ himself recognized their authenticity is sufficient for our faith and practice.

It is universally agreed that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, and that the prophets were the authors of the books that bear their names respectively. Joshua probably wrote the Book of Joshua. Samuel is generally acknowledged as the author of the First Book of Samuel and probably a portion of the Second Book, also of the Books of Judges and Ruth. David wrote a large portion of the Book of Psalms; and Solomon was doubtless the author of the Books of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Canticles or Songs of Solomon.

About the year 536 before the birth of Christ, just after the return of the Jews from their long captivity of seventy years in Babylon, the Targum of Onkelos on the Law was composed. This was written in Chaldee, and was simply a paraphrase on the original Hebrew text. It was written in Chaldee because the Jews had principally lost the knowledge of the Hebrew, their native tongue, while in Babylon. This was an elegant production, and was probably the first edition of the law in any other language than their native Hebrew.

After this Jonathan Ben Uzziel, a learned Jew, wrote a targum on the prophets, being also a paraphrase on the original text, in Chaldee. Though not so elegantly written as that by Ankelos, it was of great repute among the Jews for many generations.

Some time prior to the birth of Christ certain Jew-

ish Rabbis composed the Jewish Talmud, which consists of two parts, Mishna, or second law, and the Gemara, which means a commentary or compend of traditionary precepts on the law. In time this became of great authority with the Jewish people, especially the sect of the Pharisees, and they finally lost sight of the sacred text itself in their blind devotion to the commentary, the Gemara or teachings of men. "Hence," said Christ to them, "ye make void the law through your own traditions." Many instances of this kind are given in the gospels. One thing, however, should be recorded to the honor of the Jewish teachers of their Holy Scriptures: They always regarded with sleepless vigilance the sacred text itself. Whatever corruptions they admitted in their religion was in the way of their own traditions. The Divine Word itself they never changed. They counted every syllable, every word, yea, even every letter in the law, and could even tell how many letters were in each book, and which was the middle letter. All the dottings and points were scrupulously observed, so that it was scarcely possible for errors to creep into their many versions and manuscripts. For this great care the whole world to-day owes them a debt of gratitude. The purity of their Scriptures is the purity of our own. They laid the foundation; we have built upon it. The strength and glory of Christianity rest on the integrity of the record, as contained in the Jewish canon—the law, the prophets and the psalms.

One of the most important versions of the Jewish

Scriptures, because most universally received and read, was the celebrated Septuagint version. This was in high esteem, both by Jews and Christians, and was made at Alexandria, Egypt, about the year 286 before Christ. It was in general use, both at Alexandria and other portions of Egypt and in Palestine, in the days of Christ's personal ministry and that of his apostles. It was the very version quoted by Christ when he went into their synagogues to preach, and from which the evangelists and apostles so freely quoted in the composition of the gospels and the epistles. The Septuagint is a faithful translation of the Jewish Scriptures from the original Hebrew into the Greek language, and was made specially for the use of the many Jews who resided at Alexandria and spoke the Greek language, then prevalent at that city and other portions of Egypt and Palestine.

There are several traditions concerning the origin of the Septuagint, which, though interesting, we can not notice in this paper. The most probable is that it was made by seventy-two elders resident at Alexandria, chosen by proper authority for the purpose, and hence its name, *Septuagint*. From this elegant and faithful version, received by Christ and his apostles and by the early Christian fathers, most of the subsequent versions into other languages have been made. Jerome's Latin Vulgate was made from the Septuagint rather than the Hebrew. It was by this light that the Latin fathers illumined the western hemisphere, and when the ages of Ambrose, Cyprian, Augustine and Gregory had passed away respectively,

by this light the next age of theologians carried forward the work of enlightening the world with the word of God, so that in Greek or Latin the Septuagint has been read for a period of more than two thousand years, and will be probably till the end of time.

We come now to notice the first and subsequent translations of the Bible into English. The first of any note was by the celebrated John Wickliffe, who was born in Yorkshire, England, in the year 1324. His translation was from the Latin Vulgate, which was in general use in the Latin churches but not understood by the common people. It was not completed till 1384, just before his death in that year. It has been pronounced by Biblical scholars generally a faithful rendering of the sacred text. The style of this version, and the orthography, though quaint and obsolete, was simple and vigorous. His manuscript on the Old Testament was never printed, though extensively read. His manuscript on the New Testament I believe was printed several years before he died, and was widely published abroad with his other valuable theological works.

The dawn of day from the dark ages which had covered the world for eight hundred years was now breaking. Intelligent thought, which had been suppressed by Popish superstition and despotism for those dreary years, was now waking up, and received a new impetus from these noble writings of the immortal Wickliffe, who defied the whole power of Rome, as Luther did two centuries after him. Europe began



now in earnest the grand march of political and religious freedom.

Wickliffe was several times arrested by order of Pope Gregory, the bloody butcher, the Hanau of the Roman Catholic Church; but having obtained help from God, and being favored by the Duke of Lancaster, an enlightened man of great influence and power, he escaped the flames of martyrdom, though his writings were condemned by several Catholic councils, and were burned. At length, having finished his translation and the varied work which God had given him to do, he died of palsy at Lutterworth, where he resided, and where he had a stated ministry. Dying in the sixtieth year of his age, he had a ripened experience; a man bold and independent in character, intensely hated by his enemies and loved by his friends. His ashes reposed in peace for about forty years after his burial; but Rome fearing there might be something dangerous in the ashes even of a dead heretic, Pope Urban, successor to Gregory, gave order that they should be exhumed and burned; and there is a tradition somewhere extant that the remaining portions were thrown into the river Thames, that being carried to the ocean, and thence to every distant shore of earth, men might take warning of the power of Rome. Whether they reached their intended destination or not I can not say; but one thing is certain, his spirit penetrated all civilized lands, and is still marching on, spreading the principles of the Reformation, till the whole earth shall feel its power. "Being dead he yet speaketh."

The next translation into English after Wickliffe's was by William Tyndale. This was a translation of the New Testament from the original Greek, and was first published in Holland, whither he had fled from persecution. Tyndale was assisted in this work by the learned John Frythe, and Roye, both whom suffered martyrdom as heretics. This translation was finished in the year 1526. In the year 1530 appeared his English edition of the five books of Moses. He next published his translation of the historical books of the Bible, and revised his New Testament translation first made. While thus engaged in useful work the Bishops of Rome were plotting mischief against him, and were preparing to shed his blood. Tonsal, Bishop of London, bought up all the copies he could find and committed them to the flames. There was something in this, however, so devilish, so un-Christ-like, that it turned to the advantage of Tyndale and his works in the eyes of all sober people, and they determined to read those books so much feared by the satellites of Rome, and so the knowledge of God's Word was everywhere increased. But still his enemies were powerful, and at length, in the year 1531, he was seized and cast into prison at Villefort, near Brussels. After remaining there several years, as though he were a malefactor, he was condemned to suffer death, by the decree of the Council at Augsburg. His death was by strangling, and his body was burned to ashes. His dying prayer was, "Lord, open thou the eyes of the King of England."

Next to Tyndale came the first edition of the entire

Bible in English. This was by Miles Coverdale, a friend and coadjutor of Tyndale, who in the year 1535 dedicated his great work to Henry VIII. It was substantially the translation of Tyndale, so far as he had gone, though he omitted the prefaces and notes which had given offense to many. In quick succession after this appeared several other English versions. Among these was Taverner's Bible. Then in 1558 appeared the Geneva Bible, made by certain English refugees from their own land, on account of persecution for conscience sake. This edition was highly prized by the Puritans for its annotations, which strongly favored the Calvinistic school.

In 1568, Archbishop Parker, by royal command, undertook the translation of the great Bible, being free, as was hoped, from all charges of Popery that it was a false translation. To aid in this work the labor of many learned men was invoked, including mostly Bishops, and hence it was called the "Bishops' Bible."

The Douay Bible was made by several English Catholics from the Latin Vulgate rather than from the original Hebrew and Greek.

These translators had been connected with Oxford College, but on the accession of Elizabeth to the English throne fled to Douay, on the continent, and took refuge in the seminaries of Rheims, where they executed their work. In the main this Douay Bible is a fair version of the original Vulgate except in texts strongly controverted between Catholics and Protestants, where they have perverted the meaning to suit themselves. One of the most glaring of these per-

versions is that in which they have left out the second commandment in the decalogue, and to cover the fraud have divided another commandment into two, thus keeping up the number of ten commandments. They also accompany their version with such multitudinous marginal readings and foot notes as to obscure in many places the true meaning of the text, if not to destroy it.

About the accession of King James I. to the English throne, in 1603, it was deemed by many wise and good men of the church and nation that as yet there was no common standard of the English Bible, the time had now come when there was a general demand for such a standard—one so high in authority, so free from party prejudice and bias, so elegant in diction and so free from error in its whole rendering as to command the reverence and admiration of all classes. Just such a translation we now have in our common Bible, generally termed King James's Bible, so styled because it was ordered by him and dedicated to him as its royal patron. We believe it is destined to stand to the end of time as one of the most splendid monuments of learning and truth the world has ever possessed. It is more popular with the people to-day, after a test of two hundred and seventy years, than when first published. It is enthroned in colleges, in the common schools, and, above all, in the Sunday-schools of all civilized nations, where myriads of children are learning to read and love its wonderful truths. King James I. was a man well qualified for the part he acted in bringing out this great work.

He was a man of learning, of candor, and decidedly of religious sentiments, and seems to have been God's chosen instrument for the occasion.

To hush the murmurs of the church and nation with regard to the looseness of morals and the want of a common standard of religious truth, the king called a counsel at Hampton Court to settle the order and peace of the church. The objections there urged against the translations already in use, seeming satisfactory to him, he determined to have a translation made that would meet the demand. Accordingly, fifty-four learned men were chosen by his majesty, from all professions, but all religious, devout men, deeply skilled in Biblical learning, to execute the great work. These were divided into six separate classes, and to each class was distributed the Bible in separate portions, so that each class of men might have its own portion to translate, and each class was assigned to its own quarters, so there might be no conflict. In each company each individual was required to translate the entire portion assigned to that company. Then they were to compare their several versions together and agree in one text, the common judgment of all. This done, the several companies were to communicate their parts, each one to all the rest, so that the entire work might have the consent and approbation of the whole number of translators.

In addition to this, an order was given by the king, requiring all the bishops in the kingdom to inform him of any and all the learned men in their respective dioceses who had made the Hebrew and Greek origin-

als their especial study, and such were to communicate any knowledge at their command directly to the college of translators. Thus the whole learning of the British kingdom was made subservient to this grand translation.

Some delay occurred, as might have been expected, in beginning the work, so that the actual translation did not commence till the year 1607, and by this time seven of the persons chosen had died or declined to serve, so that forty-seven only were left to execute the work. Ten of these met at Westminster, and had the Pentateuch, with the historical books that follow, from Joshua to Second Kings, for their portion. Eight more met at Cambridge, and had for their portion the remainder of the historical books, together with Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon.

At Oxford a company of seven met, and had for their portion the Books of the Prophets. Another company of eight, at Oxford, had in charge the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles and the Apocalypse. Another company at Westminster had in charge the balance of the New Testament, consisting of the epistolary writings. These translators, thus organized, received certain instructions from the king to regulate them in their work, viz: first, to abide by the Bishops' Bible, so far as the original text would allow; also to retain proper names in their usual forms; to abide also by the standing division of chapters and verses; to use no marginal notes, except to explain particular Hebrew and Greek words; and to use references to

sea, and one shall not say to the other, "Know ye the Lord; for all shall know him, from the least to the greatest."

"Waft, waft, ye winds the story,  
And you, ye waters roll;  
Till like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole."

## CHAPTER V

### ESSAY ON THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

[This essay was prepared and read before the Preachers' Meeting, in July, 1879, in response to a resolution of that body requesting the author to furnish a paper on that subject. It was written under a conviction that there is a dangerous tendency in the Christian churches all over the nation, both in faith and practice, to lightly esteem, if not to ignore, the sacred and moral obligations of the Sabbath.]

THE question for our discussion to-day is the following: Is the Christian Sabbath founded on the authority of the fourth commandment in the decalogue, and was the decalogue, as a system of moral law, transferred to and incorporated into the system of Christianity? This question we think was settled long since by the authority of Christ and his apostles. Our work, therefore, on this occasion is comparatively light.

We of course take the affirmative of this question. It seems strange that some of our learned fathers and brethren, men so deeply versed in Biblical doctrine and in church history, should have assumed the negative of the question, after the plain and express declaration of Christ, "Think not that I have come to de-



stroy the law and the prophets ; I have not come to destroy, but to fulfill." It seems strange that we are called on again to fight the old battle against Antinomianism, that was so ably fought by St. Paul eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, and then renewed by John Wesley and John Fletcher, in his memorable Checks to Antinomianism, one hundred years ago, by which he drove his adversaries to the wall and silenced their guns. But strange things do happen, and wise men do still need line on line and precept on precept.

The term "law" is used in the Scriptures as signifying either the ritual law of the Mosaic system, pertaining to the temple service, which was shadowy and transitory, being ordained for the Jewish nation only, or it refers to the moral law, which is immutable and unchangeable, and applies to all nations and to all ages of the world. There can be no true system of religion which is not based on moral law. That was a startling idea expressed by an able speaker on this floor, that the precepts contained in the decalogue were simply a covenant between God and his Jewish people.

We think the very reverse of this proposition is true, that the decalogue is truly and essentially *moral law*, and contains no vestige of a covenant. A covenant, from *con* and *venio*, signifies a coming together between two parties on certain conditions expressed or implied therein. Now, what has this to do with moral law, which is absolute and without conditions? *Thou shalt do this*, and thou *shalt* not do *that*, with certain penalties attached thereto to enforce obedience. It is

obvious, says one of our clearest and most learned theological writers, that to the ten commandments composing the decalogue we owe our knowledge of moral duty, which lies at the basis of all moral government, whether human or divine. All sound reasoners must admit that each of these precepts condemns, not merely the extreme crime forbidden therein, but every inferior offense of the same kind, and enjoins, on the other hand, the opposite conduct and the cultivation of the opposite principles and dispositions. Thus the command, thou shalt not kill, condemns, not merely the single crime of willful murder, but every kind of violence and hate and passion which leads to murder. And is not this precept of the decalogue incorporated either virtually or substantially in the system of Christianity as set forth in the gospel? What says Christ, Matt. v:21? John, the Apostle, enforces the same thought in his Epistle. See 1 John iii:15.

There can be no mistake as to these references. Christ says expressly: "Ye have heard it said by them of old time, 'Thou shalt not kill;'" plainly referring to the decalogue, where these very words occur. We make the same general remarks concerning the tenth command in the decalogue, "Thou shalt not covet," etc. This evidently prohibits not only the outward overt act, but all those inward, unseen dispositions of the heart, which lead, if indulged, to impurity, selfishness and that universal covetousness which is idolatry. And is not this command transferred in its full meaning and extent to the gospel? To quote all the terrible denunciations of the Chris-

tian code against this odious sin would be to transcribe almost every gospel and epistle in the New Testament. Covetousness is classed prominently among the catalogue of the worst heathen immoralities, and is denounced everywhere by Christ and the Apostles with the heaviest penalties.

Now what we have said of the sixth and tenth commands of the decalogue we may say of every other, they are all fully and plainly embodied in the precepts of Christianity, sometimes in the precise language, but always in substance. Thus the first command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," etc. See Matt. xxii : 36. Who can doubt the meaning of this? It would be an insult to your understanding to stand here and argue at any length that this command, both in letter and spirit, is embodied in the system of the gospel. So of the second command, which forbids the making images and worshipping them. I need not quote even one passage from the Christian Scriptures to show that this commandment of the law is everywhere adopted by Christianity, the whole Catholic Church and paganism to the contrary notwithstanding. The fifth command in the decalogue is everywhere quoted in the Christian Scriptures. The Apostle Paul, enforcing the duty of obedience to parents, and the duty of honoring parents by children, quotes this very precept of the decalogue, and says it is the first command with promise. See Eph. vi : 2. There can be no reasonable doubt that he makes this quotation directly from the law of the decalogue, and this is further proof of our proposition, that the ten commandments are in-

incorporated in the Christian code. The teachings of the seventh command, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," the eighth, "Thou shalt not steal," and the ninth, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," are so fully and explicitly enforced in the Christian Scriptures, that we can not doubt either the authority from which they come or that they are a part of Christian morality.

Now, let us come directly to the fourth command of the decalogue, on which this issue is made: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Having proven that all the other commandments possess the authority of moral law, that they are not covenants, that they are not precepts of the ceremonial law; but that they are, to all intents, moral law with penalties, expressly so called by Christ when he said: "Think not that I have come to destroy the law. I have not come to destroy, but to fulfill;" and "to fulfill," in that place, means to establish, as Paul expressly shows when he says, in Romans: "What, then, do we by faith make void the *law*? God forbid. Yea, we establish the law." What law? Why, the law of the ten commandments, and consequently the law of the Sabbath, the fourth command. That he means the law of the decalogue in this expression, "*we establish the law*," is evident from what follows in Rom. vii:7: "I had not known sin, but by the law, for I had not known *lust*, except the *law* had said, 'thou shalt not covet.'" This being a plain reference to the tenth command of the decalogue, proves unmistakably what law he meant. This, then, is the law established

by the gospel—a law which governs all our inward and outward conduct as men and as Christians.

Whosoever, therefore, denies that the obligation of the Jewish Sabbath rests on Christians denies the obligation of the whole decalogue, for they must all stand or fall together. To deny, therefore, the obligation of the Sabbath in the gospel is Antinomianism of the grossest form.

I say, why then should we make the fourth command of the decalogue an exception to all the rest of the commandments therein, and regard it only as a precept of the ceremonial law, which, being fulfilled in the person and sacrifice of Christ, was abolished on the cross when he said “it is finished.”

We have no authority for any such invidious distinction by any teaching of Christ or the Apostles, but we have express authority for saying that the fourth command is essentially a part of the moral law, and was expressly incorporated into the Gospel system with the other precepts of the decalogue. If this is not so the burden of proof rests with the opposition. If this is not so the command for the keeping holy the Sabbath day would not have been written on the tables of stone, yea, on the first stone, which is supposed by theologians to have the pre-eminent place and importance in the moral code, but it would have been placed among the precepts of the ceremonial law and there would have been an express order by Christ or the Apostles for striking it from the moral teachings of Christianity. Have we a shadow of proof to this effect? Nay not a shadow, but we have the ex-

press words of Christ, in his reasonings with the Jews about the nature of the Sabbath, that *it* was made for *man* and not man for the Sabbath. The whole ceremonial system was made for the Jew, and for him only, and passed away when the Jewish polity ceased, being but the shadow of good things to come (see Heb. x : 1), but the Sabbath was made for man, for universal man. It was made at the ending of the six days' labor of creation, before the Jewish nation existed or the Jewish system had a beginning. God, on the seventh day, rested from his labors and blessed the seventh day and sanctified it. Why? Not that he was weary or needed rest, but he did it for our sake, as an example for man's sake, because man of all nations and ages would need such a rest. Being all made of one blood, all alike, both Jew and Gentile, would need rest, physical rest, which also the laboring beasts would need, hence they were included in the blessing of the Sabbath. There are still laboring beasts and they still need Sabbath rest. It also included mental rest, which man in all ages and nations needs. Did Christ, therefore, intend to abolish, by his example or teaching, this blessed and humane provision of the loving Creator and Father of the race and make Christianity a more rigorous and exhausting system of service than even the oppressive system of the Jewish religion? If he cured lepers, gave sight to the blind and wrought other miracles of mercy on the Jewish Sabbath it was not to show disrespect to the day, his Father's day, but to rebuke and correct the superstitions of the Jews who had invested it with a kind of superstitious rev-

erence which perverted it from its original design of humanity into a day of superstition and neglect of human wants. While, therefore, human nature remains what it is the Sabbath can not pass away. Though there is no express command for changing the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week, yet there is proof just as strong that the change was actually made. That proof is found in the example of Christ, and the example of the Apostles and primitive church, and in the teaching of the early Christian fathers. Christ rose on the first day of the week, and on the first day of the week thereafter, while he remained on earth, he continued to meet with his disciples when they were met for purposes of prayer and worship, thus intimating that he sanctioned that day as a day of rest and worship, even as Sabbath. So the Apostles continued to do throughout their generation, and so the early church continued to do, as we learn from the writings of Clement, Ignatius, Polycarp, Irenæus, Justin Martyr, Tertullian, and many other learned writers of the first, second, third and fourth centuries, and from them the practice has been universal to the present day in the Christian church, with the exception of a few Sabbitarians who cling to the old seventh day. These writers all agree in several essential points: First, in calling it the first day or the Lord's day; second, that it was kept in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ from the dead, combining it with the old Jewish Sabbath in memory of God's rest from his labor of creation; third, that it was not only a day of rest from ordinary labor, but a

day of spritual devotion and worship. “On *this day*,” says Justin Martyr, in his able apology for Christianity, “we Christians meet even on the *first* day of the week, on which Christ arose, called the Lord’s day, by way of eminence and distinction above all other days, and pray and sing hymns of praise, and worship Jesus Christ as the author of our redemption, as we worship the Father who created the world and all things therein contained.”

Now, such uniformity of teaching by so many able and learned men, through so many centuries, all harmonizing with Christ and the Apostles, could not be by accident, but was the result of divine example and teaching.

We think we have shown that the necessities of mankind, physically, mentally and spiritually considered, as well as the teachings of Christ and the Apostles, together with the teachings and practice of the Christian fathers from the apostolic age to the present time, all prove that Christianity, which is the religion of the world, has its Sabbath, as well as the Adamic age, the patriarchal age, the Mosaic age and the prophetic age. Why should any Christian minister suppose that the gospel dispensation, in its provision for rest and recuperation of the wasted energies of body, mind and heart, should be less perfect than all preceding dispensations? It was said by a distinguished brother on this floor, at our last meeting, that the Christian Sabbath, if Christianity *has* a Sabbath, does not include in it the idea of rest at all, but is *emphatically* a day of labor. I thought the fourth



commandment, which we have proven was an integral part of the decalogue, and belonging to that law, which Christ came not to destroy, contained in it the idea of rest. To keep it holy would be rest; to do no work therein would be rest.

I thought, also, how strangely the remark referred to would sound in the ears of the Apostles, who always went into the temple, or synagogues, or Christian assemblies, on the first day of the week, *the Christian Sabbath*, to read the Scriptures and preach Christ and the resurrection to the people. Was not that rest? Is it not rest to be in the spirit on the Lord's day, as was John on the Isle of Patmos, when he communed with the Son of God and worshiped amid the golden candlesticks? We can have no sweeter rest than that on this earth. *That* is Sabatic rest.

We can not afford to give to the tender mercies of any legislative body the interests of our holy Christian Sabbath, as was intimated we should by a brother. Are not Christ and the Apostles as capable of legislating for the church and regulating the laws and observances of the Sabbath as any legislature of man's choosing? This legislative experiment was tried in France during the last century, under the infidel teachings of Voltaire and others. The result was that the seventh day rest was abolished, and the year was divided into decades or periods of ten days each. This was done in direct contravention of divine authority, and for the insult of the Christian church. The sad results are known in history. The nation ran down in morals and in physical energies; men

and beasts failed; blood flowed in torrents under oppressive tyrants, and God seemed to have forsaken the nation. They set up a nude strumpet in the streets of Paris and worshiped her as the Goddess of Reason, and, tying a Bible to the tail of an ass, they caused it to be dragged in derision through the streets, and they wrote over the gateways of the public cemeteries, "Death is an eternal sleep." If the Congress of the United States, and the Parliament of Great Britain, and the Reichstag of Prussia should undertake to fit up a Sabbath to suit all parties the results would be equally sad with us and with them, and Christ would soon be legislated out of the church and from the nations. We prefer that he shall be our Legislator and our King.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WOMEN PREACHERS.

Review of a lecture delivered in Indianapolis by Rev. —, on the normal relation of woman to social and religious society, touching the question of her prerogative as a public preacher of the Gospel of Christ.

WE were induced to review this lecture not only because it takes decided ground against the public ministry of woman, but because of several other attacks upon her prerogative from other sources, which were calculated to throw reproach and disrespect upon women preachers, and also upon the Methodist Episcopal Church, and some other respectable churches who tolerate and encourage this practice, which we believe was authorized by Christ and practiced in the early church.

From the sketch of this lecture, as reported in the Journal, of this city, we gather the following principal points: First, that woman's normal position is in the home circle as wife and mother, and that in all attempts to get beyond this circle she becomes coarse and manish, but never manly. Now it is difficult to understand what the lecturer means by *normal condition*.

It is true that woman was from the beginning destined to be a wife and mother, but where is it said in God's law that she shall occupy no position and discharge no other duties in human affairs? If it is her duty to be a wife and mother, and this requires her to remain forever in the home circle and aspire to nothing beyond, does it not conclusively follow that the man's normal relation is to be a husband, a father, and never aspire to anything beyond? If it is the woman's duty to stay at home and bear and nurse and educate the children, is it not equally the duty of the man, the father, to remain at home and bear an equal part in rearing the family? Were they not created equal? See Genesis i: 26-28. Here we have express authority for saying that they were created equally in the image of God, and that dominion and authority to govern the earth was given to them jointly and equally. "Male and female created he them." A duality in unity. Why, then, does our learned lecturer make such marked distinction between them? And especially why does he make an invidious distinction between the appellations *woman* and *female*, when he says those women who aspire to offices and duties peculiar to man should no more be called *woman* but *female* always? God named them *male* and *female* in the beginning; let no man therefore degrade what God has dignified. But this idea of unity in duality between male and female is still kept up and sanctified by Christ in the marriage relation. See Mark x: 7-8. Here they are made one flesh, one in dignity, one in nature and one in the duties of life. If either has

the pre-eminence it is the female, for, says the Master, "for this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife." But, further, about this normal relation of woman. Our lecturer seems to hang everything on that pivot. The word normal, says Webster, relates to a rule or square, or to primary principles. Now, the rule governing women, and fixing their position in society, has been very different in different ages and countries. In Pagan nations her social condition is very low, having no rights that men are bound to respect. She may be bought and sold for the most trifling considerations and for the vilest purposes. Among the Circassians she is sold by her parents to fill the harems of Turkish courts. In Mohammedan countries she is an abject slave to the capricious will and lusts of men, rarely permitted to walk the streets, and never without being closely veiled. Among Mormons she is supposed to have no immortality, only as she is sealed to a man in concubinage. Under the Jewish system her condition was greatly improved, though not perfected. Here the wifely relation was honored to some extent. She might hold the position and honors of the prophetic office, as in the case of Miriam, the sister of Moses, and Deborah, and Huldah, and Anna, which position gave them a voice in church and state matters. But still her social condition was far from being equal to men.

Never after the fall, till Christianity dawned on the earth, was she elevated to her true position, given her in creation, the equal and companion of man, in all

the franchises and duties of life. Christ fixed this position in his conversation with the Jews about marriage. "In the beginning," says he, "God created them, male and female, and for this cause a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife." Note the term *female* in this passage. What honor Christ puts upon it. Why, we ask again, does our learned lecturer try to degrade the name, saying it should only apply to those women who aspire to offices that are peculiar to men—those *manish* persons who are never *manly*?

But Jesus don't say this. He says, because she was created *female* therefore shall a man leave all and cleave to his wife, and they shall be *one* flesh. No longer *twain*, according to the foolish caste distinctions of heathenism, but one flesh. Here then is the true charter of woman's rights.

Which one of these systems will our eloquent friend choose—the Pagan, the Jewish, or the Christian? For the present he seems to lean to the Pagan teaching, with slight modifications of the Mussulman and Jewish dogmas. But who can believe that one so rich in the refinements of our better nature can long hold these harsh sentiments, while the church everywhere is getting ablaze with the higher and more refining sentiments of Christianity? Come, my reverend brother, let us look critically at woman's exalted normal elevation under the gospel. Did she not, without man, give a Savior to the world, and shall she have no part in publicly preaching the gospel of this, her glorious Son? Why, dear brother, if you cruelly shut her

mouth, the very stones would cry out, "Hosannah, to Mary's exalted Son!" "Oh," you say, "she may, in the present *abnormal* condition of society, take public part in fighting against two formidable branches of Satan's army, 'rum and lust.'" Thanks even for this privilege. But why this capricious distinction in her privileges? If to preach the refining doctrines of the glorious gospel would make her coarse, *manish*, "never manly," would it not more degrade her to engage in the rougher work of fighting with saloons, rum and drunken men? Is it more delicate for her to wage crusades against the lusts of men than to stand on Zion's hill and preach the gospel of peace? If weak your faith in woman's mission, why assign to her the harder part?

St. Peter says: "Render to the woman higher honor, as to the weaker vessel." You reverse the order, and render to woman the rougher, heavier work, while you assign to man that which is easier and more honorable. How do you know, if woman is so efficient in the temperance work, that she would not be equally so in the higher duties of the gospel ministry, not as pastor, but as a preacher of faith, purity and salvation. After all, you conclude that if your wife had chosen to publicly preach the gospel you would have left the ministry, intimating, at the same time, it might have been jealousy on your part causing you to do so. I can hardly think you capable of jealousy for so slight a cause. You are too generous for that. But I do know that men have

been jealous of their wives who have been reputed more talented than themselves.

Something like this actuated the King of Persia and his honorable princes when they deposed Queen Vashti. She had aspired to rise a little above her normal state in that drunken court, and refused to obey the king's command when he ordered her into the presence of his drunken princes to exhibit her beauty. She only asserted her God-given right to think and act in some matters for herself. Mr. Memucan, one of the noble princes of the court, being called on for counsel in the grave affair, said: "When this deed of the queen shall be told abroad all the women of the kingdom shall aspire to do likewise, and so all men will be despised in the eyes of their wives. I counsel, therefore, that Vashti be deposed and another chosen in her place." (See Esther i: 17, 18.) So, then, you see that men have indulged in jealousy about the rising aspiration of their wives, fearing they should be despised if eclipsed by their superior talents and will-power. But why your broad assertion that you never knew a husband of a public woman who was not looked on with contempt? Was John Fletcher, of Madely, one of the brightest lights of Methodist literature and one of the most honored ministers of the British pulpit in his day, despised because his wife was a preacher of the gospel, often taking turns with her husband in his own pulpit when his feeble health or public duties called him away from it? Did the fine sense and effective preaching of Mrs. Hester Ann Rodgers, under the eye and approval of



the learned Wesleys, cause people to despise her husband, Rev. Mr. Rodgers? And was any husband, or father, or son less esteemed on the day of Pentecost, when the women as well as the men, under the tongue of fire, spoke with new tongues and declared the wonderful works of redemption in the presence of men out of every nation under heaven? Had not Joel, the prophet, foretold this very thing, that God would pour out his spirit in this miraculous manner on all flesh, and that their sons and daughters, and even the men servants and maid servants, should prophesy? Did not Peter declare to them on the occasion that Joel's prophecy was on that day fulfilled before their eyes, thus giving to women the glorious privilege to teach and preach in the name of Jesus?

What if men do despise? That is no new thing. If the gospel was to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness, so were its ministers, so it will ever be.

Paul is sometimes quoted as being opposed to women preaching the gospel. But why? Does he not define clearly what is meant by prophesying in a gospel sense? He says it is to "speak unto men, to edification and exhortation and comfort. What can any minister do more than this? Well, now, even Paul permitted women to do this kind of prophesying or preaching, provided they kept their heads covered. You ask, Did not Paul say expressly, "It is not permitted to a woman to speak in the church"? Yes, he said that, but what did he mean by it? That they should not speak unto men to "edification and exhor-

tation and comfort?" Surely not, for he had just granted that privilege, as above stated. Joel had foretold it. Peter had confirmed it. What, then, did Paul mean by that much abused declaration? Evidently this: that he would not have women take part in the fierce controversies that then agitated the churches about the Mosaic ritual, which only gendered strife and not godliness. Now, on such a technicality shall we deny to women the God-given privilege of preaching Jesus in public or in private if their talents and conscience prompt them to do so?

According to your hypothesis a woman must not pray in the church, for that is speaking; she must not bear any kind of testimony in the church, for that is speaking; she must not take any part even against rum and lust, which you have graciously permitted her to do, for that is speaking. Perhaps she may do this hard work on the sidewalk, out in the cold, or even around the hearthstone, under the eye of her jealous husband, but by no means in the church, for that were a shame unto her. Let me exhort you, my esteemed brother, "not to hinder, but help those women who have labored much with us in the gospel."

Who ever enlisted against women without a scar? Under the elevating influences of the gospel all classes are being enlarged. Old shackles and old prejudices are being broken off, and under the tongue of fire women are being rapidly changed from their normal dollship in Turkish harems, and from soft, sentimentalism everywhere, to places of honor, influence and power, and the active theater of usefulness in schools,

in colleges, in medicine, in politics, on the platform and on thrones, as was Queen Esther of Persia, and Mary, Queen of William of Orange, and Anne and Victoria, noblest sovereigns of England.

Under Christianity woman is being rapidly changed from her *normal* condition of the dark ages to her *ab-normal* state under the mild reign of the gospel, which is her highest state—even equality with man and fellowship with the Son of God—a co-laborer with apostles, prophets and ministers in the redemption of the race. Having had something to do in putting man out of paradise, she has wisely and piously concluded, God being her helper, to take her full share of labor in putting him back.

## CHAPTER VII.

### GEOLOGY VS. THE MOSAIC RECORD OF CREATION.

The Deluge—Proofs of it from many geologic discoveries—Rocks, fossils and other remains—Proofs from history, from mythology and general tradition—The cosmogony—Six days' creation—Geologic periods—Slow processes—Hebrew meaning of day—Man's creation—Earth's adaptation to him—Its Lord and Ruler—Darwinian development.

The author is indebted to Lyell's *Elements of Geology*, Wells' *System of Geology*, Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*, Good's *Book of Nature*, Richard Watson, *American Encyclopedia*, Clarke's *Commentary*, and many other authors on archæological science, for the valuable information they have afforded in the composition of this chapter, which claims to be, in part, a compilation from these authorities, with such expletives, strictures and annotations from his own pen as he deemed necessary to present the argument.

TO WRITE a defense of the cosmogony of Moses against the attacks of some infidel geologists would require volumes instead of a few pages, and months of laborious research instead of a few days' preparation. In an essay like this we can only state the controversy between those who accept as true the record of Moses and those who reject him on account of certain geological discoveries which are supposed by them to prove his record false.

The geological controversy also extends to the destruction of the earth by a general deluge of waters, stated by Moses to have taken place in the seventeenth century after the creation of man. This part of the controversy we shall first consider. The enemies of Moses not only deny the truth of the deluge on general principles of science, but as wholly inconsistent with geologic facts, while the advocates of the record contend that there are abundant historical facts and traditional legends among all nations to establish the existence of the deluge, and further, that there are many geological discoveries, all over the globe, which can be accounted for on no other hypothesis than that of a general flood. Kirwan remarks that in every region of the earth immense quantities of marine shells, either in beds or dispersed over the surface, have been found, which proves that the whole surface of the present earth must have been covered with waters; and other facts prove that the subsidence of these waters could not have been gentle in every place, but often violent and convulsive. This violent action of the waters has left its imperishable traces in every region of our globe. The great ocean basins, the frightful gorges, the undulating surface, the sporadic rocks, distorted and torn from their native beds, and carried sometimes to the tops of mountains and sometimes to distant plains, hundreds of miles away—all these are proofs of the violent action of the deluge recorded by Moses. These facts can not be ignored. Philosophy has at length acknowledged in them proof of a

general deluge of waters at some period of the earth's existence.

But there are other proofs stronger still, such as stratified mountains in every part of the globe, between whose layers of rocks are found marine substances, as petrified fish and shells, in great abundance.

Now, to overspread the arctic regions with the productions of the southern seas, to mingle the bones of the polar bear with the bones of animals occupying the equatorial regions, such as the elephant and rhinoceros, to accumulate on a single spot, as at Labalca, in promiscuous confusion, the marine productions of the four quarters of the globe, and the bones of land animals of every zone—to do this, we ask, what agent was sufficient but the rush of mighty waters, such as prevailed at the deluge, when the windows of heaven were opened and the foundations of the earth were suddenly broken up?

To these geologic proofs of the general flood, as stated by Moses, these inscriptions of God's hand, graven in the rocks and in fossil deposits, we may add the traditionary accounts of all ages and nations since the flood, which no infidel cavilings can weaken or overthrow. If there had been no histories, no traditions among other nations except the Jews, of this wonderful event, then we might well pause and consider, for surely such an awful calamity to the whole earth could not transpire at any age and be so soon forgotten as to be recorded only by one nation, or one historian. The memory of such a calamity would be carried down by history, by tradition, by emblematic

designs, from age to age, from family to family and nation to nation, till the end of time. This, we think, is a natural conclusion, and this very thing has taken place.

Mr. Byant, the learned analyst, and Faber, his no less eminent disciple, have collected and classified the evidence from these sources in their most forcible light. According to these learned men the memory of the deluge was incorporated with almost every part of the Gentile mythology and worship—Noah, under a multitude of characters and names, being their chief deity. He was the Deucalion, or Atlas, or Zeus, or Cromus, or Saturn, or Minos of the Greeks. He or his sons were worshiped by the Egyptians under the names of Isis, or Osiris, or Typhon; among the Phœnicians, as Dagon, or Sydick, or Agruigus; among the Assyrians, as Astarte or Dercete; among the Hindoos, as Vishnu, or Buddha, or Menu; among the Chinese, as Fohi, who represented him as sitting on a lotus, surrounded by immense waters.

Similar traditions and emblematic representations are found among all nations of antiquity and modern times—among the Aztecs, or ancient Mexicans, the Peruvians, the Pacific islanders, and everywhere.

Now, such a concurrence of history, and tradition, and hieroglyphical signs about a general deluge could never have obtained from mere accident or fraud, but must be the result of a *fact* so awful, so palpable as to command the attention and belief of universal mankind.

With this hasty argument on the subject of the

deluge, we proceed to the Mosaic account of the creation of the earth and the genesis of man. This is, by far, the most difficult part of the subject, the most abstruse and least understood, and the most bitterly denounced by the enemies of the Bible, and especially by infidel geologists. They assume that Moses teaches, in the Book of Genesis, that God created the world, with all its then inhabitants, in six literal days; whereas, they contend that the discoveries of modern geology prove that the earth, in some form or other, existed thousands of years and even ages before the existence of man, and that there are proofs in geology that the race of man began many centuries before the period assigned for man's creation by Moses.

Now, in the first place, we deny, on the authority of the most enlightened geologists, what they assume, viz: that Moses teaches that the earth, and man, and beasts were created in six literal days, of twenty-four hours each. Moses, when fairly interpreted, teaches no such thing. What does his narrative say? It opens with a statement of three distinct facts, each following the other in regular order of creation: First, there was an absolute creation of matter, in opposition to the doctrine of Epicurus and the Atheistic schools, that matter was eternal. "In the *beginning* God created the heavens and the earth."

Secondly, the narrative asserts the condition of the earth when first brought into being, viz: that it was an amorphous or shapeless waste. "The earth was without form and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep," or chaotic mass. Thirdly, it asserts



that there was a beginning effort to reduce the chaotic mass to system and order. "The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."

Now, we are led from this statement to infer that the first change of the shapeless mass was from an aqueous solution to solidity and order, for it was on the "face of the *waters*" that God's spirit moved, bringing out light from darkness, order from chaos, and vegetable and animal life from inanimate darkness and chaos. This was not an instantaneous work, but a series of six days, or epochs, or *generations*, as Moses expressly calls them in the second chapter, fourth verse. Now, from this we learn that he does not use the word "*day*" in the first chapter as necessarily meaning twenty-four hours, but an epoch or generation, which may signify an hundred or a thousand years, more or less.

There is no word in any language used with a wider latitude of meaning than the Hebrew word *jom*, the word translated *day* in our language. English scholars are constantly using this very word *day* in the greatest freedom of interpretation. Thus we often say such and such events happened in our *day*, meaning that these events transpired in the age or epoch of the world in which we live. But, if possible, the same word, *jom* (*day*) is used with still greater latitude by the Hebrew scholars, for with them it signifies sometimes a diurnal revolution, and sometimes a whole year, and sometimes a whole lifetime. Thus in Job xiv : 6, it is said: "Turn from him (man) till he

shall accomplish as an hireling his *day*" — meaning, evidently, his lifetime.

We have positive proof in the very narrative of Moses now under examination, that he uses the word *day* with this latitude of meaning, for having stated in the first chapter that the work of creation occupied six days, the same inspired writer, in recapitulating his statement (chap. 2, verse 4), says: "These were the generations of the heavens and of the earth in the *day* that the Lord God made the earth and heavens." Thus, in this short sentence, he uses the term *day*—six days, and generation—as signifying the same thing, be it twenty-four hours or twenty thousand years, more or less. What may have been the length of the first, second and third days of creation before the sun and moon were set in the heavens to mark time, we have no information in the record of Moses. It appears, however, that there was a luminous tide of vapor, which flowed in regular concentric circles, alternately appearing and disappearing, commencing with a dawn and ending in a dusk of darkness, for at the close of each flow of this luminous tide it is said: "And the evening and the morning were the first day," or as the margin has it, "There was evening and there was morning the first day," and so of the second and third periods; but these evenings and mornings were by no means such as we have now, since the sun rules the day. Now, wherein does any true system of geology or science contradict this statement of Moses? All geologists

admit that the earth was at first created in a crude, chaotic condition, and that darkness reigned over the whole mass of matter. This first condition of the earth they call the Azoic period—that is, the period destitute of all life, both vegetable and animal. This answers to the first day of creation in the record of Moses, where he says: “The earth was without form and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep.” So far Moses and geologists agree.

The second period in the process of creation, as laid down by geologists, they call the Paleozoic period, during which organized life began to appear in some of its lowest forms, such as the Algæ, or sea-weed, together with some fishes and shells, corals and crinoids, and that wonderful progeny of trilobites, whose petrified remains we find all over the earth at this day, imbedded in silex formations. This period answers to the second day of Moses, in which, he says, the Spirit of God moved on the waters, and the dry land began to appear, and signs of organized life began to spring into being. It is remarkable that the system of Moses, like those of most reliable geologists, states that the first signs of organized life appeared in trees and grasses, and in the lowest order of animals.

But next comes in the order of modern geologists the Mesozoic period of the earth, during which there was an evident improvement of animal and vegetable life, and in the structure of the earth, showing clearly the design of the Creator to prepare the earth by slow processes for the ultimate abode of man, the last and highest of his creatures, whom, on the sixth day, or

period, he brought forth, and commanded him to possess and rule the earth, which was now fully developed in beauty, richness and power, awaiting its lord, and commanded all sheep, and oxen, and flying fowl, and fishes of the sea to obey him.

Now Moses accords exactly with this order. He states in the first chapter of Genesis that there was a gradual rise in the order of creation, each successive period developing new and higher evidences of the divine wisdom, and power, and goodness, till last of all, on the sixth day, or last period of creation, man, the noblest effort of all, was created. So far from science being in antagonism with the writings of Moses, the more we shall read the history of earth, and the wonderful handwriting of God graven in rocks and blazoned on the mountains and everlasting hills, the more we shall be convinced that revelation and science walk hand in hand to light us on the path of investigation and conduct us to the higher joys of heaven.

I can not close this argument without a word of reflection on the period of the earth's creation when man was produced. There was a divine fitness and wisdom in it. The narrative of Moses assigns the creation of man to the sixth day or period, after everything else had been made. This statement has also been bitterly assailed by the enemies of the Bible, who contend that fossil remains of the human skeleton have been discovered among the formations of the Mesozoic or third geologic period, or third day of creation, called the oolitic or jurassic rock formation,

the period known among geologists as the reptile dynasty, when the terrible ichthyosaurus and the megalosaurus and other terrible monsters of the lizard and crocodile species overran the earth. Fortunate was it for man that he did not then exist, for these hideous monsters, larger than the whale and fiercer than the shark, would have devoured him at a meal, and there would not have remained even a fossil bone of the race. But after all the cavilings of these pseudo pretenders in science about the truth of Moses and the evidences of man's existence far back in the remote period of creation, no geologists of any repute have pretended to assign to man an existence on earth anterior to the Cainozoic or modern life period, which answers exactly to the sixth day of Moses. The animals of this period, as shown by geology and stated in the book of Genesis, consist principally of the higher order of mammalia, embracing man himself. Most species of this last period remain to this day.

What may have been the precise length of the sixth day of creation, the day on which Adam was created, it is not possible now to decide. It may have been twenty-four hours, or a much longer period. Moses does not determine the question, but from the facts stated we should infer that a period much longer than a solar day, or even year, was employed. Only think of the work and events of this day. We learn from the first chapter of Genesis that on this sixth day were created all the land animals, then Adam himself, who was then taken and put into the Garden of Eden to dress and keep it. Here he had all explained to him about the trees of

which he might eat and which he might not touch, after which were brought before him all the animals, and they were thousands, that he might consider their habits and natures, and thence give them a name appropriate; and then, last of all, he was plunged into a deep sleep and a rib was taken from his side, of which God made him a wife—a helpmeet for him. Now, could all this have been done in twelve or twenty-four hours? We think not. To be sure, God could have accomplished his part of this wonderful day's work in twelve minutes or one minute. But is this his plan of doing business? If he chose six days or six long periods of time to create the world, does it not follow that he might have given Adam many months, or even years, in which to do the task here allotted to him? If God takes many days or even months now to complete a leaf or a stalk of corn, might he not have taken even many ages to perfect this great world on which we live? This is not Darwinian, but creative development.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ON CHRISTIAN HOLINESS.—A REVIEW.

[The following review fully explains itself. The author fully and devoutly believes in the doctrine and blessing of holiness as taught in the Holy Scriptures and explained by Mr. Wesley and other standard authorities of our church. But believing that there are some statements contained in the pamphlet referred to in the following review, and by other teachers, calculated to mislead and produce schisms in the church rather than to edify and unite the body of Christ, he felt moved to give his views as herein stated.]

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER: I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your pamphlet reviewing Rev. Mr. C.'s article on holiness, published in the Quarterly Review. As your article is now public property I suppose you will not object if I review it briefly and criticise it in the spirit of candor and Christian affection.

While I acknowledge many good points in it, some forcible arguments, couched in clear language, a general acquaintance with the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and while I concede to you undoubted purity of motive in publishing this review, I must say that there are many things in it which I can

not indorse, and which, I feel sure, a majority of your readers will not indorse.

I propose, not to enter into a detailed criticism of your article, but simply to notice a few prominent points. First, then, I object to the style in which you write. In your introduction you say "true holiness lives and suffers like a lamb, but defends its doctrine like a lion." I think, dear brother, the line of distinction between a lamb and lion is broader than you make it. But you go on to say that "a holiness that can not enter the lists with brain craft and error, that can not grapple with the lightning of Scripture and the thunder of logic, and hurl them at heresy and riddle and expose the sophistry of the carnal mind, is not fit for the third heavens and the march of immortality." Now, dear brother, pardon me if I say there is a marked difference between the style of this sentence and that of Christ's sermon on the mount, to say nothing of its uncharitableness. Don't you think, upon reflection, it is somewhat inflated and sophomorean in its style? But again, on the twelfth page, having spoken of the testimony of a long list of worthies to the experience of holiness, you say, "Will the Zinzen-dorfian teachers explain away this *Granite Alp testimony* of the second blessing?"

Now, soberly, I submit, is not this a new kind of testimony? I have heard of strong, clear, united testimony, but till I read your article I never heard of *Granite Alp testimony*.

I might refer you to numerous other words and sentences in your article of similar style to the above, but



I forbear. I think in your second edition you will correct them. Common people will understand you better.

I object, secondly, to the *spirit* of your review. For a young minister and a young disciple of the great blessing you proclaim and defend, I think, in all candor, you are uncharitable, if not arrogant. In alluding to those you think to be the opponents of the second blessing doctrine, you are pleased to use quite freely such terms as these: "brain craft," and "error," "heresy," "sophistry of the carnal mind," "soft, sentimental clerical *whining*," and many others of like import. You ask if the Methodist Episcopal Church is Zinzendorfian in her theory, and then go on to apply this term of reproach, as you suppose, in more than a dozen places to those whom you are pleased to arraign as opponents of the blessing of holiness. In this arraignment you are surely fighting a man of straw. No minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, so far as I know, opposes the doctrine of holiness, as taught in the Scriptures; but a large majority of them do oppose the unscriptural, and, I fear, dangerous, tenet, that holiness is something wholly different from regeneration and justification. And why do you call these men Zinzendorfian teachers, and pronounce them slanderers and defamers, as you do? (See page 11 of your pamphlet.) And why do you use the name of Zinzendorf so reproachfully, as though it were the synonym of all that is heretical and vile in the history of the church? Know you not, dear brother, that Zinzendorf, in his day, was re-

garded as a learned divine and humble, zealous and good Christian man, and was the founder of the church of the Moravians, a body of Christians that has long held a high position in church history for their evangelical faith and enlightened zeal in the cause of Christian missions? Have you forgotten that it was from the followers of Zinzendorf that John and Charles Wesley, the founders of our own beloved Methodism, were brought to the knowledge of justification by faith, and often sought unto them for instruction in difficult questions of theology? Have you forgotten that between John Wesley and Zinzendorf there was but slight difference on the question of sanctification, the former holding that sanctification is a separate act, as a general rule, from justification, the latter maintaining that they are the same in kind, if not in degree? And is this a cause sufficient, in your judgment, why the latter should be denounced as a vile heretic? I think the large and better portion of the Christian world will not sustain you in this.

Having briefly noticed some objectionable points in the style and spirit of your article, permit me next to notice some of the evidences you produce in favor of the theory that sanctification is a second blessing, subsequent to and wholly different from regeneration or justification.

On page 14 you say Abraham was made perfect seventeen years after he was justified. You refer your readers to Gen. xv:6, where it is said Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteous-

ness or justification ; and to Gen. xvii : 1, where God commanded him to walk before him and be perfect.

Now, in this case, I find no proof of your theory, but the contrary. First, we have no proof that Abraham was a better man or more perfect man, after the last interview with God, where he told him to be perfect, than he was seventeen years before, when he was justified by faith ; but we have proof positive that the perfection supposed to have been given (chapter 17, first verse) did not save him from unbelief, distrust, and even deception, all of which are fatal to your theory. His unbelief appears in that he laughed in his heart at God, when he told him that Sarah, at ninety years of age, should bear a son. "Shall a child," said he, "be born to him that is an hundred years old? Shall Sarah, who is ninety years old, bear?" If these questions did not mean incredulity, what did they mean? When Sarah laughed at the same thing she was upbraided for unbelief and irreverence by the angel, and was Abraham's laugh any less a fault? His distrust and deception appeared in the case where he tried to palm off Sarah, not as his wife, but as his sister. This he did through distrust of Providence. "I was afraid," said he, "therefore I said she is my sister." Now, if you take Abraham as an example of perfect love, perfect sanctification, you make your theory to fellowship unbelief, distrust, irreverence, deception and fear.

The other cases you cite from the Old Testament are even less relevant than the case of Abraham. What a stretch of the imagination must it be to find

a proof of your theory in the case of Hannah offering her son to God in the Tabernacle! God did honor her in accepting her son, and so he does every parent in accepting their child offered to him in baptism, but does he necessarily sanctify in that act of acceptance, according to your theory? But you pass next to the New Testament for proofs. At the very threshold you make a statement that seems to rob Christ of his glory as a Savior. You say (page 15), "Jesus did grant to multitudes pardon and regeneration, but Jesus never in all his life ministry claimed to have sanctified a single soul. This he left for the Holy Ghost to do." Now, what saith the Scripture on this point? "His name shall be called Jesus, because he shall *save* his people from their sins." According to your theory he only saved them from a part of their sins, having left in them many roots of sin and sinful stains after justifying and pardoning them.

The Prophet Malachi says of him (Jesus) that he, in the day of his coming, shall set as a refiner and purifier of silver, and he shall purify the sons of Levi and purge them as gold and silver, etc. Does not this language signify that Jesus made his own work complete, leaving it to no other being or agency? But what is his own testimony? To his disciples he said, when he was yet with them: "Now, are ye clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." And again he said to them: "He that is washed (that I have washed) needs not, save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." This referred to spirit washing, or it had no significance. But it was all done by

Jesus in his life ministry. Take, also, the example of the thief on the cross. To him said Jesus, "This day thy soul shall be with me in Paradise." But before being in Paradise he had to be made pure, and this purifying must be quickly done. It could not be the work of the Holy Ghost, for that was not yet given. It must therefore have been the work of Christ, the *refiner*, when he pardoned the dying man.

You belabor your opponent for the use of the comparative degree in relation to holiness; but are you not obnoxious to the same charge in relation to the work accomplished by Jesus Christ as a Savior? In effect, you make him say to the woman, "'Thy sins, which are many, are *partly* forgiven thee.' The balance must be removed by the Holy Ghost, my successor." "'Come to me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (in part). A portion of your burden must remain while a portion of sin remains, which only can be removed by my successor."

I do not think you really meant to lead your readers to this conclusion, but you have done so notwithstanding. I come lastly to your views on the doctrine of growth or development in grace after conversion. Against this idea of sanctification you put forth your chief effort, as though this were the pivot on which hangs our salvation. You must recollect, dear brother, that not only the Methodist Church, but all others, have always been divided on this question, and it becomes us to be extremely modest on a subject where so many strong and good men differ. All Christians

believe in the necessity of holiness, and if they be true, earnest Christians they are hungering and thirsting for it, and whatever may be their shades of difference as to the degree of it and the time of it, and its precise relation to regeneration, yet they all agree that it is by faith in the blood of the Lamb. But faith in the blood of the Lamb does not preclude the idea of growth and development.

Now to the proof. This is three-fold. First, from nature; second, from Scripture; third, experience.

Nature is full of proof. Christ often drew from nature proofs and illustrations of his kingdom of grace, and we may therefore do it. How beautifully he taught from nature in his parable of the vine and branches; in his parable of the meal; the growing mustard seed, and in the parable of the grain of corn springing up, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. Here is development. Not in the Darwinian sense, but in the sense of reason and Scripture. This seems to have been God's plan in producing the earth, and everything in it, from the tiniest insect to man, the most glorious of his creatures. God, in nature, completes nothing at first, but leaves everything to grow and increase till it is perfectly developed into maturity. The earth was not made in a day, but required six days' labor to perfect it, and these six days the most enlightened Christian geologists have demonstrated, embrace six geologic periods of many thousands of years each. God's infinite wisdom and power could no doubt have completed the whole in one day or one hour, but it did not suit his

wisdom to work in that way, so he took a long time to develop it from an amorphous, dark and void condition into its present beautiful and perfect form.

Whether God created Adam and Eve in a moment by one grand master-stroke of his all-creating power we are nowhere informed. Reasoning, however, from analogy, we should judge not; but we know that every offspring of this original pair requires twenty years more or less, to grow and develop into full mental and physical perfection. So of everything else in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. They require time to grow into perfection.

Now, if it be so in the natural world, why may it not be so in the spiritual kingdom, the kingdom of grace? Indeed, it is so. Christ and his inspired Apostles expressly tell us it is so. If Jesus Christ framed the laws of the natural world on the principle of development, is it unreasonable to suppose he framed the laws of his spiritual, gracious kingdom on the same principle? How clearly and forcibly does he teach the principle of development in the parable of leaven in the lump of meal already quoted; also in the parable of the mustard seed, which is the smallest of all seeds, but when planted in the earth becomes a tree, shooting forth great branches, so that the fowls can build nests therein. Now, what did he mean to teach by these parables? Surely nothing less than this, that as vegetable substances, when properly nourished and fed, grow into large and more perfect forms, so the grace of God, when put within the heart and properly nourished there, develops itself more

and more, till the whole moral and intellectual man is filled with it, and is made perfect in holiness.

The same idea is taught by Peter in two places, where he says to Christians, not to unjustified sinners, "Desire the sincere milk of the word, that you may *grow* thereby." Is this Zinzendorffian or heretical? Then Peter was a heretic. But again he says to Christians: "*Add* to your faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity." All these may be improved by diligent culture. So here again is presented the proof that Christian character and holiness are a matter of growth and development. But all by faith in the blood of the Lamb. On the 25th page you say, "in the lapse of six thousand years not a solitary case has been found of any one who has reached perfect love by growth or works." How do you know this? Are you not in conflict with St. James ii: 21-22, where he says: "Was not Abraham justified by works when he offered Isaac, his son, on the altar? Seeth thou how faith wrought with his works, and by *works* was faith made perfect." But let us proceed cautiously. You seem to scorn the idea of growth and development into perfect holiness. Now I refer you to one of your own proofs. See 2d Corinthians, xiii: 11-13. "Now God himself, and our Lord Jesus Christ, make you to *increase* in love (Why?), to the end that he may establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God."

This prayer teaches increase by *growing*, and that these Christians by thus *growing* in love were to develop into perfect holiness before God. So much for



your sweeping denunciation. But moreover, the apostle, speaking to the Ephesians, ii:19, 21: "Ye are built on the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone, in whom all the building, fitly framed together, *groweth* unto a holy temple in the Lord." Please observe here the *growing* principle in divine things sanctioned by apostolic authority. These Ephesian Christians are first *built* as justified persons on the true foundation; then by *growing* they develop into a *perfect* temple, a *holy* temple in the Lord. One such proof as this of the growing process unto holiness is worth a thousand hasty assertions to the contrary.

Now, in conclusion, let me say a word in reference to the experimental proof. In the course of your review you speak very often of the second blessing, which you use as synonymous with sanctification, and you quote for proof 2 Cor. i:15: "I was minded to come unto you that I might impart to you a second benefit" (or grace, according to the marginal reading). This second grace, or benefit, you say means perfect love. What says Dr. Adam Clarke on this passage? He says: "The apostle had been with them once, and they had received a great blessing then in having the seeds of life sown among them by the preaching of the gospel, and he had purposed to visit them again that they might have a second blessing in having that seed watered." If this second benefit means sanctification, as you suppose, is it not strange that the apostle, having once purposed to revisit them, failed to go and confer on them so great and essential a blessing?

He was not providentially hindered. Why, then, did he not go? He tells them in the twenty-third verse why he did not visit them as first proposed. It was to spare them, said he. Spare them what? Being sanctified? Surely not. The second benefit must mean, therefore, something else. If a second blessing means sanctification perfected, then you and I and thousands of others have been sanctified many scores of times, for surely we have been blest in Christ Jesus, not only the second time, but scores, yea, hundreds of times since we were converted. As to this abiding consciousness you speak of, which all merely regenerated Christians feel, that they need something more, something deeper and more satisfying than regeneration, I suppose all Christians of all grades of faith and grace feel it. The more intense their love the more intense is this thirst for something more, some deeper and higher, broader and longer attainments in love. Their language is—

“ *More* of thyself, and *more* I have,  
As the old Adam dies,  
Bury me, Savior, in thy death,  
That I with thee may rise.”

That you and I and all God's people may feel this increasingly as long as we live, is the prayer of, dear brother, yours faithfully, in Christ Jesus.

P S. As to the dying of the old Adam in Christians, Mr. Wesley expressly says in one of his sermons, perhaps that on sin in believers, “That the death of the old Adam is like the death of the natural body,

gradual." He admits that the death of the body of sin is both gradual and instantaneous. Nothing can more clearly and forcibly show his views on sanctification than this illustration. It may take place when the soul is regenerated, or it may not take place till the death of the natural body. In either case it is a gradual work, a growing up into holiness by faith, by diligent obedience, by Christian discipline, by suffering chastisement, of which all God's children are made partakers, to the end they may "be made partakers of his holiness." (See Heb. xii : 10.)

